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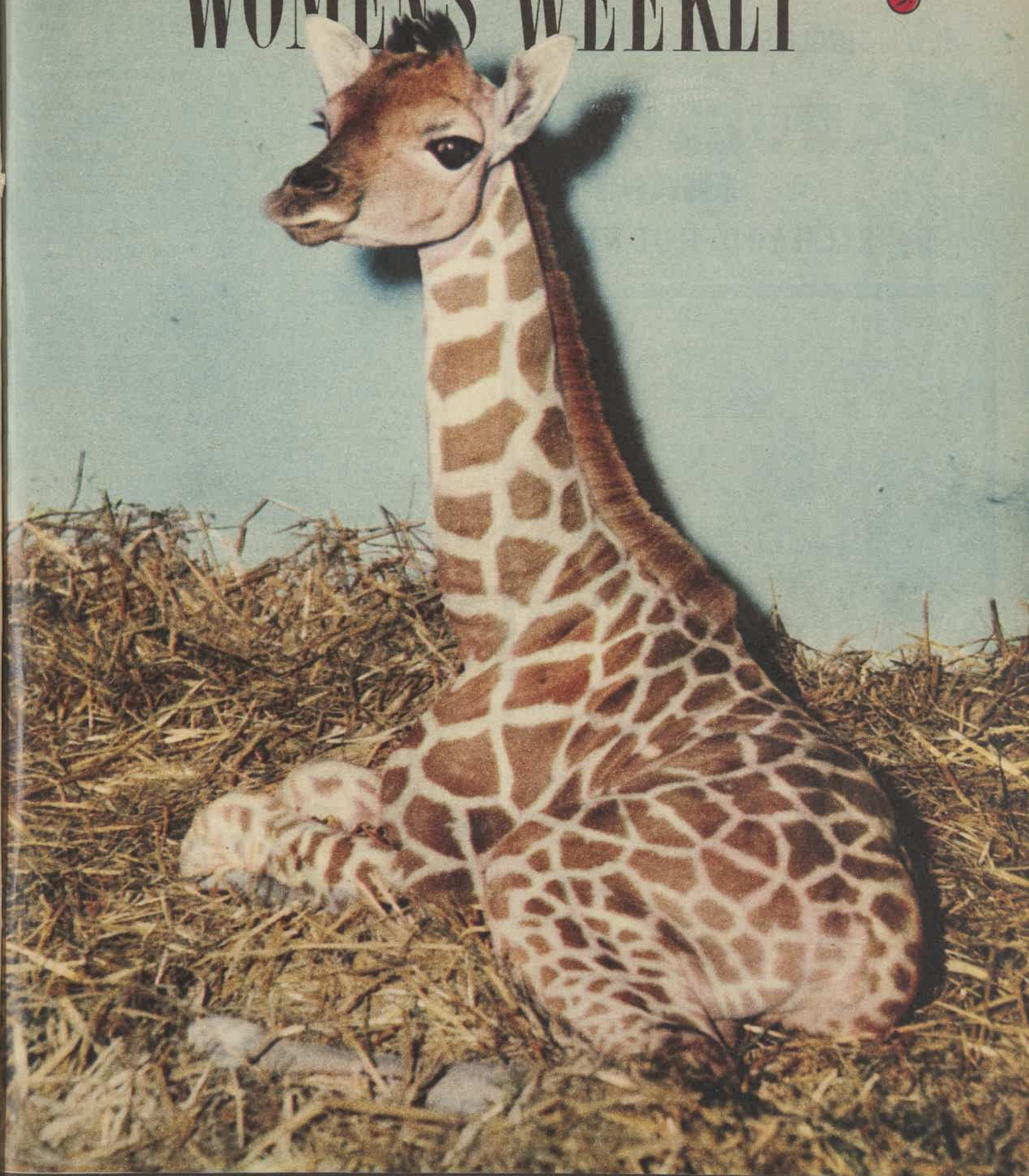
The Australian

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DECEMBER 14, 1955

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



New baby at Taronga Park • More Zoo pictures
pages 16-17

It's wonderful! ... it's marvelous!

NEW! SINGLE-SUDSING MARVELOUS SHAMPOO

by RICHARD HUDNUT



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So instantaneous in its gentle cleansing action it won't weaken your tint. Unlike ordinary shampoos, Marvelous maintains the normal acid balance of your hair (*the reason your hair holds on to a curl*). And there are no harsh alkalis in Marvelous to make hair structure go limp, no heavy conditioning agents to dull-coat hair and drag down curls.

A single sudsing billows up so quickly, rinses out so completely it releases every springy tendril, leaves your hair naturally soft and shiny and so manageable ... deliciously scented with the fragrance of spring flowers. It's really marvelous!

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE, 4/11



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 14, 1955

Vol. 23, No. 29

KEEP YOUR PARTY SIMPLE

THIS is party time. It's the time when people of all ages like to join together with their friends to celebrate the season.

Only a curmudgeon would denounce this as a bad thing.

But you don't need to be a curmudgeon to say, as 35 head teachers in N.S.W. recently said, that Christmas parties can be carried to excess.

The teachers were referring to teenage parties. In tones more of sorrow than of anger they sent a round-robin letter to parents pleading for less extravagance in entertaining the young.

They deplored the current tendency of many parents to think little Mary's life will be blighted unless her party has more guests, more food, more entertainment, and more drink than the party of the girl next door.

Plenty of sound commonsense lies in the teachers' warning — the sort of commonsense that could be applied equally well to parties given by people long past their teens.

In these days of piping prosperity it's become the done thing in all sorts of circles not just to keep up with the Joneses but to beat the Joneses hollow. Standards of party success are coming to be measured in terms of money spent and delicacies devoured.

Whether such orgiastic standards actually increase anyone's enjoyment of parties is highly debatable.

If you're a Christmas party-giver, don't be bluffed out of considering this point. Don't forget that the essence of a good party, whether the guests are six or 60, is good fellowship.

And good fellowship springs from a welcoming heart — not from a mind harassed about how the champagne and caviare are to be paid for and how the Joneses are to be excelled.

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Our cover:

● Our cover girl is the four-weeks-old, six-feet-high daughter of Jan and Claire, South African giraffes of Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney. Miss Giraffe, posing so gracefully for staff photographer Clive Thompson, is the fourth of her kind born at Taronga Park since the war. She is worth a cool £5000, most of her value lying in her exclusiveness. Apart from her and her family, Australia boasts only one other giraffe—a lonely one living by itself in Perth's zoo.

This week:

● A group of clever women are responsible for those delightful Christmas decorations on page 57. Mrs. Arthur Davis, of Sydney, made the birdcage basket and the window setting. The white tulle Christmas tree was made by Mrs. James Buchanan, of Melbourne. Another Melbourne, Mrs. Ronald Blackwell, created the unusual brush tree and decorated it with pink roses and bon-bons. These two trees were part of an exhibition held at Buckley and Nunn's, Melbourne, in aid of the Whernside Auxiliary to the Royal Melbourne Hospital. The horseshoe decorations were thought out by our own homemaking staff.

Next week:

● Color pictures of a historic event—the first meeting of Mrs. Lucke and Mrs. Sara, mothers of Australia's only two sets of quads—will be published next week. The latest photographs of both sets of quads, as well as of their mothers, will be included in the two-page display.

● Even the best cooks like a new recipe for Christmas pudding. In next week's paper our cooking experts give a recipe for a really luscious traditional pudding.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

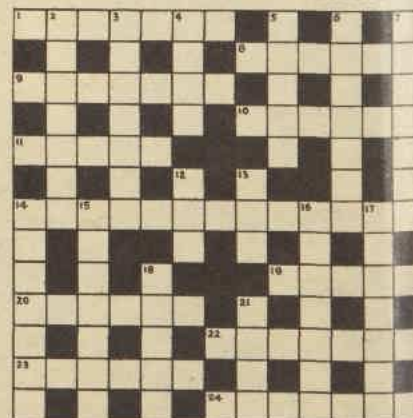
ACROSS

- Let the female French turn in this country and you are at home (7).
- Venerate this famous American rider (6).
- A strip of thin material on careless freedom (7).
- A rum in active hatred (6).
- A well-known uncle had one (5).
- Metempsychosis about and in a flower (13).
- Rigorous training seemingly for a stock doctor (5).
- The way William the Conqueror was christened? (6).
- Small ropes for the sail sound as ornaments (7).
- Scope temporary shelter not included (6).
- Behold the Highland child; he is the chief of the Camerons (7).

Solution will
be published
next week.

WILLOWTREE U
A I R Y N C N
L I V E R V E R S E
E I E A Y E A
S E D E R U N T S T A R
R T I T
M A L A D Y P L I N C H
E E C C
D A M E L A N T E R N S
I O T M H O A
C O N G O E O R B I T
A S O R N O I
L S T R A I G H T E N

Solution of last week's crossword.



DOWN

- Begin a rum with a sense of injury (7).
- Effort could be in tones (7).
- Metal to be found in the constellation Orion (4).
- German poet. He surrounds a German one (5).
- Merit in final points (7).
- Nose pin (Anagr. 7).
- Young man hidden by an aboriginal administrator (3).
- Word which cannot end a phrase (3).
- Climbing rose which talks disconnectedly (7).
- Puff up can be detrimental to a nation's finance (7).
- Stain visible in a rat skin (7).
- Person to whom another is bound is full of filge (7).
- Here, Hercules accomplished one of his jobs (5).
- Sailor has no edible arm-root (4).

String on my Finger

by Timothy Fuller

ON the great day itself Steve Robbins woke to beat the alarm clock by a solid half-hour. The sun was out and, taking this to be a good omen, he slid silently out of bed without waking Gwen and crept down the hall to the kitchen.

Here he lit the gas under the percolator; from the broom closet—where he'd hidden them the night before—he brought out the bright packages and put them in a pile on the kitchen table. This done, he set a breakfast tray with the finest of their wedding-gift china before tiptoeing to the bathroom, where he noiselessly shaved and combed his hair. Through

it all he found it difficult to keep from whistling.

She was still sleeping when he carried in the presents. He spread them out on the bureau with a careful eye towards their maximum effect and went back for the breakfast. Besides the fruit juice, coffee, and toast, there was one superbly boiled egg and several flowers.

With the tray in his hands he stood for a moment at the foot of her bed for a final check of his handiwork. It was great. He burst into song.

"Happy birthday to you," he sang. "Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, dear Gwendolyn, happy birthday to you!"

She sat up, looking, as she always did in the morning, warm and tousled. Her arms came up and her hands did some quick magic with the blond tangle of her hair.

"For you," he said, and bowed with the tray.

She looked at the tray and past him at the presents and, unbelievably, there was no little gasp of joy.

"Darling," he said, thinking she was not yet fully awake, "this is it! November sixth! Your birthday!"

She smiled, but it was a smile of bewilderment, and he had a sudden ominous sense of falling through space.

"I don't get it, Steve," she said. "My birthday isn't till the eighteenth."

A lesser man might have dropped the tray. Steve merely sloshed orange juice, cream, and coffee on the nice clean cover. How could he have made a mistake? For a week he had pointed towards this date like a bird dog.

"Oh, darling," she said, "I'm so sorry."

She laughed a little and, by a supreme effort, he joined her.

"As I always say," he croaked, "better early than never. But I can't figure it, honey. I was as sure of today as I am of Christmas. What happened?"

"You got mixed up, that's all," she said. "Look, dear, it doesn't matter. We'll celebrate anyway. Today is my birthday. Look at all my lovely presents!"

She is the greatest girl in the world, the most wonderful wife a man could have. All this and more he told her while she opened her presents and ate her breakfast. And through it all he thought about the sixth of November. Because the date was definitely tied in his mind to the birthday of a loved

one, he ran down the list of his relatives. But no one would fit. His Aunt Martha had been born on March 6, but she couldn't be it, because he'd never been particularly fond of his Aunt Martha.

He got it going up in the elevator to his office. It came to him complete to the last shocking detail. This was Rhoda Bernay's birthday. Tall, dark, beautiful Rhoda, to whom, up until eight short months ago, he'd been practically engaged.

"What hit you?" Harry Wills asked when Steve staggered into the office. "You look shot, son. Sit down."

Steve sat. Brokenly, he blabbed out the whole sorry story to his boss.

"But where is the problem, boy?" Wills demanded, spreading his hands. "You can't plan to tell your wife about Rhoda. Simply clam up and you're in the clear."

"You don't get it," Steve explained hopelessly. "Gwen and Rhoda shared an apartment together. That's how I met Gwen. Through Rhoda. Last year on this very day I gave Rhoda a bottle of perfume, a bracelet, and a parakeet for her birthday. There was a party. Gwen baked a cake. It's

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ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

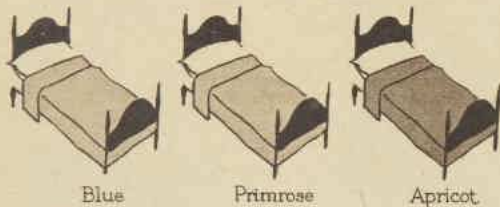
"Darling," said Gwen, "you look worried. Are you still thinking about the birthday mistake?"



A far, far cry from
great grandmothers
day, but still
the same traditional quality

Finlay's sheets

now in



Blue

Primrose

Apricot

decorator



Nil Green

Rose

Dark Rose

colours

and in sparkling white



Colours to gladden the heart of every modern home-lover . . . colours to pamper your mood, your personality, or to tone with your decorating scheme; and Finlay's Sheets and Pillowcases have all the famous qualities that have made them a household word for over 200 years. They're woven by the skilful Scots from best quality cotton, bleached in the pure air of the Scottish Highlands, dyed with tubbable colours that stay right to the end. The brand, Finlay's, guarantees Sheets and Pillowcases that give years of hard wear; so make your choice from blue, primrose, apricot, nil green, rose or dark rose . . . there's sparkling white, too!

Also ask for Finlay's genuine Scottish Window Hollands; they're guaranteed fadeless!

MADE IN SCOTLAND **FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS**

Marjorie Morningstar

By HERMAN WOUK

Author of
"The Caine Mutiny"



Fifth long instalment of our
brilliant eight-part serial

Attractive MARJORIE MORGENSTERN and brilliant, enigmatic song-writer NOEL AIRMAN are infatuated with each other, but Noel warns Marjorie that he will never marry her. Tauntingly he calls her "Shirley"—his name for conventional girls whose aim in life is dull, suburban marriage. However, only the sudden death of her uncle SAMSON-AARON prevented her from having an affair with him when they were both working in dramatic productions at the notorious adult summer holiday camp South Wind.

Noel, actually, is Saul Ehrmann, son of JUDGE EHRMANN and brother of BILLY, one of Marjorie's former admirers. Her numerous other colleagues and friends include jovial, untrustworthy MARSHA ZELENKO, who first took her to South Wind, and WALLY WRONKEN, who was also working there and fell in love with her.

Marjorie all the time is trying to further her ambition of becoming an actress with the stage name of Morningstar. She has a bitter disappointment when the offer of a part by Broadway producer GUY FLAMM falls through. This is offset by Noel's announcement that he has taken a highly paid film-story editing job. Later, goaded by Noel's "Shirley" taunts, she rings him at 2 o'clock in the morning, asking him for a lunch 'date' next day. NOW READ ON:

NOEL cheered up strikingly after that. He and Marjorie called each other several times a day. It was a rare week in which they did not meet at least half a dozen times for lunch, cocktails, or dinner. They saw all the best shows and movies, went to the best concerts, and ate at the best restaurants, for Noel now had a continuing plentiful supply of money from his Paramount job.

It seemed to Marjorie that she was discovering New York City. Her brief explorations with Marsha had been limited

by lack of money. But Noel suffered from no such lack; and he loved New York.

Equally with the expensive fairyland between 59th Street and 42nd Street he loved all the sights and sounds and smells, wherever they were, provided only that they were poignant and sharp. They would go in one night from the Club Ferrara, from costly food and wine, murmuring music, and the aura of celebrities and beautifully dressed women, to the fish market. Or they would ride a ferry for a nickel, hugging each other to keep warm in the icy river breeze, then they would go to a big nightclub for out-of-townners, a vulgar whirl of colored feather and naked, kicking legs and bad food and wine. Noel had an insatiable enthusiasm for this rounding.

When Marjorie was ready to drop he would have some eager inspiration. "This is such wonderful fun, Margie. Let's keep going. The night's young."

"Noel, you maniac, it's after four. I can't put one leg in front of another. And my eyes, they're absolutely red. Take me home. Harlem, indeed, at this hour!" But she would laugh.

"What the devil, Marge, I have to be in an office at nine. You don't. I tell you this joint only gets going at four."

"Well, for one drink. Then we go home. Promise?"

"Of course — Taxi! Ah, Margie, money's the only thing."

She often slept till noon. She read "Variety" and "Billboard" regularly and spent a lot of time at the Broadway drugstore where young actors and actresses gathered. She was pursued quite a bit by the actors, especially when her indifference to them became noticed. But their good profiles, large eyes, long hair, and knowing manners were wasted on her. There was only one male human in the world and his name was Noel Airman.

Indefatigably she made the rounds of the producers' offices when she wasn't with Noel; and indefatigably, like all the other young actresses, she was turned away by yawning office boys. But she was not discouraged. Life bubbled with promise.

Marjorie's parents were extraordinarily tolerant of the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1955



Noel took Marjorie's hand, leading her to the door, amid ribald guffaws and laughter from all her relatives.

life she was leading. There were no questions, no objections, not even worried hints or looks. She surmised after a while that they had been talking with the Ehrmanns and that both sets of parents had decided to keep hands off and pray for a happy outcome. Mr. Morgenstern, while continuing to exhibit fretful gloom, seemed resigned; when he met Noel he tried hard to be pleasantly paternal.

It was the most intoxicating time in Marjorie's life; sweeter and gayer even than her first weeks with Noel at South Wind, because now there was nothing surprising or scaring about him. Above all, the gradual pressing out to the limits of sex, which had so excited and terrorised her before, was absent. They joked about it. Noel said he didn't mind and he really seemed not to care.

"You're growing up," he said once. "That's fine."

They were riding around the park in a hansom cab on a frigid, sunny March afternoon. Noel was hatless and his hair was rumpled by the wind. He looked like a boy. His joy of life was infectious. One glance of his laughing, brilliant blue eyes could make Marjorie as dizzy and happy as if she were on a roller coaster.

That was the day he persuaded her to eat a lobster. They went from the hansom cab to the Plaza and drank martinis, and all at once it was dinner time, although they hadn't planned to dine together. He said, "We're both going to have broiled lobster with a very delicate white Burgundy. It's the only thing when two people are feeling so good and so foolish."

"Oh, no, Noel — not lobster, sorry —"

"Come, it's the twentieth century."

"Oh, I know, it's a ridiculous prejudice. Conditioning. I just don't think I could do it, dear."

"Sure, honey. Have something else. Although from what little I know of those queer laws, isn't it just as bad to eat anything at all here? Nothing's kosher."

"Well, you're right, at that. I couldn't be less consistent. Does it — is lobster really good?"

"Why, it's the most exquisite food there is."

Marjorie said, "Somehow it doesn't seem as bad as ham, does it? I don't think I could eat ham if you put a pistol to my head."

"Well, ham's the symbol, the universal joke about Jews. Pride makes you take a stand on that point and actually I think you're right. I'm just a Sybarite. Next to lobster, there's nothing I love like good Polish ham. Anyhow, what'll it be — want to try the chicken curry? They have a marvellous Indian sauce here —"

"Oh, you're perfectly right, even the chicken isn't kosher. What's the difference? I'll try a lobster."

But when it came she gazed askance at its scarlet feelers

and hairs, its numerous jointed legs, its dead eyes on stalks, its ragged pincers. She took up her fork gingerly, watching how he went at it. The tail came out of the shell easily. She cut it and, following his example, dipped a piece in the little bowl of melted butter; sighed and put it in her mouth. It tasted very much like ordinary fresh fish except that it was sweetish and took more chewing. Not wanting to spoil the occasion, she widened her eyes and said, "Mm, exquisite."

Noel said, "Observe that no forked lightnings have come through the window to destroy you."

"Well, I didn't expect that, really. Those Bible laws were just for hot countries in the old days." She took another bite. It was quite pleasant, especially with all the butter on it. "I wonder, though, if it would taste so good if there were no law against it."

He laughed, pouring the wine. "Very likely not. They say hunger is the best cook, but they're wrong. Prohibition is. There isn't a living Christian who can enjoy ham and eggs the way a renegade Jew like me does."

"Don't call yourself that."

"I'm kidding, you know. It's all a question of upbringing. I've had nothing to renege from. In my home we always ate everything — pork, oysters —"

"Really? That's a little surprising."

"Why?"

"Your folks are so active in Jewish causes."

"Marjorie, my father's a politician. He'd be active in Moslem causes if his district had enough Arabs in it. What do you think of this wine? Isn't it good?"

"Lovely, as always."

"Let's go see the new French movie at the 55th after this."

"Sure. Aren't you writing any songs or anything? You seem to have nothing but free time these days."

"Ah, well, I can always write songs when I'm a little creakier. As a matter of fact I did a new first-act finale for 'Princess Jones' the other night and I like it. Have to play it for you."

"How are you getting along at Paramount?"

"Oh, fine, fine. Not rising as meteorically as I'd hoped. But then, what fair prospect ever looks so fair once you're in it? It's all right."

"What's the matter?"

"Sam and I not seeing eye to eye again, the old thing."

"Well, you'd better stop disagreeing with him. He's the boss."

Noel looked annoyed. "Suppose he's wrong and I'm right, just once? It's conceivable. I'd match L.Q.'s with him for a thousand dollars."

"He has the experience, Noel, don't forget that."

"Darling, experience nine times out of ten is merely stupidity

hardened into habit. Still, I like his money, I'll say that for him... what's the trouble now?"

Marjorie was glaring and poking at the lobster. "I'm famished. And I don't know how to get at this miserable thing."

"Look, you haven't even touched the legs. They're loaded with meat." He held the body of the lobster and pulled a leg out with a little twist. A chunk of white meat clung to the scarlet stump. "See?" He gnawed the meat.

"Well, that seems simple." Marjorie did exactly the same thing, she thought. But instead of the leg pulling loose, the whole centre of the lobster came lifting out of the shell and there she was, holding an oval, white thing with many trembling red legs, for all the world like a spider six inches across, warm and horribly alive. With a grunt of disgust she threw it splashing into the melted butter.

"I quit," Marjorie said. "I'll order ham next time."

Noel choked with laughter over his wine.

His dissatisfaction with the Paramount job was the one discordant note of this happy time. She had heard it again in the weeks that followed, more frequently and louder. Sometimes Noel would be deep in gloom when they met and it would take an hour or more of drinking and banter to bring him to his usual gaiety.

In his first weeks at Paramount Noel had shrugged off his work as a trivial necessary evil and had refused to talk about it with Marjorie, but by the end of March he was discussing it freely and at length. It relieved him to set Marjorie laughing with his caricature of Rothmore. He marvellously simulated a stooped, heavy old man with half-closed eyes, talking through thick, tired lips while biting on a cigar. There were two main sources of trouble. Sam Rothmore thought Noel's taste in stories for the screen was too literary and high-flown and he was displeased by his irregular hours, though the disapproval took no stronger form than crude sarcasm.

It seemed to Marjorie, even though Noel was describing the arguments, that Sam Rothmore was right at least part of the time. Noel looked black when she ventured to say so. On the whole, naturally, she sided with Noel. There seemed little doubt that Sam Rothmore, beneath his surface of weary benevolence, was just a brutal businessman and that his taste in movies reflected the juvenile vulgarity of Hollywood at its worst. All the more, then, did she want to give him his due in the petty instances when he seemed right.

But Noel, usually so graceful and so amusingly self-critical, was peculiarly obdurate in this. He persisted in coming late to the office and leaving early and would not admit there was anything wrong in it.

"I'm beginning to regard myself as a test case," he said to

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What Shall I give for Christmas?



Society
PANAMA HATS
AND
Fairway
HATS



Champion
SHIRTS AND TROUSERS
FOR MEN AND BOYS



LITTLE **Champion**
Beachy Bill
BOXER SHORTS



VEN ELTE
HANDBAGS AND GLOVES



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SUMMER
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KNITWEAR

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AND
Patolaine
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The Ink-stained Angel



Our teenager short story of the month



"Just tell me where I am," I said to the angel.
"And we might be able to sort something out."

THE first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was an angel. Even so, this extraordinary happening might have passed my notice if the angel had not been rather grubby and spattered with ink. He was only a small angel, and he was writing laboriously in a large book.

I was wondering how one starts up a conversation with an angel when he looked up.

"Who are you?" he asked in a perturbed voice.

"Why, I'm Allan Benson," I replied wonderingly.

He looked quickly through a list on his desk and then through the pages of the large book. "Alexander Archibald Augustus Benson?" he asked at last.

As usual, when I heard my full name I winced. In fact, I was of the opinion that the only persons who knew my name were my parents, my employers, and Pamela—my wife. To everyone else I was plain Allan Benson.

"What are you doing here?" he went on in a perplexed voice. "You have no right to be here at all."

"I was hoping perhaps you could tell me that," I said. "Where did you get my name from and where am I anyway?"

He disregarded my questions and turned the pages of the book. I had a good look around me. We seemed to be in a large, strangely shaped room with three walls—triangular I think is the right word—and the atmosphere was one of space. The only furniture seemed to be the desk at which the angel was sitting, and the rest of the room was covered with luxurious carpets. In the centre of each wall was a door, a plain grey one, a black one, and a brilliant gold one.

The angel looked up with a puzzled frown. "There has been some mistake somewhere. You're not dead yet."

"Not dead!" I exclaimed, "I should hope not."

"The last record here under your name is that you had a violent quarrel with your wife on the 22nd, that was last night, and drove away hurriedly. You couldn't have been killed. Your name isn't on the list."

"Look, just tell me where I am," I asked. "And perhaps we might be able to sort something out."

"Oh, this is 'Nedoven.' Short for 'Next Door to Heaven,'" he explained. "We check up on people's records when they die, and the whole trouble in your case is that you're here and you're not dead. Haven't you any idea how you got here?"

"Not the slightest," I answered. "The last thing I remember was leaving home in the car after quarrelling with Pamela. Then everything went black and I woke up here." I looked at him. "Do you think I'm dead?" I was prepared to believe anything by now.

"Oh, no, I suppose I've muddled up something somewhere, as usual," said the angel.

"What are those doors for?" I asked, pointing to the three doors in turn.

"Oh, the plain one is where everyone comes in, and the gold one is the way to Heaven. The third one..." He shuddered.

"But you don't want to know that," he sighed and went on, "I'm always making mistakes somewhere. They put me in the Records Department, and I mixed up all the names, and then I went to the Harps Department and I broke three in one day, and then they sent me here. This is the biggest muddle I've ever made. I'll go and see if I can check up on it."

He left me to myself for a few minutes and I thought the position over. The whole thing seemed fantastic, and yet I knew I wasn't dreaming. Events of the day before ran through my mind. I remembered hearing rumors, malicious gossip I had hoped, of Pamela and the new doctor at the Jamestown Hospital—Dr. Bellamy was his name—a man I didn't even know.

I had hurried home to Pamela—the woman I had always loved and who I believed had loved me in return—and she had admitted that she was in love with the doctor. I had slammed the door and driven away in anger. I remembered seeing the big truck coming towards me and making no effort to save myself.

But now the question seemed to be—was I or was I not dead?

The angel returned. He was excited and appeared smaller and grubbier than ever.

"I've found out what happened," he said triumphantly. "But," he added, and his voice died away, "I'll probably be sent to the Cleaning Department after this, and I'll have to clean all the higher angels' harps and brush their wings and sweep their paths and..."

"Yes," I interrupted, "but what about me?"

"Oh, yes. Let me see." He consulted a piece of paper in his hand. "You had a serious accident when you hit a semi-trailer and you are at present in the Jamestown Hospital—only your spirit is up here, you know—and they are going to operate shortly to save your life. You oughtn't to worry—you've got a fairly good chance."

By nineteen-year-old
PATRICIA DAVEY

A terrible suspicion suddenly struck me.

"Who's going to operate?" I asked excitedly.

The angel consulted the paper. "Some new doctor. Dr. Bellamy." He looked up confidently. "So if you die you should be here anyway, and if you live I'll have to send you back."

"I don't think you'll have to send me back," I remarked despairingly. "Why, you've a fifty-fifty chance of living," said the angel.

I explained the circumstances to him briefly.

"So you see," I continued, "I'm afraid I don't think much of my chances with Dr. Bellamy operating on me."

If I expected sympathy from the angel, I didn't receive it. He looked thoughtful and then asked, "Would you like to see for yourself how everything is going in the hospital?" and before I had a chance to answer

he whisked me away and I found myself—or I should say my spirit—sitting on a small cloud watching myself in a hospital bed below. Surely the strangest situation any man has been in!

"I don't look too good, do I?" I faltered.

The angel was staring at me. "Do you love your wife?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know—yes, of course I do."

He flew away and left me there. I watched as two white-coated attendants came up and wheeled me off to the theatre. They were speaking in low voices and shook their heads. The doctor was ready in the theatre and looked quite confident. I relaxed a little until a thought struck me—confident, yes, but confident of what?

My thoughts were racing. Surely he wouldn't have enough nerve to make the operation a failure, to kill me outright? And yet Pamela had admitted she loved him, and if he loved her, too, it would certainly be an easy solution to their problems.

The assistant administered the anaesthetic and addressed a question to the doctor. He glanced at me and smiled as

he looked back to the assistant. I could see his lips forming the words, "Everything will be all right. I am quite sure of the outcome." He looked calm and calculating and I was sure his eyes were glinting dangerously. My heart—or where my heart should have been had I not been a spirit—sank to where my boots should have been, and I closed my eyes and shuddered.

I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was the ink-stained angel. He was all grins.

"Everything will be all right," he said. Those words! The very same words that Dr. Bellamy had used to his assistant, with what appeared to me to be an ironic smile.

"But you don't understand," I endeavored to explain. "He's down there and he means to kill me. I'll never wake up again. Never see Pamela again. Never..."

"Don't be so melodramatic," in-

terrupted the angel. "It's all right. I made another mistake."

"What..." I didn't finish the sentence. I seemed to be drifting a long way away, and for the second time in two days everything went black.

When I woke I felt that history was repeating itself. The only thing I could see was an angel—but not an ink-stained one. This angel was Pamela.

"Pam," I murmured. "Don't try to speak, darling. Everything's going to be all right. Those words again. They were haunting me."

"But wasn't I in an accident? What am I doing here?"

"Yes, dear, you were in an accident and you are in hospital now. You had an operation and are quite better... and, Allan, I didn't mean what I said about Dr. Bellamy. I was so mad at you for doubting me and believing what you heard that I lied to you. I've nearly been crazy with worry since your accident. Will you forgive me, Allan?"

"Of course," I murmured. "Nothing matters now I have you. But—the operation. Didn't Dr. Bellamy operate? Didn't he..."

"What are you talking about?" she laughed. "Dr. Bellamy's not a surgeon. He's only a young resident doctor at the hospital and has nothing to do with operations. You are silly. Why ever did you think that?"

"The angel. He made another mistake," I said excitedly.

"You've been dreaming," said Pamela. "What do you mean—the angel?"

"Nothing, dear. He just made another mistake, that's all."

"I do believe you're delirious," laughed Pam. "Well, I must be off. I'll be back to bring you home tomorrow, darling. Bye-bye." She kissed me and left.

He certainly made a bad mistake that time, I thought. No, I was mad. There couldn't have been any angel. It must have all been a dream... Or was it?

(Copyright)

THE CHOICE

BY ROBERT BLAKE

"BUT she hated me," Prudence said. "Always."
"I think, Miss Cheney," the solicitor replied, "that you must have been mistaken about your aunt's feelings for you. After all, her will is quite clear—to my niece, Prudence Jane Cheney, I give and bequeath, without restriction the main part of my estate—"

The solicitors had explained it all to her very carefully. Under Aunt Caroline's will she inherited everything, but that this could be subject to a claim from her cousin, Allen, apparently, had been left nothing apart from a few assorted articles of purely sentimental value.

"I really must be going," Prudence said. She stood up and picked up the heavy briefcase from the desk in front of her. Standing there, in the dusty office, she seemed so much out of place that the middle-aged lawyer found himself looking at her twice.

She was pretty, he decided dispassionately. About twenty-six or seven. She smiled at him. "Thank you for being so helpful."

"Not at all. And read those papers. There were definite instructions in your aunt's will and you should read everything in that case."

"I will," Prudence promised. "They may explain why she suddenly decided to leave me all her money instead of to her son."

"It's possible."

"You haven't read them yourself, then?"

"No. The briefcase is sealed. Mrs. Cheney left instructions to that effect."

Prudence thought about Aunt Caroline on the way home. Aunt Caroline had been a character in which she had always found it hard to believe, because even as a child the name had a certain legendary quality. Aunt Caroline—wicked Aunt Caroline—who lived all alone in a big house and hated Prudence.

When Aunt Caroline had died at the age of sixty-two—died one night from sudden pneumonia—nobody had thought, or even suspected, that Prudence would be named in the will. Far less that she would inherit the whole of the estate. "Why?" Prudence asked herself, over and over again. "Why?"

When she got the briefcase open in front of her own fireplace she found it contained a solid-looking scrapbook and a letter. The letter had scribbled upon it in violet ink: "Read this last." Prudence took up the book. It was an ordinary enough scrapbook, with leather covers and thick black leaves for holding cuttings. She opened it curiously. "It's a kind of diary."

But it was only parts of a diary, Prudence found. The pages had been torn out of their original binding and were not stuck down in the scrapbook in careful order. There was a sequence.

"I wonder," Prudence said aloud, "was this going to be the real story of Aunt Caroline?"

She began to read . . .

The Towers,
Bramley.

3rd March, 1914.

I met Robert for the first time today. Meeting the younger brother of the man you're engaged to marry shouldn't be all that much of an experience, but Robert had always seemed to me to be different. And there's always an element of excitement about imagining just what the black sheep of a family will look like!

Of course, I was disappointed. I had imagined someone tall and dark and rather sinister-looking. In fact, Robert is a very ordinary boy. Yes—boy! Nicholas tells me that he's twenty-three, but I find it hard to believe.

To look at, he is so exactly like a very big schoolboy—with untidy hair. To think this is the notorious Robert! Naturally I haven't cared to ask too closely what he has done, but I've been told that he is a terrible spendthrift and was actually sent down from Oxford because of a scandal over a woman.

Robert has the most extraordinary way of looking at one—sometimes I find it quite embarrassing. It's as though he doesn't believe a word of what one is saying, and is amused by it all into the bargain. I had been speaking to him only for a short while before he said: "What on earth made you want to marry Nicholas? He's the dullest man in Bramley."

I was so taken aback that I didn't know what to say at first. Then I decided that he must be joking, so I said: "Who should I have married, then?"

"Me," Robert said. "And there's still time, Caroline; or haven't I got enough money?"

He had no right to call me that—he had only just met me, but there was nothing I could do but to accept the whole thing as a joke.

Only when Robert is about I know he is always looking at me with that expression in his eyes. And as far as he is concerned I am not at all sure it is a joke—

3rd July, 1914.

Well, the honeymoon is over. Already the whole thing seems like a wonderful dream—the sun and the blue Mediterranean. Of course, coming back to Bramley is a great change after the South of France—mill chimneys and smoke! Still The Towers is a large and comfortable house a good five miles outside the town. The servants were waiting to welcome us back, and tomorrow I start work as mistress of the house.

Nicholas is the most gentle and most considerate husband in the world. So many of my friends said I was foolish to marry without seeing more of the world, but now I see that Mummy and Daddy were quite right. Nicholas is in every way a fine man—and so good looking! It's quite hard to imagine that he is Robert's brother, but then he's nearly twelve years older, so that must make quite a difference.

But Robert was right—my husband is a little bit dull. But then I must remember that he is in sole charge of the mill now that his father, Major Cheney, has retired. It must be a heavy responsibility.

I had almost forgotten—Nicholas absolutely adores Robert! It seems so unexpected that it took me quite a long time to believe it all, but it's true enough. Nicholas—so hard working and serious. I asked him about it and he rather shamefacedly confessed that it was because he felt he was rather a dull dog and envied Robert his life and zest.

26th July, 1914.

Nicholas has been particularly depressing today. It seems he is convinced that there is going to be a war with Germany. It sounds unbelievable, but, of course, he is bound to be right. Nicholas is always right about things like that—

12th August, 1914.

Well, it's happened. We're at war. The first news that came to us was that Robert had joined up—in the ranks! Nicholas is almost beside himself with anxiety. What has made it even worse is the fact that the Army have refused to take him because they say he is too valuable to industry.

Naturally I'm glad that he isn't going to leave me and go overseas, but I cannot help feeling

apprehensive about Robert. If anything happens to him it will be a terrible blow to Nicholas.

14th October, 1915.

I suppose it was inevitable. And I suppose we should all be grateful it is not worse. When the news first came that Robert had been badly gassed and invalided out of the Army, I didn't know how Nicholas would take it. The doctors say that they have done all they can for Robert—what he wants now is rest and careful nursing. Nicholas has demanded that he be brought here, of course.

It seems no use pretending that having Robert here is going to be easy. Nicholas is almost certain to make a hero of his brother and reproach himself more and more for having allowed him to enlist. And I shall be expected to agree—which is going to be difficult.

I'm not naturally inquisitive, but one does hear things. It seems he was only making his enlistment a means of escape from people to whom he owed money—

2nd January, 1916.

Now that Robert has arrived things seem better. He is still very weak, of course, but the doctor says that in time he should make a full recovery.

The day he arrived, I happened to walk into his room while he was resting in the afternoon. Robert was lying back with his eyes closed and Nicholas was sitting by the side of the bed, looking down at him. I went up to Nicholas and stood beside him for a minute.

I suppose I should have said something—something to comfort him. But what was there I could say? I kept looking at Nicholas, thinking that he seemed old and tired with worry. When he glanced up and saw me he said, "How shall I make it up to him, Caroline? How?"

"You don't have to make anything up to him," I said. "What happened to Robert isn't your fault."

He didn't seem to hear me. He just went on looking at Robert. Finally he said, "I'm taking him into the firm when he gets over this." I didn't know why at the time, but a feeling of foreboding swept over me as he said that.

Something told me that that would never work out. I said as tactfully as possible, "Why not let him go back to his farming?"

"He won't be strong enough for that sort of life," Nicholas said shortly.

And so there seems nothing that I can do about it. Perhaps it will be all right. But I think Nicholas is wrong—

12th July, 1916.

I don't know what is happening to me. It's six months now since Robert came to The Towers, and all the time he's been getting steadily better. Nicholas says that it's the way I've looked after him, but that's nonsense.

I might just as well confess that I like having Robert living with us. He fascinates me. I think half his charm lies in the fact that he doesn't pretend to be anything other than a scoundrel.

Robert kissed me the other day. Putting it down on paper doesn't make it look anything very terrible. Robert kissed me. And I let him. Nicholas was at the mill and I was keeping Robert company while he took his exercise round the garden after lunch. We were turning

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*There were two men in Caroline's life,
Nicholas, calm and sensible, and
Robert, the gay spendthrift.*





NEW! A watch that is watertight and elegant too...!

No sportsman, and no one whose job or leisure activity brings them into contact with water or steam, should be without a watertight watch. Hitherto, watertightness has been achieved at the expense of elegance, for cases had to be thick and heavy to accommodate the necessary sealing.

But now, Cyma craftsmen offer you the Cyma-Navystar, a new, ultra-thin watch which combines watertightness with exceptional elegance. This great advance has been achieved by ingenious design coupled with the use of completely new materials. The case of the Cyma-Navystar is made of special quality steel, and is so designed that slimmness is combined with faultless sealing and outstanding strength and precision. Note these points about this remarkable new watch:

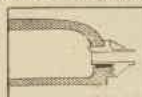


The case of the Cyma-Navystar is made of rust-proof Firth Staybrite micro-fine steel, made by a process developed by famous British steelmakers.

A unique feature of the Cyma-Navystar is the sealing of its winder, one of the most fragile parts of the watch. Embodied in the winder is a minute device incorporating a spring system which counteracts wear, thus ensuring permanent watertightness.

The rim of the Cyma-Navystar is extra wide and incorporates a new, patented screw system. This enables greater compactness in design and ensures that the sealing is completely reliable.

All Cyma-Navystar sealing is made of a new metal which permanently retains its elasticity and neither crushes nor wears. The main sealing is situated where it cannot be damaged from the outside.



This is *the* watertight watch!...wonderfully thin, elegant, *permanently* watertight, and made by CYMA - world-famous for leadership in high-precision watch manufacture.

CYMA
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The NAVYSTAR is, of course, also equipped with the famous CYMAFLEX shock-absorber. ONLY CYMA watches have the CYMAFLEX anti-shock device...and every CYMA has it!

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Cyma Watch Co. S.A., La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, with factories at Tavannes and Le Locle and a world-wide sales and service organisation.

Letters from our Readers

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THE end of the year means school-report time for children, parents, and teachers. We should remember that school reports show a child's intellectual achievements but not necessarily his character achievements.

Good characters or personalities have been responsible for more happy homes, prosperous communities, and successful lives than have high intelligent quotients. A small boy who came well down on the class list said to me: "My mother is proud of every report I bring home." I think he will be a better and happier citizen than many who had higher marks on their reports.

£1/1/- to "A Teacher" (name supplied), Brisbane.

I AM 19 and have two brothers, 20 and 16. We have been in Melbourne for eight months, having moved from a country area. Since we have been here we haven't met any young people. Often we have spoken to our fellow passengers on the tram only to receive a stare or a murmured "Good morning," so that now we think city people are standoffish. Can anyone tell us where to meet Melbourne's friendly young people?

10/6 to "Sincere" (name supplied), Melbourne.

A CHILD'S duty to its parents is a much discussed subject of the day. Contrary to the general opinion, I think we owe our parents nothing. Why should we regard ourselves as owing a debt in a matter in which we had no choice? Having brought us into the world, our parents had no alternative but to rear and take care of us. It is only natural that we should reverence our parents, but why should they expect and demand a reward for fulfilling an obligation they brought on themselves?

10/6 to "Pat" (name supplied), St. Peters, S.A.

ANOTHER "wrong-number" call prompts me to ask why callers adopt the rude practice of inquiring "What number's that?" when the voice answering is not the one expected. To the person answering this is a most annoying greeting. Surely, if the caller does not recognise the voice he could at least find a more polite way of acknowledging his incorrect dialling. In my experience all the offenders have been men. I feel smugly confident that women would not use such an abrupt and irritating telephone technique.

10/6 to "A.B." (name supplied), Box Hill, Melbourne.

I HAVE noticed a few disgruntled men remarking that wives now have so many gadgets to do their work that they become discontented and have not enough to do. I can hazard a guess how Dad would behave if not provided with an electric lawn-mower and the right tools for his hobbies. As for wives, by the time the children grow up they have earned any leisure they can get, and should be free to take up something outside the home. In general, they are happy and busy with hobbies, social services, or sports. Can anyone show me an idle and discontented wife with grown-up children?

10/6 to "O.B." (name supplied), West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

IT is surprising how few motorists seem to realise how valuable their right arm is. Recently we counted nine out of ten driving with the right arm protruding from the window. I have read of cases in which drivers have had an elbow shattered by something projecting from a passing truck. The public has been warned of the danger, so why such indifference?

10/6 to "Safety First" (name supplied), South Yarra, Vic.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

IN many households where there are sons and daughters, the daughters are expected to keep in the house after finishing work, while the sons take it easy or pursue their favorite sport. I am sure no daughter minds helping her mother, but I think it is a mistake that the help should be taken for granted. Duties should be equally shared between sons and daughters. Too many mothers spoil their sons and bring them up to be useless husbands.

10/6 to "One Who Knows" (name supplied), Gawler, S.A.

Wills needed?

YOUR reader "Anne" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 9/11/55), wonders why so many people won't or don't make wills. I know from experience that one reason is that apart from the more or less natural disinclination to make a will, some people evade the problem of discriminating among relatives by leaving their estates to be administered and distributed in accordance with the Administration and Probate Act. The distribution is then made according to the degree of relationship to the deceased, and arguments among the beneficiaries are avoided. There is an old saying, "Where there's a will there's an argument." With intestacy there can be no argument.

10/6 to "Lex" (name supplied), Queenscliff, Vic.

"ANNE" is right when she says that if no one died intestate the legal profession would probably die of starvation. Quite a few solicitors might still suffer that fate if nobody saved the fee by writing out his own will. I have seen many of these "home-made" wills, but cannot remember one without some error, however small. In Brisbane there is a State Government office which makes, free of charge, any will of which it is appointed capital. Some readers who have been unaware of this service may now care to make use of it.

10/6 to "Greenie" (name supplied), Brisbane.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

I HAVE given my three youngsters a miniature "shop" which cost me nothing but provides them and their playmates with an active and interesting game. By carefully opening all packets of tea, cheese, raisins, soap powders, toothpaste, etc., and washing tins so that the bright labels are retained, they soon had a small store of "groceries." These are kept in a couple of large boxes which become counters, and with a few pennies and some papers and pencils the children have a great time setting up the shop, stacking the packets, writing out "orders," and buying and selling to each other. Of course, their interest is sustained by the almost daily addition of items from the kitchen. This "shop" could well solve the Christmas problems of mothers with young families and limited finances.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Beryl Bloor, Engadine, N.S.W.



BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

LATROBE, on the River Mersey, about four miles inland from Devonport, Tas., is a popular tourist resort with excellent facilities for swimmers and picnic parties. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh stopped to enjoy the restful beauty of the river, shown here at Bell's Parade, when they visited Latrobe while they were in Tasmania during the Royal tour of Australia last year. This picture was taken by Rev. George Rees, of West Ryde, N.S.W.



Give the Man in your life

an exclusive

COUNTRY CLUB

Combination Gift Set and Travel Kit

There's no shorter cut to being a successful gift-giver than to choose your Xmas gifts from these manly Country Club Toilet Products. You might spend hours shopping . . . and not find another gift as certain to be received with joy as these practical new Country Club Gift Packs for men. You might spend pounds more for a present and not equal the luxury of these truly fine products that make a man look his best and feel his best at Xmas time, or at any time! You'll find a big selection at modest prices as near as your local chemist!



This de-luxe Country Club Gift Set is made from imitation Crocodile-skin Plastic (with white piping). The Gift Set is completed with a sturdy long-wearing metal zipper. Holds three Country Club products . . . available in three combinations for the ultimate in good grooming.

13/9 to 17/9

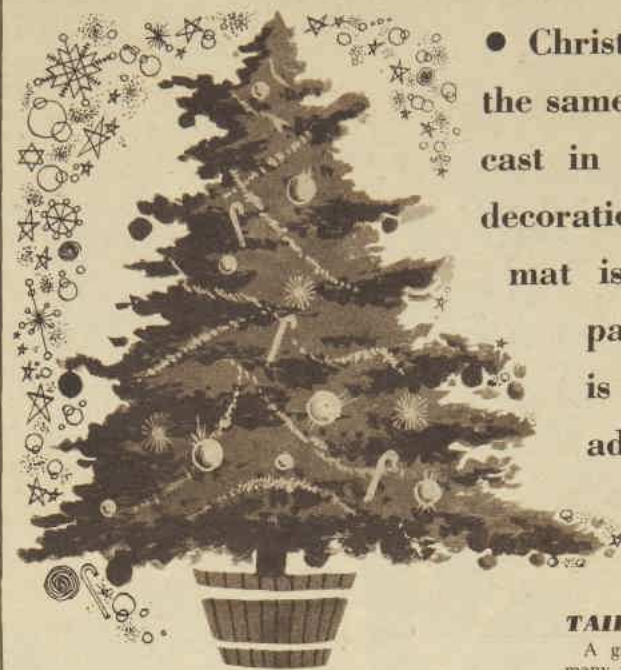
Made from heavyweight, durable Bamboo-grain Plastic (with brown piping) the Country Club Men's Travel Kit is completed with a practical press-stud closure. Available in three sizes and seven combinations, these smart new packs have a look of real Christmas luxury—in spite of their sensible prices.

11/9 to 20/6

Sold by all Chemists



Christmas Entertaining



• Christmas-time is like a play, with the same scene played by a different cast in every home. Tinsel and decorations are up and the welcome mat is out, for Christmas-time is party-time. Whether your party is for children, teenagers, or adults, to make it a success requires careful planning, time, and imagination.

TAIL THE DONKEY

A game that will intrigue many is Tail the Donkey. First cut a donkey from a newspaper or book—or draw one on a fairly large sheet of paper. Secure this to the wall or some other flat surface.

Next cut a "tail" for the donkey from fairly thick cardboard, and attach a drawing-pin to the end of it.

Each guest is then blindfolded, given the tail, and invited to pin it to the donkey.

This game, of course, can be played with other animal cut-outs, or even with a human-head-and-shoulder cut-out. You could cut out separate eyes, ears, a mouth, and a nose—then blindfold your guests and invite them to "stick on the details." You can imagine the funny results.

OLD CLOTHES BOX

Another good game designed to raise plenty of laughter and to use up surplus energy is the Old Clothes Box. In this game, two old boxes are



packed with all the old clothes—hats, gloves, shorts, socks—you can find.

The guests must be divided into two teams. Each member, at a given signal, must run to the appropriate box, don the garments, run round his team, which is queued up, and back to the box. He then takes off the garments and replaces them ready for the next member.

The winning team is the one which manages to get all its members through the ordeal first. A good place for this game in the evening's programme is just before the presentation of small gifts or prizes.

I SPY

Another old favorite is "I Spy."

Sit the children in a ring. One begins by saying, "Riddle me, riddle me rec, there's something I can see that begins with 'B.'"

It may be C or A, depending on the object he has chosen.

In this case it might be B for the (window) blind. The other children have to guess the object, and the one who guesses correctly has next turn.

MUSICAL CHAIRS

If any of the guests start to become restless, then is your chance to get in that old favorite Musical Chairs, and you all know how to play that one!

MEMORY TEST

An ideal game for an older children's party is the Memory Test.

This is another where the children should sit in a ring. Supply each child with pencil and paper, and in the centre of the ring place a tray on which there are about 20 simple objects such as a penny, thimble, glass, pencil, button, and a cork.

Leave it there for five minutes so that the children can absorb the items, then take it from the room, and allow 10 minutes for the children to write down as many objects as they can remember.

The winner of this game should be rewarded by a small prize.

FINALE

At this point it is also a good idea to distribute a selection of those cheap little musical trumpets, drums, and whistles, and form an orchestra. Children of all ages love a noise. [To music played on the piano or the gramophone each section of the "orchestra" (i.e., the drums, whistles, trumpets, etc.) would give its own accompaniment.

"Old McDonald's Farm" is an ideal tune for such "orchestral" accompaniment, with the whistles coming in for the chickens, the trumpets for the pigs, and so on.

An "orchestra" along these lines would make a wonderful ending to the party. And usually, it is the ending to the party that gives the most lasting impression.

A LITTLE thought beforehand and a programme is the way to make certain a children's party is a success.

For a start, try to break down the children's initial shyness, but don't be obvious about it.

When the party guests arrive, give them a label with their name, where they go to school, and their hobby printed on it. Ask them to wear it on their dress or coat and keep it on all the evening.

The guests get to know one another much quicker when they're labelled, and the hobby listed gives shy guests a ready-made conversation line.

THE SPOON DERBY

A game which is always popular is the Spoon Derby. For this you need three spoons, three evenly sized pencils, and three pieces of string the same length as the room.

Each length of string is tied to a spoon at one end and to the middle of the pencil at the other.

The three spoons are laid out—about six inches apart—at one end of the room, and at the other end of the room the three "jockeys" hold the pencils, at each end, by each hand.

At the word "Go" the jockeys begin winding their pencils furiously, drawing the spoons along the floor in a race. The pencils must be held by each hand throughout the race.

The winner is, of course, the jockey whose spoon crosses the finishing-line first.

TREASURE HUNT

Treasure Hunt is a good game to get the party going.

To play, hide five objects in various parts of the house. Start the game off with a clue or set of clues that will lead to the first treasure.

Each found treasure contains a clue for the next hidden hoard.

It is a good idea to have the treasures a prize in themselves, like nuts or sweets, or if not give a prize for the winner.

APPLE ANTICS

Ordinary apples can provide a good source of fun, too. One game can be played with two teams. In it two apples are placed in a large bowl of water (or two separate smaller bowls). Members from opposing team must bend over and try to remove the apple from the water, using their teeth only. This never fails to cause laughter.

Another game with apples is the popular Apple on a String.

Two apples are attached by pieces of string to a convenient point on the ceiling so that they dangle about three feet



apart. One member from each team must try to bite the apple without using his hands to steady it.

CLERK OF THE PARISH

Quieter, sitting-down games are good for a change.

One of these is Clerk of the Parish, which goes like this:

One guest (who is given the title of the Clerk) says, "The Clerk of the Parish has lost his hat. Some say this and some say that, but I think Joan Winters" (he points suddenly at another guest) "has it."

Before the Clerk can count to ten the guest accused must reply, "I, sir? Not I, sir. I say Johnny Burrows has it." And so on, Johnny having to answer next. Any guest failing to answer before ten has been counted must become the Clerk.

If all the guests wear those little name tabs mentioned earlier, this game is made very much easier.

PLANS PREVENT "HOSTESS PANIC"

• Christmas is the ideal time for teenagers to give a party themselves, doing all the preparations—including planning and serving the food.

BESIDES giving you confidence and being good training, it will give Mum a rest that she will appreciate at such a busy time.

Teenagers often suffer an attack of nerves before giving their first party. Remember, all your friends are probably just as inexperienced as you are at party-giving.

Party tricks which are simple to learn and easy to use will make all the difference between a dull and a long-remembered party.

It is your job to keep your guests comfortable, happy, and amused.

Consult your parents, and decide on the number of guests you will invite.

A carefully organised party needs at least two weeks' preparation to get invitations, decorations, food, and trimmings under control.

A golden rule worth remembering is that it's not WHAT you serve but HOW you serve it. A simple dish, "dressed up" and plenty of it, will be appreciated far more than an eye-dropper serve of caviare.

It is usually safe to allow two helpings for each boy and one for every girl.

Have your party dishes well under control before your guests arrive. Keep cold things in the ice-box until it is time to serve, hot foods ready to put in the oven for a final warm-up, and limit your last-minute garnishing to five or ten minutes.

To lift a party into the something-special bracket, give it a theme.

A Tree Decorating Party, for instance, where your guests help with decorations, is a good Christmas party.

This is ideal for a small

party, with a dozen or so guests.

When the final star has been hung, serve supper buffet style, kick back the rugs, and dance.

Christmas is a good time to hold a Sentimental Party.

Invite your former school-friends and introduce them to your new friends.

Perhaps you have a verandah or terrace large enough to hold an out-of-doors party.

Plan it cabaret style, with grouped chairs and tables, checked table-

cloths, bread rolls, and candles in bottles.

Add a hot-dog stand, a punch bar, and serve supper on a long trestle-table.

Why not try a Carol Singing Party?

Get together as many friends and cars as possible and map out a route beforehand.

Wear stocking caps, and, of course, don't forget the candles.

Wind up with a Christmas supper at the home which has the largest kitchen.

At a party like this, supper is provided by everyone.

Too many cooks spoil the broth, so spread the food over the kitchen table and let every guest prepare his own hot-dog or hamburger.

Remember, your guests will have to face a huge Christmas dinner next day, so keep your menu light and simple.

Progressive parties, too, are a good idea, and are always fun because you never stay in one place too long. Plan a meal and divide up courses so that each course is served at a different home.

The main course, which involves the most work, may be shared by three girls, served at the home with the biggest kitchen.

Finish up with dessert and



dancing at the last port of call. When conversation lags, liven up a party with a Mystery Parcel Game.

Make the parcel well beforehand by wrapping a bag of jelly beans—or any small gift—in layers of paper until it is the size of a shoebox.

On each sheet pin a note, say, "To the girl with the cutest dimple." She will then unwrap the next layer and choose "The boy with the curliest hair."

Alternate it boy, girl, boy, girl. Get everyone to sit crosslegged in a circle on the floor, and keep unwrapping until the winner is left with the bag of jelly beans.

Be sure everyone mixes early in the party.

If you find it difficult to team off partners, try the Lucky Dip game.

Have two boxes, trimmed with holly, one marked "Girls" and the other "Boys." In each have titles of

Christmas carols or popular songs with a Christmas or party theme.

The girl who draws "Silent Night" will be partnered by the boy who has drawn "Holy Night," "Good King Wenceslas Looked Out" teams with "on the Feast of Stephen," "I'm Dreaming" with "of a White Christmas," and so on.

An ideal game for a large party is Pass the Box. Guests sit crosslegged on the floor in a circle and pass a matchbox lid from nose to nose without using hands.

The first person to drop the matchbox is out of the circle, and the game continues until there is only one left.

The Shaving Game is always a party success.

Choose six boys and lather their faces well with shaving cream borrowed from father.

Seat them in a row, and select six girls to shave them with ordinary tablespoons instead of razors.

The girls must scoop off every bit of soap.

The first one to shave a boy clean wins the prize, but... be sure to put bibs on the boys!

Another game where a bib is necessary is the Pudding Game.

Spread a large sheet of paper over the floor.

Fill a pudding-basin with flour, pressing it down hard so that it will keep its shape, turn it out on to the paper, and place a threepenny piece on top in the middle.

Alternating with boy and girl, each cut a wedge, and push the flour to one side.

The person who makes the pudding collapse and buries the threepence in the flour must retrieve it with his teeth.

There is no winner in this game, but the unfortunate victim deserves rewarding.

APPLE ANTICS are always popular at Christmas parties, no matter what age you are entertaining. How-to-play instructions are on page 12.

A backwards party is really crazy. Wear your clothes backwards for the occasion, with odd shoes and stockings, and ask your guests to do the same. Hang any pictures in the room upside down, and greet your guests at the door with: "Sorry you had to leave so soon, thanks for coming, goodbye."

Insist that your guests enter the house backwards, and carry the backwards theme right through the evening.

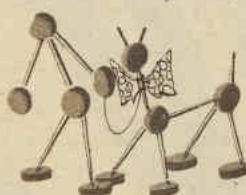
Finally, two party tips...

• To avoid embarrassment,

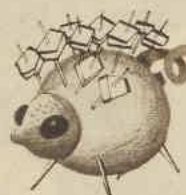
always keep a few wrapped gifts over just in case a guest arrives with an unexpected parcel in hand.

• After the party, do your own cleaning up. Scrape and stack dishes, put away records, games, and left-over food, and, as far as possible, restore the room to its original order.

Remember, your family's morning-after reaction will not be tinged by the pleasant party memories you've stored away. To them, the post-party litter will just look like work!



NOVEL party table decoration of a man leading his dog is made of gumdrops, toothpicks, and ribbon.



GRAPEFRUIT, with half a lemon for a face, toothpick legs makes a savory holder—a fat pig with a lemon-peel tail.



Have you good hostess manners?

MANY things are involved in being a good hostess. Here are some tips.

Store valued ornaments out of harm's way before the party.

Tell your guests whether the party is formal or informal. NEVER be more overdressed than your guests.

Balance the sexes. If the party is mainly for young marrieds, with an odd single person, don't settle the situation with, "It won't matter if you haven't an escort." Find one, and don't forget to take into consideration height, looks, and I.Q.

Make a stranger to the crowd feel

like one of them. Ease him into the chatter with a well-planted conversational hook.

Don't have the dog in the room. Man's best friend may be his dog—but not at a party. Some people are allergic to animals, and even the most ardent four-footed fan objects to ruined nylons and shedding fur. Your dog and your guests will be far better off if Fido is in the backyard with a bone.

Don't look pained if food or drink is spilt accidentally. Pass it off lightly.

Return a guest's parting compliment. "Thank you. It was a wonderful party," with something like, "Thank you, it was fun having you."

By Golly

what an idea for Christmas!



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Biro

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Pat. Nos. 122073-8 Dec. 1943. 133163-31 Dec. 1943.

Discs for Christmas

There are many kinds of Christmas parties — parties for the family, for friends, for the children, and for teenagers. They vary according to age and taste, but their common link is music, an essential ingredient for every type of party.

By **BERNARD FLETCHER**

THE family get-together, at which love and good fellowship are the keynotes, calls for traditional music. For these occasions I'd suggest "Christmas Carols," sung by the Columbus Boychoir on 33OS.7526.

The songsters began their professional career at a Presbyterian church at Columbus, Ohio, and their disc really has the seasonal atmosphere. Among other titles, they sing "O Come, All Ye Faithful," "Silent Night," "I Saw Three Ships," and "The Holly and The Ivy."

If perhaps you think that Old World carols are slightly remote from the local scene—snow, robins, holly, and all that—you should enjoy "Australian Christmas Carols" on 33OS.7538. These have been written by William James and John Wheeler, who felt that it was fitting that we should establish our own traditional carols set against the Australian Christmas background.

Some of these refreshing songs, performed by the A.B.C. Adelaide Chorus, are "The

Three Drovers," "Carol Of The Birds," and "Christmas Bush For His Adorning." This disc would make an acceptable gift for overseas friends, and since it is on microgroove the air mail postage should be fairly reasonable.

Mantovani sounds much more subdued than usual on

"An Album Of Christmas Music" (LFA.1149), a record which will do more to bring the spirit of Christmas into the home than all the tinsel decorations in the world.

When you hear it you'll forget that you've been grumbling about the way they commercialise Christmas, and you'll

even turn on a radiant smile when Aunt Flora produces another of her hand-knitted "objects" as a gift. There are 10 titles, including "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing," "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen," "The First Noel," and "Good King Wenceslas."

If you're planning a party where anything goes, you'd better put "Honky Tonk" (ODLP.7506) on your list.

The gentleman who dishes out the ragtime piano on this terrific platter calls himself Knuckles O'Toole. He and his Honky Tonk Orchestra bounce through one of the best collections of its type that I've heard.

There are fifteen tunes—how's that for value?—and I'll list the lot: "Glad Rag Doll," "Crazy Otto Rag," "Ida," "There'll Be Some Changes Made," "Paper Doll," "If You Knew Susie," "Yes, We Have No Bananas," "Bicycle Built For Two," "The Bowery," "Sidewalks Of New York," "Peg O' My Heart," "Shine On, Harvest Moon," "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "The Band Played On," and "I Love You Truly."

Some like wild parties, others prefer a small dinner party for four or six well-known friends. If you have



"How about something classical for a change . . . like 'Star Dust'?"



DEBBIE'S RECIPE

DEBBIE, our teenage chef, makes a luscious chocolate cake for your Christmas party. It's a sweet treat for supper—light and lovely and needing but one egg.

Ingredients: Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup boiling water.

1. Cream butter or substitute with sugar.
2. Add egg, mix well.
3. Blend cocoa with milk until smooth.
4. Fold into creamed mixture alternately with sifted flour and salt.
5. Fold in boiling water.
6. Fill evenly into two greased 7-inch sandwich-tins.
7. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.
8. Allow to stand 4 or 5 minutes in tin before turning out carefully on to cake cooler to cool.
9. Ice one half with warm chocolate icing and decorate with nuts.
10. Join layers with a cream filling, flavored as desired.

in mind an enchanted evening like that, turn the 'gram down low and play "Isn't It Romantic?" by Ray Martin's Orchestra (33OS.1072), one of the few LP's which groups ten favorites—"Isn't It Romantic?" "Love Walked In," "I'm In The Mood For Love," "A Fine Romance," "You Stepped Out Of A Dream," "Dancing In The Dark," "Long Ago And Far Away," "September In The Rain," "As Time Goes By," and "I've Got You Under My Skin."

Each tune has been tried and found true over the years, and Martin produces lots of thrilling sound which gives them new appeal.

The other disc in this category, "Easy To Love," vies with Martin's in richness of material, but here the equally delightful orchestra—Norrie Paramor's, this time—has a star in the person of Eddie Calvert, the man with the golden trumpet. You don't need to be told that Eddie's version of "Oh, My Papa," sold a million copies.

Among the numbers here are "Easy To Love" (the title of the disc, 33OS.1071), "What Is This Thing Called Love," "The Man I Love," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," "Takin' A Chance On Love," "Love Is The Sweetest Thing," "A Little Love, A Little Kiss," "Why Do I Love You," and "One Night Of Love." (Who said love wasn't here to stay?)

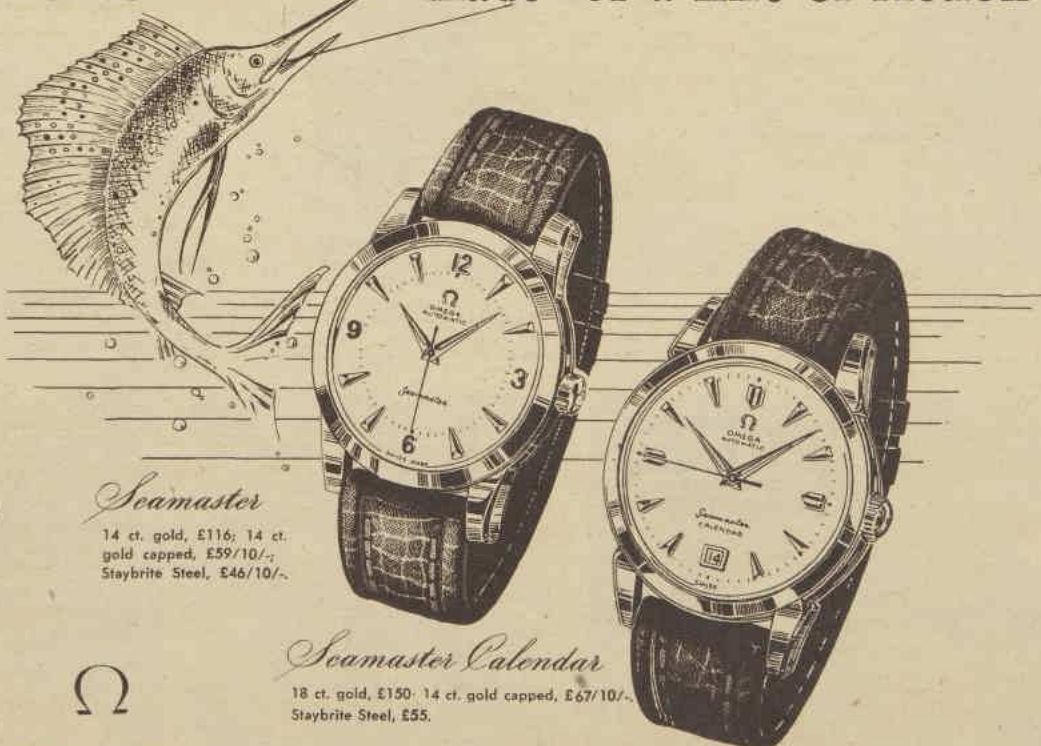
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HOLIDAY TIME IS THE TIME FOR THE ZOO



HYACINTHINE MACAWS, from the forests of Central and South America, eat grain and fruit, and screech loudly. A spell of moulting has left one bird with a dishevelled chest.

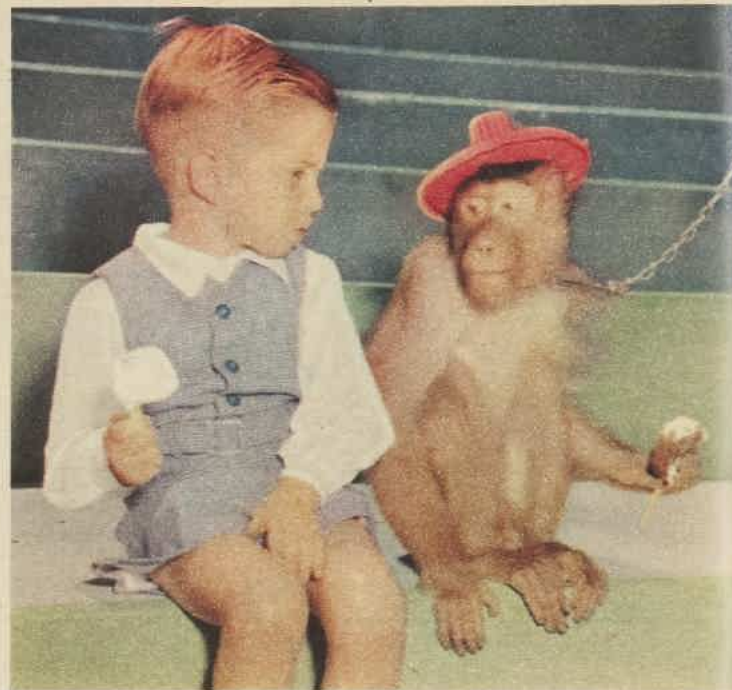
ELANDS usually live in herds on the plains of South Africa, but this one was born at the Zoo, and loves lucerne. The largest kind of antelope, they are very fleet of foot.



KOALAS eat only certain gum-leaves. At night they feed, but sleep all day long high in the leafy tree-tops.



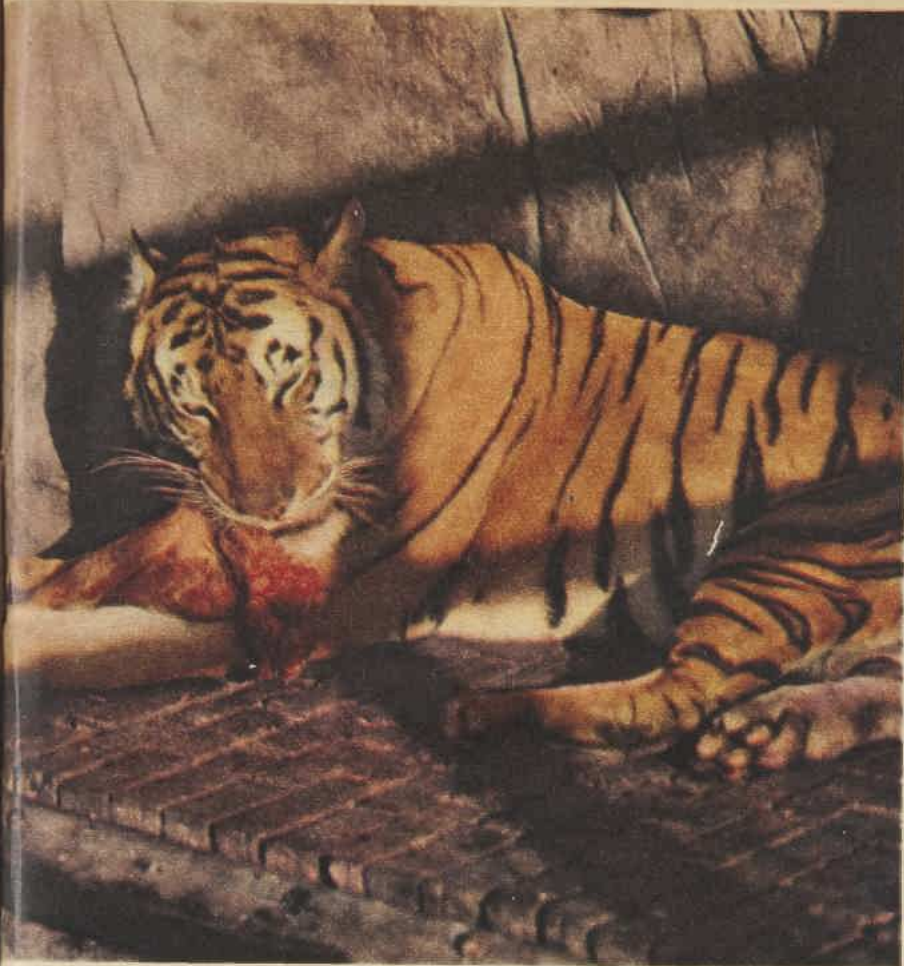
School holidays are the time for happy outings, and the Zoo offers the delight of the animal world for the whole family to see. These color pictures were taken at Taronga Park Zoo, on the foreshores of Sydney Harbor. Taronga Park ranks high among world zoos in size and beauty.



REGGIE is a five-year-old pigtailed monkey from Malaya who has been taught by the circus director to do all kinds of tricks on roller skates. He can also ride a tiny bicycle and walk on stilts. Reggie loves affection and is perfectly happy "dressed up." He eats lots of peanuts and ice-cream given him by devoted fans.



JAN, a South African giraffe, is more 16 feet tall. Jan and his mate, Gladys, recently became parents.



THE BENGAL TIGER, the only one of his kind at the Zoo, weighs 250lb. Beneath his tawny coat the muscles ripple as he stalks in his enclosure and his eyes flash fierce and yellow. Although it is years since he saw his jungle home, the tiger is still a highly dangerous animal and snarls and coughs menacingly when annoyed. Like all the other animals at Taronga Park, he is sleek and well cared for.



CROWNED CRANES, natives of Tanganyika, South Africa, are noted for the lovely color of their crests. In their natural surroundings they keep in flocks and, when preparing to fly, run some distance flapping their wings. But at the Zoo they just strut proudly, pecking at insects, grain, or tiny lizards.



THE BLACK-MANED LION, a King of Beasts, weighs at least 400lb. and eats 20lb. of meat daily. This one was found as a tiny cub and reared in a private South African home before being given to the Zoo.

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and make it silkier, softer
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Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo cleanses delightfully, rinses out easily and leaves the hair brilliant, silken-soft and shining . . . carrying off every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt and dandruff. Avoid shampoos containing harsh detergents which dry the scalp and make the hair brittle. Colinated Foam Shampoo contains no detergents whatever. Price: 3/6



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MAKE YOURSELF SOMETHING NEW!

Every week you'll find a series of attractive patterns in The Australian Women's Weekly . . . there's sure to be something you'll want to make. Look out for them!

Worth Reporting

DISCREETLY tucked away in a quiet corner of a leading men's wear store in Brisbane is a section where men can shop for their womenfolk without the embarrassment of being watched by women shoppers.

Surrounded by gifts in the best traditions of London's Bond Street—de-luxe handbags, costly jewellery—they can buy presents for every female member of the family without moving from the one counter.

A group of women assistants, whose ages and figures provide the clue to size and suitability of the gifts the man has in mind, add to the smoothness of his shopping.

A "reminder book" is kept, detailing wedding anniversaries and birthday dates of wives of regular customers so that memories can be jogged in good time to shop.

"Each time such a purchase is made it is noted in the book so that a husband can be reminded that last year he gave HER a pearl necklace, and the year before a crocodile handbag," said the managing director of the store.

Frills for the young fry

MANY years ago we remember having to study at school a history book that had little bits of poetry at the end of each chapter and an occasional—very occasional—bit of artistic nonsense.

In those days that sort of thing was a rather daring divergence from the norm. But nowadays, it seems, the young fry are having their history and geography served up with all kinds of frills.

To keep in with this trend and provide some fascinating fill-in material on many aspects of Australian life, Shakespeare Head Press is producing a new *Background of Australia* series.

The first two books are now being printed. In "Our Living History," well-known educationist Donald McLean has told England's story from the special angle of Australia's birth and growth.

The very personal story of one Australian farm, run down by erosion, is told by Kay Kinane, of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, in "Our Precious Soil."

The two books scheduled to follow are "Our Fleece," by W. A. Dutton, and "Our Transport," by Keith Burns.



"I keep feeding him and he loses weight. Why?"

WHILE home-lovers and antique collectors are searching auction rooms for old pieces of cedar furniture, the Queensland Forestry Department is using cedar for signposts which will point the way to waterfalls, lookouts, bush, and beauty spots.

Recently forestry workers found an old cedar log containing more than 7000 super feet of timber and covered with orchids, vines, and lantana lying at the foot of a spur in the great national reserve at Mount Glorious, southern Queensland.

Cedar trees have almost vanished from the area, but this one, believed to have been struck by lightning, survived to be trucked to Brisbane and converted into signposts, which will be not only white-ant resistant but also of historic interest.

How fast does ketchup flow?

AERICAN poet Ogden Nash once quipped: "Shake, shake the ketchup bottle. First none will come, and then a lot'll."

Presumably Ogden Nash had never heard of an instrument called the Viscometer, now installed in every tomato ketchup factory.

The Viscometer was among £500,000 worth of instruments displayed recently at the N.S.W. Institute of Physics' exhibition of scientific apparatus at the University of Technology, Sydney.

It is used to measure the flow thickness of ketchup, mayonnaise, soup, molten chocolate, cordials, and other substances.

Also on display was the Maturometer, which tells the canner or freezer the best time to harvest peas, and what yield he may expect from the crop at a given date.

Invented by the C.S.I.R.O., the Maturometer grades peas according to size, and then tests them for tenderness.

Gifts for King's 247 children

WITH Christmas round the corner, Dad and Mum are facing the annual headache of battling through crowds in city stores to buy toys for junior's stocking.

At this time of the year they're usually thankful that junior isn't twins.

However, in Paris recently, a visitor calmly visited a store to buy toys for 247 children—all the sons and daughters of King Ibn Saud of Arabia.

Included in the emissary's purchases were 25 small one-horsepower cars.

The young princes will be shown how to use the cars by a special demonstrator who will fly out to Arabia.

Book News

By SUSAN BARRIE

THERE is a rare treat in store for fans of Ludwig Bemelmans who have not yet read his latest book, "To the One I Love the Best."

Although it is primarily a biography of the fascinating but eccentric Lady Mendl, it gives us indirectly a new and revealing picture of the author himself.

Already famed as a humorist, he is revealed as an artist whose pictures are internationally known, and as a man who instinctively appreciates the aesthetic things of life.

To Bemelmans, Lady Mendl, with her exquisite taste and passion for beauty, represents most of these things. A self-made American who was poor and plain for the first part of her life, she was "beautiful" at 90, the age at which he met her.

Accepting a casual invitation to cocktails, Mr. Bemelmans stayed on as a house-guest of Elsie and her English-born husband, Sir Charles, at their fabulous Hollywood home, "After All."

"To the One I Love the Best" is chock-a-block with colorful episodes set mainly in the America of the middle 'forties, when "every-one's bread was thickly buttered."

Hamish Hamilton, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

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Don't let ugly, disfiguring pimples, zits, acne, ringworm, pox, blackheads, itching, cracking, peeling, burning, skin troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of a bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called **Nasaderm** that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin clear, soft and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, get **Nasaderm** from your chemist—today under positive guarantee in hand your skin satisfactorily or money back.

START TREATING Haemorrhoids NOW!

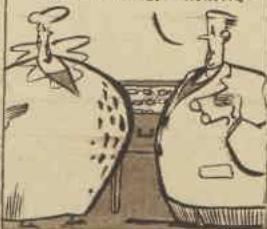
The agony of Haemorrhoids (Piles) is the result of locally distended veins. This inflamed congested condition quickly responds to treatment with safe, sure **ManZan**. Get **ManZan** now for lasting relief from pain and irritation.

ManZan

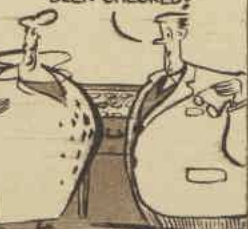
With special nozzle applicator 4/- a tube at Chemists everywhere.

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OH NO, THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN BROWN!!!



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25/3



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Give *her* the freshest, youngest feeling in the world

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All are a pleasure to buy—so kind to your budget.



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Thousands of smart women have found a Jenyns Patent Corset the way to smooth out figure-line. Popular for its gentle control, correct support — it is recommended by leading members of the medical profession — endorsed by the Institute of Hygiene, London. Say good-bye to figure-line worries — your correct figure type and size is available at all leading stores.



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Available fragrances include
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See next week's issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly* for another fascinating series of color pictures of the Lucke Quads.



THIS MOTEL, called "The Anchorage," at Daytona Beach, Florida, is typical of the luxury that has helped to make motels so popular with motorists in America. Another Florida motel is named "The Flagship."

American-style motels for Australia

From
ROBERT FELDMAN,
in New York

America's vast army of motel-keepers, in the middle of preparations for an expected record tourist season this year, took time off to welcome the news that a chain of American-style motels would be established for motorists in Australia.

A NEW company, which is planning to build the chain of American-style motels from Adelaide to Brisbane, already has one under construction in Canberra. This is scheduled for completion in March, and the second, at Albury, in May or June. So far, Australia has only a dozen or so motels, all privately owned.

If Australians take to the motel idea as Americans have, it shouldn't be long before bright clusters of cabins begin to thrust their way through the roadside gumtrees.

As the business becomes more and more competitive, motel-keepers are sure to dip into the tried and true American bag of tricks, including such mixed blessings as:

- Flashy neon signs blossoming on the roadside, bidding the weary traveller rest his bones at "Loveland Court," "Tuck-Inn," "Beddy-Byes," and "Morpheus Arms."
- Palm-fringed swimming-pools for the use of overnight guests, television in every cabin, and other gimmicks.
- A new school of architecture, strikingly functional yet cosily appealing to the brick-weary eye.

Born in the era of the model-T Ford and nurtured by the American tradition of holidays spent motoring, the U.S. motel industry has in the past 30 years grown from a few primitive camps of tents to more than 53,000 roadside "homes away from home." And the building is still going on.

The tourist-court-motel industry is big business, with more than 4,000,000,000 dollars (£A1,780,000,000) invested and an annual gross income of 1,500,000,000 dollars (£A670,000,000).

During the recent "national motel week," a newspaper exulted editorially: "We doff our hat in print to an industry

whose pioneers set up their own frontiers three short decades ago; an amazing industry that has doubled in the six years after the war, tripled in ten.

"No dust-laden tourist relishes the idea of barging through formal hotel lobbies.

"In motels, the motor-car is outside your door all the time. You dress as you please, and come and go as you like. Moreover, there are places for every purse and purpose. Travelling America likes this form of lodging."

As an old-time highway tramp from way back, I heartily concur.

But the day has long since passed when Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert popularised the idea by sharing a roadside cabin in the film "It Happened One Night."

The celebrated blanket-barrier scene couldn't happen today. With total accommodation for 1,400,000 guests in America's motels today, they would have easily booked into separate cabins—alas!

Some modern American motels have to be seen to be believed. In Florida, California, and Texas, particularly, the abundance of glamorous roadside "dies" has driven

many a hotel out of business.

Instead of the motel being a shabby second choice, as it once was, it is the city-bound hotel that now must settle for the overflow from the tourist cabins.

Motor courts offer luxuries and facilities that put most hotels to shame — private baths and comfortable beds are standard.

To tempt motorists, most new motels offer TV and air-conditioning, a swimming-pool (heated in the colder climes), a restaurant, cocktail lounge and "room service," children's play areas, telephones in

block of rooms for guests' maids and chauffeurs.

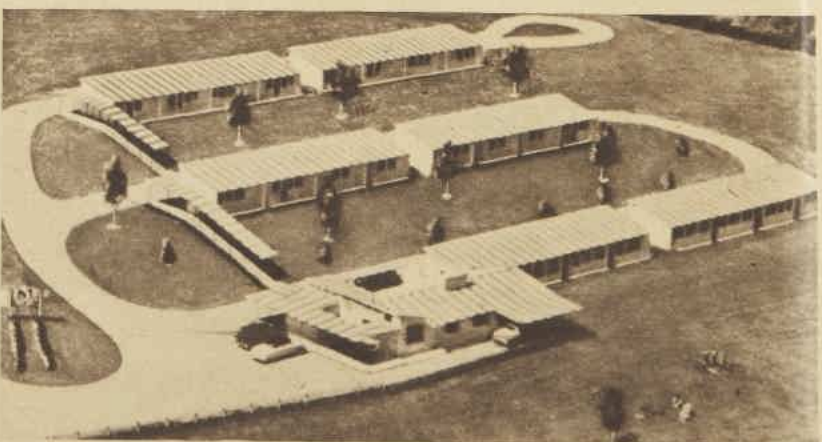
In Santa Monica, California, the 1,500,000 dollar (£A673,824) William Tell Motel, set in a lush tropical atmosphere, faces stiff competition from the newer 600,000-dollar (£A269,530) Highlander Motor Hotel — which has the standard luxuries plus piped-in music, a sun-deck, and heated swimming-pool.

A North Carolina motel keeps its free soft-drink machine available all night and dispenses hot coffee and doughnuts each morning with the (free) local newspapers.

Of prime importance in the competitive U.S. motel business is a good location. Building on a choice highway intersection or on a slight rise of ground, so that motorists can see the motels from afar, often makes the difference between success and failure.

Or a flashy front and a good, catchy sign often do the trick. One highway approaching Miami, Florida, has been designated by the American Automobile Association as a hazard for night driving because of the congestion of flashing lights, commissionaire "barkers," and trick signs that all compete for the driver's attention a little thing like a red traffic light goes unnoticed.

Florida seems to abound in new ideas. A "yachtel" on the Atlantic coast at Pompano Beach includes a 23-unit motel and 83 slips for guests who want to stay in their boats.



GREEN-AND-WHITE-STRIPED AWNING covering the roof and verandahs of "The Thoroughbred," in Winchester, Kentucky, is the trademark of this modern motel.

RUSSIA HAS QUADS, TOO



RUSSIAN CHILDREN play with blocks at a Leningrad kindergarten. The kindergartens, heavily subsidised by the State, are a major source of Soviet pride. With most mothers working, most Russian children go to kindergarten from the age of three until they start school at seven. For the babies there are creches.



PRIBYTKOV QUADS, Russia's latest set, with their doctor, Dr. L. P. Pavlotskaya (left), and nurse, Tatyana Semyonova. Quads, though not so rare in Russia, still cause great interest.

But Soviet women agree none of them are lovelier than the Luckes

Though Russia, where I have recently been travelling, differs in many ways from other countries, Russian women, when you get to know them, are much like other women.

LIKE most women everywhere they are fascinated by babies—especially quads.

A group of them got very excited when I showed them copies of The Australian Women's Weekly with color photographs of the Lucke Quads.

"How old are they?" "Has Australia many more quads?"

"Can we get more pictures?" were only a few of the questions they asked.

Then I was shown with enormous pride, pictures of Russia's latest quads. "But they are not unusual here," I was told.

In fact, quads seem to be such an everyday feature of the Russian birthrate that no statistics are kept on how many of them have been born.

Maria Pribytkova is the mother of the latest set. The father is Nikolai Semekin. He is a combine operator.

You may wonder why their names are different. Well, that is how it is in Russia. A woman may change her name on marriage in the Soviet Union—but she rarely does.

Mrs. Pribytkova and Mr. Semekin were receiving congratulations on their four babies when I arrived in Russia. Photographers had rushed to take pictures of the babies. But none were taken of the mother. In fact, she seemed to disappear from the story.

When it got into print it was Tatyana Semyonova, the midwife, and Dr. L. P. Pavlotskaya, the doctor, whose achievement was applauded.

I didn't have the chance to see the quads, but I was taken to the Institute of Gynaecology, a Moscow maternity hospital, which I was told

was pretty similar to the one where the four Pribytkovas (or Semekins, if you like) were born.

There was no crying or moaning in the big labor room at the Institute of Gynaecology, where I saw six expectant mothers.

The room was filled with the whispering sounds of deep breathing.

No moaning

None of the women looked happy, but neither did they look unhappy. They had a look of what I could only describe as serene determination.

All had been told what to do months in advance. The nurse said to me, "They know all about this. They know it is natural, and if they help it won't be so bad."

In Soviet Russia birth is as natural as psychological prophylaxis can make it.

The term is high-sounding, but the technique is the simplest. It is the preparing of expectant mothers for childbirth by a series of educational talks by the doctor.

This springs from the theory held by many Western, as well as Soviet, obstetricians that childbirth is the most natural thing in the world, provided the mother knows what is happening.

In the labor ward the technique was working as I left. Nurses and doctors, at intervals, were making a round of the beds, speaking softly and with soothing words to each patient. Their smiles were almost magical.

Russian children, generally, are as well cared for through-

out their childhood as they are at birth.

There is something very engaging about the Russian child, particularly the schoolgirl. She might have stepped out of a Victorian classroom, with her lace collar and her white pinny. Her hair is braided and looped, caught with large bows of ribbon.

The little boys are uniformly neat, with red kerchiefs brightening up their grey uniforms with peaked grey caps. This is the uniform they wear from the day they start school at 7 until they reach school-leaving age at 17.

Since the Russian woman puts her work first, with marriage second, and home life low on the list, creches for babies, though not compulsory, are very popular.

For children between the ages of three and seven there are kindergartens and playgrounds. These are open all the year round.

Costly to run, as in every country in the world, the kindergartens are heavily subsidised by the State.

The Government allocates 279 roubles (roughly £A5) per month for each child. As a waitress in Russia earns only 500 roubles (£A10) a month and old people's earning capacity is somewhere around 400 roubles (£A7) per month, you can see what a piece of extravaganza the child in the kindergarten is in the Soviet economy.

A kindergarten I visited in Leningrad was not in a new building, but it was so homely and so artistically arranged I felt I had escaped the inevitable aspidistra and the anti-macassars that were making a

No war toys

far greater impact than the Kremlin on me.

This kindergarten was opened in 1940 and it carried on right through the siege of Leningrad.

Here toddlers danced for us and played little games, sang their songs, and then got on with building and paper-cutting in the schoolrooms.

There wasn't a toy gun or even an aeroplane in the whole of the kindergarten. "We want peace," said one of the old nurses, "so we don't have war-like toys."

No religious instruction is given to the Russian children in their kindergartens or schools. Those whose parents (or more likely grandparents, since the churches are usually attended by only the very old people) go to church teach the children about God in the home.

The State teaches there is no God.

Everything about the kindergarten in Leningrad was in the best of taste. Green plants grew in profusion, trailing against clinically white walls. All the furniture was small and modern, especially built for the children.

Mirrors were set low to the ground and tied up with blue satin bows.

The children wore indoor shoes like a ballet dancer's and were being trained to take a proper pride in their appearance.

There wasn't a trace of the heavy Victorianism so common throughout Russia. It was like stepping out of a world of bobble-fringe and plush curtains, overstuffed seats and aspidistras into a palace of light and loveliness.

Speaking of this to one of the Russian interpreters she said: "These children will grow up with a sense of

beauty. Their parents have had no time. We had to develop and rebuild our country."

Except for the language, a school I saw in Moscow was much like schools in England or Australia.

This school was in a workers' neighborhood, meaning that people live there who work in factories. It was a three-story building of mustard-color stucco. About 1000 boys and girls from seven to 17 were pupils.

Anyone who says the Russians show only what is newest and best to the visitor is hopelessly out of date.

This school was built in 1925, and the school director was full of apologies for it. Nevertheless, it was adequate, even by the best standards in other countries.

There is no corporal punishment in Soviet schools. The director of this one assured me that the teacher's words were enough, and that talks with their families helped curb naughty children.

I was surprised to find there is also no cooking course, and no domestic science training, though hand-sewing is taught.

Instead of finding a girl learning to bake a cake, it

was not unusual to find Sonia or Tana struggling with the intricacies of the carburettor, or fixing an electric fan.

Indeed the only brilliant pupils pointed out to me were those girls who showed promise of becoming electrical engineers.

In the schools, as everywhere else in Russia, machine-making rather than home-making is obviously regarded as the most important attribute of the Soviet woman.

But that still doesn't stop her from being interested in babies—especially in quads.



WARMLY CLAD for winter, a group of Moscow children on their way to school stop to talk to our reporter, Anne Matheson (left). Anne fell in love with the children she met.



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Remember **HILTON** Socks for Juniors MAKE A FINE XMAS GIFT!

'Baby Talk' No. 6

One hundred pounds in prize-money awaits the senders of the brightest and most appropriate captions for this picture. Results of "Baby Talk" No. 3 are given below.

EACH week we offer a first prize of £50, three awards of £10, three of £5, and five of £1 for captions to our baby studies by Constance Bannister of New York. What we want is a light touch and general appeal. Prize-winning entries in Contest No. 6 will give you the idea.

Rules for the contest are given below at right.

But please remember to include the identification coupon published below so that judges will know to which picture your caption refers.

Full name, address, and date must also accompany each group of entries.

A surprisingly large number of entrants forget to include their names.

"Baby Talk" Contest No. 6 closes on December 19. Results will be published in our issue dated January 4.

But please send in entries as soon as you can. Heavy Christmas mails are delaying deliveries to this office, and many entries have to be disqualified because they are late.



HOW TO ENTER

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by entry coupon at left.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 6 close on DECEMBER 19. Winners will be announced in our issue dated JANUARY 4.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON

The Australian
Women's Weekly
"Baby Talk" Contest
No. 6

December 14, 1955

No. 3 CONTEST RESULTS

A Victorian reader won the first prize of £50 in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 3. She is Miss Catherine Kinivan, c/o Greenvale Sanatorium, Greenvale, Vic.

HER entry was, "The Pater's decided on Eton." £1 prizes were awarded to:

Win Friend, c/o 26 Lynton St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.
"A strict diet, Madam, you're overweight."
Mrs. J. Buchanan, 390 Glenferrie Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.
"My boy, they used to stand and cheer at MY Macbeth!"
Mrs. H. Hassall, "Merrington," Weethalle, N.S.W.
"But has our learned friend loved anything?"

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. S. E. Hatchett, 18 Sixth Avenue, Ascot Park, S.A.
"I'm not sure that I'm going like living right next door to our mother."
Miss N. A. Thomson, 221 Mooroolbilly Rd., Taringa, Qld.
"And you say these headaches have been persisting, Mr. Appleby?"
Mrs. G. A. Shepherdly, 41 Harrington Ave., Dubbo, N.S.W.
"Mind if I take the car tonight, Dad?"

£1 prizes were awarded to:
Miss Margaret Macquarie, 32 Jennings St., New Town, Tas.
"If you are going to take that attitude, we'll simply drop the subject."
Mrs. L. H. M. Barnes, Russell St., Cleveland, Qld.
"Would you care to have a demonstrator call, Madam?"
Mrs. G. F. Devlin, Canoona, N.C. Line, via Rockhampton, Qld.
"Me speeding in a built-up area? Surely, officer, you must be mistaken."



"The Pater's decided on Eton."

Mrs. L. H. Richmond, 87 Mont Albert Rd., Canterbury, Vic.

"What! ME turn professional?"

Mrs. P. Ritter, 46 Kerferd St., Essendon, Vic.

"Reverting to the question of salary—that, of course, depends entirely on your qualifications."

Contest baby No. 3's likeness to tennis star Lewis Hoad was the subject of literally hundreds of entries, while a surprising number of readers found a likeness to film star Maurice Chevalier.

In the case of identical entries the first opened is the one considered by the judges.

After judging three "Baby Talk" Contests the judges are able to nominate "I couldn't care less" as the entry most often submitted.

"Baby Talk" Contest No. 3 produced "Elementary, my dear Watson," and "Your ignorance appals me" as the two most often repeated entries.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" was another favorite.

Many entries submitted pictured baby No. 3 as a scientist, a doctor, a clergyman, and Dr. Crump of the Village Glee Club, while two readers saw him as Hamlet.

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LOVELIEST! The lanolin in the new Richard Hudnut lanolized waving lotion protects your hair from damage . . . keeps it healthy! Your curls are soft and shiny and easy to manage.

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AUSTRALIAN actress Rosemary Miller, who appeared on British TV with fellow Australian Dick Bentley.

Actress is West End landlord now

Sydney actress Rosemary Miller, who went to London last year and whose work for the B.B.C. has since included a TV show with Dick Bentley and appearances at the Edinburgh Festival and Glasgow Industries Fair, has bought a London house in Bayswater, close to Kensington Gardens.

It is one of a square of ultra-modern houses now being completed on one of the rare remaining areas of vacant freehold land in that part of the West End—a bombed site which until lately has remained vacant since the war.

Rosemary's spare time is now taken up in what she calls "wrestling with the frightening formalities" of property purchase in London, in planning her furnishings, and in planting a tiny garden.

Her house will be centrally located, which is still rare in conservative London. "But it's the only way to cope with the winters when one comes from Australia," she said.

The house has a flat sunroof.

"It's a bit public," Rosemary said, "for I can be overlooked from taller buildings so far away. It is only three stories, and the house shrinks when I look up at the grave old Victorian mansions around it. But, after all, London's weather does not let you use sunroof very often."

Rosemary plans that her house will be a part of a headquarters for Australian and New Zealand visitors to London. The top floor will be a small luxury flat for letting on short terms to holiday tenants.

"I've been long enough in London," she said, "to know how difficult it is for visitors from abroad to find this sort of modern flat in a really central position. This flat will be tiny—just for two people—but it will be very convenient."

"And I'm trying to make it like home. For example,

when the tenants are Australians an Australian landscape painting will hang on one of the walls, and when New Zealanders come it will be replaced by a New Zealand landscape."

Rosemary is furnishing her own part of the house with things she bought in Europe. Recently, with her father, who is at present visiting London, she did a four months' summer tour of Europe by motor caravan.

They travelled in western France, Spain, southern France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium.

"All the way I picked up nice things wonderfully cheaply," Rosemary said. "Glass from Venice, copperware from central Italy, lovely peasant chinaware from Spain, as well as a rather dashing Spanish painting in oils, leatherwork from Austria, kitchen equipment from Germany, and tableware and cutlery from Denmark and Holland."

"Shopping over this wide field was fun as well as being economical. And it was surprisingly simple, though we did get into language

mix-ups, especially in small, out-of-the-way places, where I often had to do my shopping in mime.

"When we returned to England the caravan was laden. The springs were flat-out and the Customs man didn't know which peculiar bundle to open first."

The caravan was called Farthing.

"We called it that," said Rosemary, "because I found a farthing coin under one of the seats when I bought it and

because a farthing is small but genuine, like our van. Its eight horsepower took us 5500 miles, including over deserts in Spain and over the Italian and Austrian Alps, and it never let us down."

At present the van, which is a tradesman's converted delivery van, has reverted to its former status. When Rosemary is not at the B.B.C. she is often driving round London, looking very untheatrical in caravanning slacks and pony-tail hairdo, shopping for house furnishings and doing her own goods deliveries.

In Holland Rosemary's father became ill and had to fly from Amsterdam to London for hospital treatment.

Rosemary drove 300 more miles across Holland, Belgium, and north-west France, through the formalities of two frontiers, to Dunkirk, all in a one-day hop.

"It rained all the time," she said, "and parts of the roads were flooded, but it wasn't too hard to find the way. I got bushed once when I started going round in circles in Rotterdam, but my most harrowing moments were in England when I drove up the main street of Dover on the right-hand side—after the Channel crossing."

"People asked me whether I was nervous travelling alone. But we had found people to be very kind and helpful everywhere, and they were especially nice to me when they saw I was driving alone. In any case, I had a bit of protection."

Rosemary's "bit of protection" was an automatic gas-pistol, the carrying of which, for personal defence, is legal on the Continent. It shoots tear-gas and another harmless but temporarily stupefying gas. Rosemary admitted having practised with her pistol in the pinewoods of the Black Forest until she got "pretty quick on the draw."

"But I'm very glad to say that I didn't ever have need to bring it out of my handbag and use it seriously," she said.

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Now pour brandy over the whole thing, set fire to it, and we'll make a grand entrance."

MOTHER



"I've just written to Santa, Mum, and I asked him for one of those bikes they have at the store, a tennis racquet from that shop at the corner, and a—"

It seems to me

SURROUNDED in the city by working wives, one is inclined to forget that life in the home all day has its fair share of trials.

A woman I know tells the following story to prove that very point.

She was hanging out the clothes on Monday morning, reflecting on how gay life used to be before she married. How much brighter it could be, she thought, if there were just a little more money—if she and her husband could go out a bit more often... and if only children's shoes were not QUITE so expensive...

Breaking into this mood came footsteps along the side path. Around the house appeared a tall, handsome young man with an eager smile.

"Madam," he began cheerfully. "I represent the Colossal Insurance Company. I would like to interest you in an insurance scheme which would provide the money for your funeral."



Dorothy Drann

ANOTHER domestic anecdote—this one, also, concerning a salesman:

He was selling a vacuum-cleaner, and he was determined to show the housewife that it left her 1938 model for dead.

"There!" he cried, exhibiting a shame-making quantity of dirt.

"But tomorrow is the day I always do the cleaning," protested his victim.

The salesman, paying no attention, was by now behind the sofa.

He stood up, shocked.

"Madam," he said, "you will have millions of moths in your carpet. Look at their cocoons!"

"Heavens!" shrieked the lady of the house (but the shriek had a note of triumph). "Do be careful. They're my little girl's silk-worms."

FOR your collection of the newest words and phrases—"Factory-Fresh."

I noticed it the other day in a window display of refrigerators. It caught my eye just as I was coming back from the hair-dresser, beauty-parlor-fresh.

THE Australian accent has a good deal to be said against it. Hearing one's own voice played back on a tape is convincing evidence of that.

In fact (I'm working up to something, as you might guess), I like a clear, precise English voice. There are, however, certain pronunciations which are hard to bear.

The most trying of these are the "um" words, that is, "um" for "om," now heard on the radio more and more.

I have become inured, more or less, to "communist" and "commentator."

But the other day, believe it or not, I heard a broadcaster talking about "duckumentary" films.

TRAVELLERS to foreign countries become accustomed to looking for novelties on the customs declaration forms, most of which follow the same broad lines.

All of them are concerned with currency, drugs, firearms, and plants which might spread disease.

Anne Matheson, recently in Russia, sent us a copy of the Russian form, which follows the usual pattern except that it asks about a few exotic items such as horns of steppe antelope, spotted deer, and Manchurian deer.

The journalist is most likely to note the item which asks whether he is carrying printed matter, correspondence, manuscripts, films, negatives, or clichés.

Evidently the Russians here use the French word "cliche" in its original literal meaning—a stereotype plate—whereas in English its metaphorical use for a commonplace (or stereotyped) phrase has swamped the literal.

When you consider some of the traps in translation from one language to another, the wonder is that countries understand each other at all.

Which reminds me of an anecdote told of a trade conference held in Geneva after the war.

Representatives of the Great Powers, having been at loggerheads for days, wound up the conference without agreeing on anything of importance.

The Russian delegate rose to his feet and said: "Before we close, let us move a vote of thanks to our interpreters, without whom we would never have so clearly understood our misunderstandings."

COOK food are forecast by an American manufacturer. He says that these machines, equipped with electronic cooking devices, will be able to produce three or four kinds of hot lunches, and will revolutionise food-serving methods.

Come lunch with me. I know a little place That's run by robots, very neat and clean. It lacks, perhaps, that touch of old-world grace,

But, luckily, I know the head machine.

Intimidating? Yes, at first, a bit, But not so awesome as the human kind. You pull the lever, choose a place to sit; He asks no tips, and brooks no change of mind.

Some day his talents will include advice. A few more cogs will teach him how to say To those who push a button marked, "What's nice?"

"I'd try the steak, sir. Very good today."

Well fed and really comfortable



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Satin Lastex trunks with half skirt. Unlined.
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Elasticized Twyglow trunks without skirt. Lined front section.
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You can relax so handsomely in Casben Swim Shorts... they have good looks plus easy comfort. That's why more men wear Casben Swim Shorts than any other brand! There are three styles—briefs, half-skirt briefs, and boxers, and shirts to match the boxers. There are wonderful new fashion colours, new designer prints, spots, stripes, tartans, checks and tropic prints. See famous Bruck "Touchdown," the most popular fabric in all swim shorts, as well as the wonderful new Marle Sheen, and nylon broadcloth. All Casben garments are fully guaranteed.

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AUSTRALIANS WED. Outside Holy Trinity Church after the wedding of actor Frank Thring and Melbourne model Joan Cunliffe. Sir Laurence Olivier kisses the bride while Vivien Leigh and best man, Trader Faulkner, watch.



ACTOR WEDS AT SHAKESPEARE'S STRATFORD

● The bride's wedding dress of
ruched cognac silk caused a
sensation when model Joan
Cunliffe, of Melbourne, married
Australian actor-producer Frank
Thring at Holy Trinity Church,
Stratford, England. Vivien
Leigh, matron of honor, wore
black velvet with a hat of silver
fox. Her husband, Sir Laurence
Olivier, gave the bride away.



THE BRIDE, Joan Cunliffe, laughs happily as she arrives at the church with Sir Laurence, who gave her away. Her ballerina-length cognac silk gown was designed and made in Melbourne and flown to London complete with accessories.



THE RECEPTION after the wedding was attended by nearly all the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company. The bride and bearded bridegroom are shown here being congratulated by Dulcie Gray and her actor husband, Michael Dennis.

HAPPY LAUGHTER greets a shower of confetti outside the church. Vivien Leigh, far right, who was matron of honor, wore black velvet with her favorite hat, a silver fox cap recently given to her by her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier.

Girls' marathon quiz job

Two attractive Australian girls, Qantas booking officers Evelyn Brown and Joan Holdway, took only a few short weeks in New York to repair much of the damage done to Australia's reputation by criticism of Melbourne's 1956 Olympic Games preparations.

By
LARRY FOLEY,
of our
New York office

THE girls, now on their way home, flew to New York in September and opened a Games Information Bureau in Rockefeller Centre.

New Yorkers say that if you stick around the Rockefeller Centre long enough you'll see the whole of America pass by. Joan and Evelyn certainly found their office (the Australian trade display centre) an ideal spot for getting in touch with Americans.

From the opening day they have answered questions about passages, fares, accommodation, and the Olympic programme from a steady 150-plus potential Games visitors a week — pretty good, considering the Games are still nearly a year away.

The callers included people from all parts of the U.S., and one from the Bahamas.

To the Qantas girls' surprise, not one seemed perturbed by the recurring gruesome travellers' tales about Australia's cold hotel-rooms, early closing of eating-places, and slow trains.

"We thought some at least would be banging their fists on our desk and demanding 'Why

such discomfort?'" said Evelyn, "but in fact they're all very reasonable about it. They just pass our well-known shortcomings off as a joke.

"They're certainly not put off by the prospect. Of course, they're not exactly disappointed when we tell them the Victorian drinking laws will probably be modified during the Olympic season.

"As for accommodation, we have pictures to show them of the type of private homes which will put visitors up, and

they're quite happy about them."

Both girls were impressed by the tremendous amount of goodwill which the average American bears towards Australia.

"It is quite gratifying," said Joan, "to hear so many of the men who drop in say they were in Australia during the war and had such a good time that they want to go back for a private visit.

"Of all those who had been there only one had harsh words for Australia. He was rather pathetic. He said Aussie soldiers were barbaric and uncivilised.

"We asked him why and he said: 'Well, nothing's safe when they're around. They souvenir the clothes off your back.

"I was in a pub and two Diggers came up, one on each side of me. One tapped me on the shoulder and when I looked around, he said, 'Hey, mate, where's your beer?'"

"So I looked back to the bar and there was the other soldier drinking my beer.

"He put the glass down, grinned at me, and said: 'Hey, mate, where's your cigar?' I looked round at the first Dig-

ger and there he was smoking my cigar."

"Poor man," giggled Joan, "he obviously didn't know he was having his leg pulled. It seems to have rankled ever since."

Joan told us about the many questions they were asked.

"A man popped his head in the door one day and asked where he could get kangaroo shoes," she asked.

"A lady from Philadelphia wanted to know where she could get passionfruit pulp, and an old gentleman said he had a carved emu egg and would we like to put it on display?"

Sportsman calls

"ONE of our first callers was a young man who asked whether we had baseball in Australia.

"We said, 'Yes, a bit. Why? Are you interested in baseball?'"

"Interested!" he yelled. "Heck, I'm Johnny Podres!"

"Well, we didn't know who Johnny Podres was, but he soon told us. He said he more or less won the world



BOOKING OFFICER Joan Holdway, one of two Qantas girls who have been working at an Olympic Games Information Bureau in Radio City, New York, U.S.A., for three months. Both girls said they could have made a fortune selling toy koalas at the Centre.

championship for the Brooklyn Dodgers the other day — pitched the big game that did it, or something.

"Sometime later someone told us that Johnny Podres was known as a very modest young chap. Well, maybe; but we certainly learned what a great baseballer Johnny Podres is and what it means to be only 23 and the world champions' champion pitcher.

"We could spend a lifetime and probably make a fortune selling toy koalas here in New York.

"We have four bears on display. One man was so anxious to buy one for his daughter's sixteenth birthday that he was nearly crying. We gave out cards with the address of a

firm in Philadelphia which markets koalas."

The girls had rooms at the Barbizon, New York's unique hotel for women.

As part of their job of publicising Australia as the next Olympic host, they attended many cocktail parties and official functions. Evelyn was interviewed on television — and won 100 dollars for identifying tunes.

"The general impression Americans have about Australia," said Joan, "is that it is right at the other end of the earth. Here in New York we feel they're right.

"At one party a woman asked us whether we had gas and electricity in Australia. Everyone else howled her down."



EVELYN BROWN, Qantas booking officer, who was also in the Olympic Games Information Centre, New York.



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MONEY BACK—
IF IT DOESN'T
GIVE HIM THE
BEST SHAVE
OF HIS LIFE!**



WEDDING GUESTS. Gordon Douglass (left), of Bellevue Hill, with the Hon. Robin Neville and Mrs. Neville at the Alistair Hunter Thorburn-Diana Scott Waine reception at Claridges, in London. Recently married Mrs. Neville was Robin Brockhoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brockhoff, of Rose Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Thorburn will live in Scotland.



CUTTING THE CAKE are newly wed Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Hunter Thorburn. The bride was formerly Diana Scott Waine, of Warrawee.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

A HOLIDAY in America and Europe is planned by Sarah Hordern and Baillieu Myer, who will marry at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on Thursday, December 15.

Sarah is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern, of Bellevue Hill, and her fiancé is the son of Mrs. Sidney Myer, of Toorak, Melbourne, and the late Mr. Myer.

They'll leave by air at the end of January, and expect to be away about four months. For Baillieu it will be a combined holiday and business trip.

And in Paris, in February, they will meet Baillieu's mother. Mrs. Myer leaves Australia on board Oronsay in mid-January.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

Canberra, should present a gay picture at Christmas. Last week a crowd of bystanders gathered round a Regal car parked outside city store; while inside, Lady Kim bought Christmas decorations.

It will be destination Surfers' Paradise for Janet Edwards and Martha Michael early January. The girls are looking forward to the holiday... they've been very busy for the past few months helping to organise the Recovery Ball, to be held at the Rodadero on December 15 by the Students' Representative Council of Sydney University.

A HOUSE at Warrawee is waiting for Dr. and Mrs. Nossal, who are honeymooning at Lord Howe Island, and expect to return to Sydney this week. Mrs. Nossal is Lyn Dunicliff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dunicliff, of Turramurra.

SAPPHIRE and diamond ring is being worn by Margaret Burt, who has announced her engagement to Antony Buckingham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Buckingham, of "Moonbar," Newport. Margaret is at present spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Burt, of "Lockerbie," Wallendbeen, and will return to her Sydney flat next week.

WITH 8000 seats available there's room for nearly everyone at the opening night of the "Water Follies," and, as the entire proceeds are for the Woollahra Ladies' Auxiliary sponsoring the Subnormal Children's Home Appeal, the organisers are hoping to have a full house. The "Water Follies" will be held at White City—where two large swimming-pools, a diving-tower, and a stage will take up practically the whole centre court area—on Friday, December 30. Bookings open on December 19.

STAYING with friends in Milan, Italy, Jan Bore is sending home enthusiastic accounts of her travels to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Bore, of Rose Bay. Jan has been to the fashion parades of leading Italian designers, and one of the events she's looking forward to very much is the opening of the La Scala opera season this month. Jan plans to stay over Christmas with relatives in London, and will set off again soon after for a ski-ing holiday in Austria or Italy.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. John Carry, of "Mylora," Binalong, who were married at River-view College Chapel. The bride was formerly Jennifer Purcell, only daughter of Mrs. E. K. Purcell, of Narrabri, and the late Mr. E. G. Purcell.

IN a new car — gift of the bride's parents—Jean and Max Cameron left for their honeymoon, a tour of northern New South Wales, after their wedding last week. On the way home they'll stay in Sydney a few days before going on to Max's property, "Aberfeldie," Bellata. Jean is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Henderson, of "Clarendon," Bellata.

CHRISTMAS parties have already begun. Among the hosts and hostesses were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pratten, who gave a cocktail party at their home in Pymble last week.

NEWLYWEDS... Richard and Patricia Bowyer's future home is "Yangarata," Dungowan. Patricia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. A. Cory, of "Vacy," Dungowan... Philip and Shirley Hislop are honeymooning at Jervis Bay, and will return in a week's time to live at New-

Anne



SIGNING THE REGISTER after their wedding at Shore Chapel are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hamilton, with flowergirl Elinor Bathgate. Mrs. Hamilton was Janette Gibson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. M. Gibson, of Warrawee. Bill is the son of Mrs. D. H. Hamilton, of Killara, and the late Mr. W. J. Hamilton.



BRIDAL GROUP. A gusty wind played havoc with the bridesmaids' dresses as Mr. and Mrs. David Begg and their attendants (from left), Deborah Wilkins, Michael Wilkins, Peter Clements, and Joyce Slater, left St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne. Bride was Virginia Wilkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Wilkins, of Merricks, Victoria.



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A doctor talks on...

SKIN BEAUTY

This is the second instalment of "The Care of Your Skin," in which a noted dermatologist continues his advice on what to do for acne.

By HERBERT LAWRENCE, M.D.

IF you are willing to believe what people tell you, acne is caused by everything from an "acid condition" to "bad blood," whatever they may be. Statements attributing acne to "poisoning in the system," "too much rich food," and even "It's the meanness coming out" are heard too often.

These false and meaningless claims arose in ignorance and superstition. It is high time that they be replaced with modern scientific knowledge.

One of the most common examples of these half-truths is the notion that eating certain foods is the only cause of acne. Such expressions as "too many sweets" or "too many starches" are heard all the time. Fatty foods and greasy cooking are reputedly a cause.

It may be true that excessive helpings may aggravate your particular eruption, but this does not mean that all acne is affected in the same way, nor does it mean that these foods are the only cause.

Another misconception is that acne is due solely to infection in the body. Bad tonsils and decayed teeth have been removed with the mistaken hope that this alone would cure acne. It is true that any such source of infection should be corrected for the benefit of the body as a whole. It may even help some types of acne. However, this does not mean that most cases of acne can be cured by any such procedure by itself.

Or you may have heard that acne comes from an infection of the skin, or even believe that it is catching! At one time, skin specialists felt that infection played an important role in acne. Today, most dermatologists have abandoned this idea.

Patients sometimes ask, "How about a shot of penicillin, Doctor, won't that help?" The answer is, "Not very much."

There is another reason for not using penicillin on everyone with acne. Some people become allergic to penicillin, and if they should ever need it for a serious infection, they might not be able to tolerate it. This risk is not worth taking, as a rule.

Since penicillin was discovered newer drugs have been found which kill bacteria. They have at least two advantages over penicillin.

One is that they can be taken in pill form, which is very comforting for those who are "allergic" to needles. Secondly, they are effective in killing a wider variety of bacteria. But while these new antibiotics may be lifesavers under certain conditions, they,



A CLEAR COMPLEXION is a boon to young people. Check your ideas on skin care in the light of expert advice given here.

too, are no cure for acne, though sometimes helpful.

Another mistaken concept or half-truth is that acne is caused solely by poor skin hygiene.

While a great deal can be done to improve your appearance by sensible attention to the cleanliness of the skin, this alone is not the solution to acne.

First of all, you must learn how to take proper care of your skin. Secondly, the correct care for your skin must be combined with other treatment.

The general public is becoming more and more informed about how the body functions and the treatment of disease. Perhaps you have heard or read somewhere that certain glands vital to the normal function of the body swing into action at the beginning of adolescence. Since acne usually starts at about this time, you may have heard people say, "There's something wrong with your glands."

The real medical basis for this statement will be explained later. Here, I only wish to say that nothing but disappointment and perhaps harm will result if you attempt to apply this kind of knowledge to your own problem.

In a manner which is misleading and grossly misrepresented, sex has been connected with acne in the minds of some people.

It is easy to understand why. Acne is most common in that age group in which sexual curiosity and experience are on the ascent. It is not surprising, therefore, that a relationship between sex and acne would be suspected by some.

One of the mistaken ideas you may have heard is that acne is due to the lack of sexual activity and experience. On the other hand, there are equally strong claims that it is due to sexual over-indulgence and dissipation, perhaps in the form of masturbation.

Have you ever heard anyone say, "When you grow up and get married your acne will go

away"? Let's talk about this for a moment. While it is true that marriage makes everyone's life more complete sexually as well as in other ways, it is not by any means the solution to acne.

Sex and acne

WHILE it is true that starting with adolescence you are increasingly aware of mature sexual impulses, acne is not related to sex in the sense of too much or too little sexual activity.

These old-fashioned ideas only further confuse young men and women who are trying to understand the sensations which they feel within themselves.

Sexual matters are all too frequently cloaked in secrecy and mystery. The mere mention of this subject is, to some, a source of embarrassment.

Therefore, if you have heard that acne is due to some aspect of your sexual life, you may have feelings of shame, especially if the eruption is on your face where everyone can see it. It is not any wonder that you find yourself in a dilemma. Where can you turn for guidance? What are you doing or not doing that is causing the eruption?

It seems that the more you try to suppress these deep feelings the more intense they become. Your sexual impulses become a thing of worry and fear, instead of a normal accepted part of maturing.

This subject will come up again here because a good understanding of the sexual part of your life is vital to your happiness. For the time being, be reassured that your sexual conduct is not causing your blotches.

There is yet another myth to be dispelled about the cause of acne. Acne occurs with such great frequency in the teens and twenties that almost everyone has had some sign of it, no matter how small.

This has usually led some wise old relative who has watched several generations of children become adults to comment, "It's just a part of

Continued on next page

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AW30/143g

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

• Among summer's "best sellers" are matched or contrasting separates.

THE fashion flash above answers a reader's query this week.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"OFTEN at weekends I stay overnight with some friends who have a weekend close to a beach. My problem is something easy to make and suitable to wear when I don't wear a swimming costume. I would be really grateful for a style and pattern suitable for a 32in. bust size."

Separates—shorts, skirt, and shirt—are just about the neatest and most practical weekenders I know to wear by the sea. In the ensemble I have chosen for you (sketched at right), the garments are matched in colors and material, but if you prefer they could be in contrasting colors. The blouse can be worn outside the shorts, if you like it that way. The skirt, of course, can be teamed with other tops.

A paper pattern for the outfit is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Lines under the sketch give further details and how to order.

"I HAVE some pure silk taffeta in a pearly-grey to make a late-day frock; the piece is 4½yds. long and 36in. wide. I am good at beading and would like to use it for trimming. I want a cool style."

I suggest a sheath dress with a fitted-torso bodyleine and tiny set-in sleeves. Have a narrow band of pearl embroidery outlining a scooped neckline which dips deep at the back.

"I HAVE a length of grey cotton which I would like to make into a suit, but I am afraid the material will not

D.S. 174. —
Shorts, blouse,
and skirt in
sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material and 4yds. bias binding. Price \$4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

have enough body and won't tailor well. What do you think?"

I think you may be right, so why not use the cotton for a one-piece dress? This season there are numbers of one-

piece dresses that have the appearance of a sleek suit. For instance, a dress with a torso top, buttoned down to a pleated skirt, and cuffed at the hipline would give the effect of a chic summer suit.

"I AM a beauty receptionist, and as I love all American fashions I wonder if there is anything new in U.S. designs for a uniform."

In New York a fingertip-length tunic-jacket is the newest idea in uniforms for beauticians and medical receptionists. This type of uniform is designed with a flared skirt, has a set-in belt, is front-buttoned, and is finished with a V-neckline and turned-back revers. By the way, as it is only fingertip-length it is designed to be worn over street clothes.

"WOULD you please give me an idea for something original for a housegown for my trousseau?"

I am being married next autumn, but I would like to start making the gown now.

A slender-line gown with an oriental look would be very new for a winter housecoat. These oriental-inspired gowns fall straight and narrow from shoulder to ankle length. They are designed with slit sides, high collars, and finished with piping and frogs in contrast.

"I HAVE a slender sheath dress made in pink linen, and now I want to buy a white hat to wear with it. What would be the smartest shape?"

The smartest hat to offset a slender sheath dress is a cloche with a high or deep crown.

Continuing . . . SKIN BEAUTY

[from previous page]

growing up" or "Leave it alone, you'll grow out of it."

As with many observations by elders there is a lot of truth in this. Acne is, in a sense, a part of growing up. However, just because acne occurs with such frequency that it is considered almost normal, one cannot conclude that it should be ignored.

Measles is also an experience almost everyone has had; nevertheless, it is an unpleasant experience and occasionally a serious one. Similarly, if severe acne is left to be outgrown, you can go through a miserable period while waiting, to say nothing of always regretting the after-effects.

Each year doctors learn more about diseases, their causes, and their cure. When your parents were children, scarlet fever was a serious sickness for a child to have, and its cause was unknown. Today, the bacteria that cause it are known and a few pills will generally cure it.

The same could be said about a great number of other diseases. However, there is still much to learn about medicine, and acne is one of the conditions which continue to challenge, even though more is known about it than ever before.

A disease is usually thought of as being due to one cause. For example, it is general knowledge that mumps are due to a virus infection. In acne there is no such single cause.

Rather there are several different factors at work, all of which combined produce the eruption which is called acne.

NEXT WEEK:
Final instalment — Emotions and Acne.



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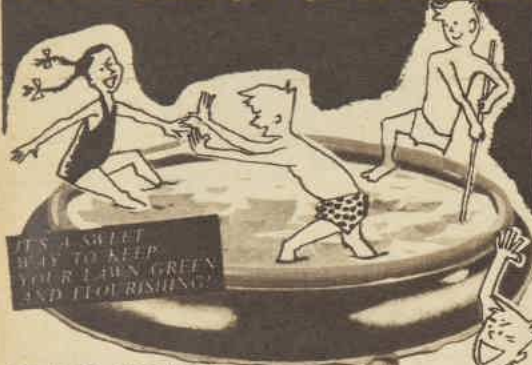
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BAYER'S ASPIRIN TABLETS

COOKERY CONTEST RECIPES

On these pages we publish prize-winning recipes in our £2000 Cookery Contest. Results were announced in our issue of November 23.

The entire proceeds of the contest — more than £1000 — have been given to the Barnardo Homes in Australia to care for neglected or orphaned British children.

The contest attracted entries from all Australian States and from overseas.

Due, probably, to the influence of New Australians, many more foreign recipes were entered than in any of our previous contests.

GRAND CHAMPION SECOND PRIZE

(Second best entry in any section)

Mrs. P. Light, of Wyong Rd., Mosman, N.S.W., won second prize with a recipe she created herself, Valencia Veal. An enthusiastic cook, Mrs. Light entered all our previous contests, but has not won a prize before.

VALENCIA VEAL

Two pounds veal steak, cut into four ½ lb. pieces, 4 tablespoons sweet sherry, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, ½ pint warm water or stock, 1 tablespoon sultanas, 4 shallots or 2 small onions, 1 clove garlic, 1 finely chopped gherkin, 1 tablespoon finely shredded orange peel, 1 carrot coarsely grated, 3 tablespoons plain flour, pepper and salt to taste.

Combine sherry, vinegar, tomato sauce, stock, sultanas, finely chopped shallots or

onions, crushed garlic, gherkin, and orange peel. Marinate the meat in this mixture for 30 minutes. Place the meat in an ovenware dish, use



a little of the marinade to blend the flour, then add balance of marinade, salt and pepper to taste. Cook for 3 minutes over low heat until gravy is smooth and thick.

Cover meat with prepared carrot, then pour gravy over. Cover and bake in moderate oven 30 to 45 minutes or until steak is tender.

Serve piping hot.

SWISS LIQUEUR CAKE

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 level teaspoons cornflour, ½ level teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 level teaspoons butter, 2 tablespoons milk.

Filling: One cup plain, sweet biscuit crumbs, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped raisins, 2 level teaspoons cocoa, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon chopped, moist peel, apricot jam, sherry.

Chocolate Cream Topping: Three level tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 cup icing sugar, 2 level teaspoons cocoa, pinch salt, sherry.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and dry. Slowly add sugar and beat until all is dissolved and mixture is a stiff meringue consistency. Add egg-yolks, vanilla, and salt, and beat until well blended. Fold in sifted flour and cornflour, lastly add hot milk in which butter has been melted. Turn into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler and allow to stand overnight.

Next day split one layer of sponge in halves and set aside while preparing the filling.

Crumble the second layer of sponge into a basin, add biscuit crumbs, walnuts, chopped raisins, cocoa, and cinnamon (well mixed together), peel, and sufficient sherry to make a moist mixture; work well together. Spread the split cake with apricot jam, then press the filling over one half, using all the filling to make a thick layer. Place remaining piece of sponge on top, with the jam touching the filling.

Chocolate Cream Topping: Beat butter until soft, add sifted icing sugar a little at a time, then work in cocoa and

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE

(Best entry in any section)

Gateau Carlton was served to Mrs. L. M. Russell, of Riversdale Rd., Camberwell, Vic., at a hotel in Johannesburg. Unable to obtain the recipe Mrs. Russell experimented with pastries, puffs, and creams until she found the combination which won her first prize.

GATEAU CARLTON

1. Sweet Short Pastry.

Four ounces plain flour, 2oz. castor sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon cold water, few drops vanilla.

Sift flour on to pastryboard or marble slab, make a well in the centre, and place all other ingredients in the middle. Work butter, sugar, egg-yolk, water, and vanilla together with the fingertips of one hand.

When blended, mix in the flour and work to a paste with the "heel" of the hand. As soon as the mixture forms into a ball, leave it in a cool place until required. Note: It is important not to add more liquid than the specified amount.

Roll into a round shape, trim edges, prick well, and bake on flat tray in hot oven about 20 minutes.

2. Choux Pastry Puffs.

Half-pint water, 4oz. flour, 3oz. butter or margarine, 3 eggs.

Bring butter and water to the boil, add sifted flour all at once, and stir thoroughly. Stir and beat over medium heat until paste is smooth and leaves side of pan. Set aside until cold. Gradually add beaten eggs, beating until smooth. Pipe or spoon on to lightly greased oven-tray in

pieces the size of a walnut. Bake in hot oven until golden brown, reducing heat after first five minutes. Do not open oven door for at least 15 minutes, then reduce heat and cook until puffs are well dried out. When quite cold, split and fill with custard cream or whipped cream.

3. Custard Cream.

One egg, 1 egg-yolk, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 level tablespoon cornflour, 3 level dessertspoons flour, ½-pint milk, vanilla.

Beat egg-yolks with sugar, add cornflour and flour blended with some of the milk. Add balance of milk, stir until boiling. Cool slightly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Allow to become cold, add vanilla.

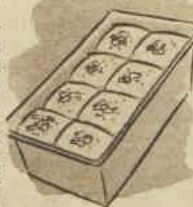
BEFORE serving, fill puffs with custard cream or sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Brush edge of short-pastry base with thick sugar syrup or warmed apricot jam, place filled puffs closely together around the edge. Place on serving dish. Fill centre with alternate layers of custard cream, whipped cream, or ice-cream, and fruit such as peaches (thinly sliced), strawberries (halved), raspberries, crushed pineapple, etc. Decorate with glace cherries and angelica.

SECTION I (Cakes and biscuits)

First prize in this section was awarded to Mrs. J. M. Tonge, of Prospect Terrace, Hamilton, Qld., for her Swiss Liqueur cake. Second prize-winner, Mrs. C. O. Powell, Hare St., Albany, W.A., whose recipe, originally from America, is for Polka-dot Prune Loaf.

Filling: Crumble the second layer of sponge into a basin, add biscuit crumbs, walnuts, chopped raisins, cocoa, and cinnamon (well mixed together), peel, and sufficient sherry to make a moist mixture; work well together. Spread the split cake with apricot jam, then press the filling over one half, using all the filling to make a thick layer. Place remaining piece of sponge on top, with the jam touching the filling.

Chocolate Cream Topping: Beat butter until soft, add sifted icing sugar a little at a time, then work in cocoa and



POLKA-DOT PRUNE LOAF

Three cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 egg, slightly beaten, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, milk, 28 plump, stoned prunes, extra butter, ½ cup chopped nuts (less may be used).

If prunes are not moist, cook slightly and drain. Mix sifted flour and salt with butter until

crumbly. Mix egg with sufficient milk to make ¾ cup. Add to flour mixture, making a light dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to an oblong 12in. by 21in. Cut into 28 3in. squares. Place a prune on each square, fold each one to a neat shape. Grease a loaf-tin. Dip each prune parcel in extra melted butter, then roll in cinnamon and sugar. Arrange 8 prune parcels in two rows of 4 in base of tin. Sprinkle with ½ of the nuts. Arrange 12 prune parcels in 3 rows of 4 on top. Sprinkle with nuts, press parcels gently into place. On top press remaining prune parcels and sprinkle with balance of nuts, sugar, cinnamon, and butter. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes. Allow to remain in tin for 10 minutes before carefully removing on to cake-cooler. When cold, store in airtight tin for 24 hours before cutting.

Note: Softened apricots or dates may be used instead of prunes. If prunes or dates are very small, use two pieces pressed together for each parcel. The loaf may be spread with butter if desired.

SECTION 2 (Desserts)

A delicious dessert named Emerald Fluff won first prize in this section for Mrs. R. W. McDonald, of "Deltana," Furner, via Millicent, S.A. Second prize was won by English-woman Mrs. M. E. Asser, of Calais Rd., Scarborough, W.A., for Creme Viennoise. She brought the recipe with her when she migrated to Australia after World War I.

EMERALD FLUFF

Biscuit Crust: One and a half cups crushed, plain sweet biscuits, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or margarine.

Emerald Fluff Filling: Half-pound marshmallows, 1 1-3rd cups evaporated milk, thoroughly chilled, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, green coloring.

Biscuit Crust: Combine biscuit crumbs with melted butter or margarine. Press over base and sides of a large tart-plate, or use 2 medium-size tart-plates. Chill before filling.

Emerald Fluff Filling: Melt marshmallows with 1-3rd cup evaporated milk in a basin over hot water. Stir to mix well. Cool, add lemon juice and rind, water, and coconut. Chill until thick. Whip the remaining evaporated milk until thick, fold in marshmallow mixture. Color pale

green, pour into biscuit crust, top with extra chopped marshmallows, plain or toasted. Chill approximately 3 hours before serving.

CREME VIENNOISE

Four ounces ground almonds, 4oz. castor sugar, 4oz. butter or margarine, 1 pint freshly made egg-custard (made thicker than the usual pouring consistency), quantity sponge fingers or fingers of stale sponge cake moistened with sherry, almonds, and cherries to decorate.

Work ground almonds, sugar, and butter well together and stir in the warm custard a little at a time. Line a mould with the sponge fingers or cake moistened with sherry. Pour custard mixture into centre, and top with a layer of sponge. Chill until quite cold and set. Turn out on serving dish, decorate top with almonds and cherries.



SECTION 3 (Main dish)

Mrs. I. Heness, of Grafton St., Goulburn, N.S.W., won first prize in this section with her Savory Lamb Packets. Second prize went to Mrs. C. B. Spencer, of Bayswater, Vic., for Savory Sheep's Tongues.

SAVORY LAMB PACKETS

Shoulder of lamb (2 to 2½ lb., cut into 4 pieces), 2 medium potatoes, peeled and cut in halves, 1lb. pumpkin or egg-plant peeled and cut into four, 2 medium onions peeled and cut in halves, 2 large peppers cut in halves and seeds removed, 2 medium tomatoes cut in halves, salt, pepper, 4 sheets cooking parchment 12in. square, or thick brown paper thoroughly greased.

Grease a large circle on each piece of parchment. On each piece place a portion of lamb, dust with salt and pepper. On each piece of meat arrange one portion of each vegetable and dust with salt and pepper. Close up each package firmly and fasten with paper clips or small skewers. Place side by side in large baking-dish without fat. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, and cook 3 to 3½ hours. One package makes one serving.

For best results: Don't open until serving; don't add liquid or fat; don't hurry cooking.



SAVORY SHEEP'S TONGUES

Eight sheep's tongues, warm water, 2 cloves, 1 thick slice onion, blade of mace.

Almond sauce: One tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 onion, 1oz. blanched almonds, 3 tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock or water, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 2 tablespoons chopped olives, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft white breadcrumbs, salt and pepper.

Wash tongues well, trim roots. Place in warm water to cover, add cloves, onion, and mace. Simmer gently until tender, drain, remove skins.

Almond Sauce: Melt butter, add chopped onion, fry until light brown. Add blanched, chopped almonds, skinned, chopped tomatoes, stock, salt and pepper, mustard, and chopped olives. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Fold in breadcrumbs. Serve at once over hot tongues cut in halves lengthwise or left whole.

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SECTION 4 (Buffet dishes)

Mrs. M. Fawcett, of Mornington Rural, Vic., won first prize in this popular section with her Iraqi Ragout.

Chicken Belmont, an American recipe, won second prize for Mrs. Margaret Clark, of Pymble Ave., Pymble, N.S.W.

IRAQI RAGOUT

Twelve lamb chops (chump or best neck), 2 tablespoons butter, seasoned flour, 1 cup water or stock, 1 cup dried apricots, 1 cup prunes, 1 cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup haricot or lima beans, 1 cup walnut halves (or less), salt to taste, 1 large tablespoon curry powder, lemon slices to garnish.

Soak apricots, raisins, prunes (if not soft and moist), and beans overnight in separate basins. Remove bones from chops, cut into chunky pieces and roll in seasoned flour. Melt butter in deep pan, brown meat thoroughly.

Add water, prunes, apricots, raisins, beans, walnuts, and salt to taste. Turn into casserole, cover and cook in slow oven for 2 to 2½ hours. In the last hour add curry powder and more water or stock if necessary. Serve on a large platter garnished with lemon slices.

NOTE: Quantities of fruits and nuts may be reduced slightly if desired.

CHICKEN BELMONT WITH BROWNED RICE

One steamed chicken, ½lb. chopped peeled mushrooms, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-3rd cup white wine, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$

cup cream or evaporated milk. **Sauce:** Quarter cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 2 cups chicken stock, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg.

Browned Rice: Quarter cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 3½ cups chicken stock, 1 teaspoon salt.

Sauce: Melt butter over low heat, add flour. Stir in stock, return to heat, stir constantly until thick. Season with salt and pepper, cool slightly, then add slightly beaten egg-yolks.

Prepare chicken by cutting into small pieces. Sauté mushrooms in butter until soft. Add wine and lemon juice, simmer over low heat until excess liquid evaporates, then add to sauce with whipped cream and chicken. Place all in greased casserole and heat in moderate oven about 30 minutes.

Browned Rice: Heat butter in pan, add rice, which has been thoroughly washed and dried. Cook about 10 minutes, stirring constantly until lightly browned. Add onion, chicken stock, and salt, and simmer about 25 minutes until liquid evaporates.

Serve chicken casserole on large platter surrounded by browned rice and garnish with parsley.



SECTION 5 (Best entry from a man)

An Italian dish, Pizza, won first prize for Dr. C. S. Hocking, of Leopold St., South Yarra, Vic. Poached Fish Tartare was the second prize-winner, entered by Mr. Ian D. Robertson, of Perth.

PIZZA

Five ounces butter or substitute, 5oz. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 or 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 dessertspoon olive oil, 2 tomatoes, 1 red or green pepper, 10 olives, 1 tin anchovy fillets, 4oz. cheddar cheese.

Sift flour on to pastryboard, place butter on top and work with a knife until flour and butter are well mixed. Then add salt and water. Work until a smooth dough is obtained. Place in refrigerator for 15 minutes. Roll fairly thinly, putting aside enough to make a pencil-thin roll to place around edge of tin. Line an 8in. tin with the pastry, moisten edge, and press roll into position. Brush paste with olive oil. Cover base of tin with sliced tomatoes, first peeling them if desired. Cover with chopped pepper, olives, and anchovy fillets. Cover with thinly sliced cheese. Finally sprinkle with pepper and pour the oil from the anchovies over the cheese. Bake in hot oven about 30 minutes. Serve piping hot.



joram and, if available, lemon-scented thyme, 1 small cup soft, white breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Tartare Sauce: Half cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup medium thickness white sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped gherkins, 1 teaspoon chopped capers, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, pinch mixed herbs.

Wash fish well, cut into 6 pieces. Place in large pan, cover with cold water and bring to boiling point. Drain carefully. Grease shallow oven-proof dish, then sprinkle with a layer of breadcrumbs, and sprinkle half the onion and herbs over the crumbs. Place fish in dish and cover with balance of crumbs, onion, and herbs. Mix salt, pepper, and milk, and pour carefully down side of dish. Bake in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, then sprinkle cheese over top and dot with balance of butter. Return to oven to melt and slightly brown the cheese.

POACHED FISH TARTARE

Two pounds filleted snapper (or other large fish), 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon minced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely chopped fresh mar-

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AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard For week beginning Dec. 12

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Lucky gambling colors, purple, rose. Lucky days, Monday and Sunday. Travel is lucky.</p>	<p>★ Unless your job really interests you you'll always be a round peg in a square hole. There is scope for imagination in nearly all work. Don't miss creative aspects.</p>	<p>★ If you haven't been able to book holiday accommodation or cannot get away this summer, change your surroundings by putting away ornaments.</p>	<p>★ There is a fascinating stranger in your immediate future. At least he or she will be different from your other friends. An invitation to spend a most unusual evening.</p>	<p>★ Maybe you would like time out for personal affairs. A quieter chapter may be written because, off with the old, you may not yet be ready to be on with the new.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky colors for love, black, grey. Lucky gambling colors, blue, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Your luck lies in money matters.</p>	<p>★ Results do count, but don't be discouraged if you have tried out something difficult and failed to bring it off to your satisfaction on the first attempt. Try again.</p>	<p>★ Simplify your domestic round, determine to have greater leisure. More time to yourself could show a profit in books to read or a beauty regime to follow.</p>	<p>★ A person you know but slightly may become a frequent visitor to your home or you see each other often, either at work or in some public place.</p>	<p>★ Hemmed in by tasks you cannot afford to neglect, you are apt to prefer home interests or holiday preparations to ordinary social activities.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Lucky gambling colors, grey, white. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck lies in friendship and love.</p>	<p>★ Anything to do with your personal appearance is under good influences. Change your coiffure, experiment with new make-up, dig out ornaments lying forgotten.</p>	<p>★ Make the most of these friendly influences which take you constantly among people or bring a stream of visitors to your home. Shortly all this will cease.</p>	<p>★ Wedding bells ring for a large number of you. In many cases the decision to marry is taken suddenly. Others hover on the brink of an engagement.</p>	<p>★ You'll scramble through gossip, although you have enough on the agenda for a dozen ordinary people. A special announcement could be the key to more activity.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Lucky gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck comes through social contacts.</p>	<p>★ Right now one of your most important tasks is to be fighting fit. Should this mean a diet, special exercises, or a medical or dental check-up, see to it.</p>	<p>★ There is a new interest entering your home. It might take various forms, such as a house guest, a child to care for temporarily, or a new pet.</p>	<p>★ If that friendship should fold up, it isn't worth shedding tears over. A far more attractive personality may be encountered just around the corner.</p>	<p>★ Grumbling over too much to do is a waste of energy. Cut down on projects if possible, but enjoy the remainder. Public recognition of your efforts may encourage you.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, silver. Lucky gambling colors, yellow, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Your luck lies in self-confidence.</p>	<p>★ Bright plans lead to happy realisations. Since much of your work is likely to be a labor of love just now, hours spent on various jobs may simply fly.</p>	<p>★ Luck in a speculative matter might enable the household to indulge in a luxury which gladdens all hearts. The party spirit and safety reach a high-water mark.</p>	<p>★ A mutual friend may introduce you to an appealing member of the opposite sex. That person may be going around with someone. It's up to you whether you break in.</p>	<p>★ Should one project fall through, it could be a lucky break for you, since you will then be free to enjoy an event which you infinitely prefer. Parties for young and old.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling, three-color combinations. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck is to be found at home.</p>	<p>★ Your sign is always interested in food and nutrition. What you eat must be appetising, yet scientifically correct. Turn over a new leaf in the cookbook.</p>	<p>★ Settling into a new place of residence can be very exciting. You may be considering shifting into new quarters or making changes in your domestic scene.</p>	<p>★ The friend who went to school with you has grown into a very likeable adult. Should you run into him or her you may see more of each other.</p>	<p>★ Staying home, appreciating life with the family, soft-pedalling outside social interests are likely to bring relief from a heavy programme. Receive visitors.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky colors for love, cream, white. Lucky gambling colors, blue, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Knowledge is power.</p>	<p>★ Whatever you are doing, it will involve a number of short journeys. If unable to find the particular thing you are after, an excellent substitute may do.</p>	<p>★ If there are children, school break-ups and children's parties could be the main subject of discussion. Much of this activity will take place away from home.</p>	<p>★ A neighborhood social or sports organisation may bring you, through committee work, into touch with a congenial group in which one member is glamorous.</p>	<p>★ Many wild dashes into town, hurried chance meetings with people you know, a great deal of talk crammed into a few minutes may be all you attempt.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Lucky gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. There's luck in your bank balance.</p>	<p>★ A small effort could have big results. Your ability to judge value is likely to influence your decisions more than sheer slogging labor. Suggestions from strangers.</p>	<p>★ Your mind is certain to be occupied with getting and giving. You are a generous giver of presents. Don't take it too much to heart if something is forgotten.</p>	<p>★ That first date must be perfect. You want everything to go off like a scene in the pictures. If a funny misadventure takes place, don't get starchy. Be honest.</p>	<p>★ You have great patience and it may be tested in regard to a friend who makes unreasonable demands. You may decide to end the relationship by degrees.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24—DECEMBER 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Lucky gambling colors, purple, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. There's luck in forethought.</p>	<p>★ Things you have allowed to drift you take in hand and deal with in short order. A sudden desire to catch up in every department could run you ragged.</p>	<p>★ You are certain to get your own way in connection with a project you have long advocated. Events will justify your attitude, but don't rub it in.</p>	<p>★ It's not always the beautiful but selfish girl or the handsome but vain boy who makes the best life mate. You may decide that fine character matters most.</p>	<p>★ You're sitting on top of the world. Everything is going just fine and dandy. You've decided to give yourself a wonderful present, and glow with anticipation.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Lucky gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. There's luck in inside information.</p>	<p>★ Paper and pencil before you with a clear picture of your plans, you'll find the actual execution mere child's play. A bit of extravagance dennis the cashbox.</p>	<p>★ In another ten days you'll be coming out of your corner and astonishing folks. You're stayed in the background, but the worm turns into a butterfly soon.</p>	<p>★ Should you hear unkind gossip about the one you love, don't jump to conclusions. A story may be told you by someone with a desire to create trouble.</p>	<p>★ Content to stay in the background for the moment, you may be nursing a grand secret, all set to tell the world when the right time comes.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Lucky gambling colors, blue, purple. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Your luck lies in open competition.</p>	<p>★ A crowded schedule with endless interruptions can be most agreeable, although you'll probably be running late all along the line. You may do someone a favor.</p>	<p>★ When you have so much to do you organise a team to help speed up whatever project you feel is essential. You may rope in family or relatives in an enterprise.</p>	<p>★ Understandings between you and the beloved may be arrived at without any words being said on either side if marriage must be delayed to save money.</p>	<p>★ All arrangements for social events should be of the outdoor variety. You can use present prestige to influence the plans of friends and associates.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky colors for love, shimmering. Lucky gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Your luck lies in being generous.</p>	<p>★ The limelight is centred on you. Put in charge of a difficult task or obliged to manage people with conflicting ideas, you will be walking a mental tightrope.</p>	<p>★ Unless you work systematically, you could become carried off your feet in a wild rush. Don't attempt more than you can finish on any one day.</p>	<p>★ Be sturdy in your opinions, plant yourself firmly on your own sense of values, and don't be over-awed by any attraction which must be maintained by flattery.</p>	<p>★ Whether at home or abroad, you are the presiding genius whose presence is essential to the success of any function. Take care not to wear yourself out.</p>



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EDITH HEAD
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Hollywood Glamour



GRACEFUL gown of honey-beige chiffon has a pleated harem skirt and long-torso bodice with softly draped shoulders. A pleated stole and a large felt hat with matching lace complete the ensemble.



FULL-SKIRTED evening gown with a long-torso line and interesting neckline features a fabulous new fabric—shimmering black mother-of-pearl lace. Accessories are a lace fan and elbow-length gloves.



LEFT: White duchesse satin is tightly draped around the figure to flare at the knees in this typical Edith Head evening outfit. The spectacular cape-coat is fully lined with crimson satin, has a flared, capelike collar.

Current Film News
Pages 52 and 53



TWEED AND SUEDE. Cinnamon and black is the color scheme of this travel ensemble, which links a suede shirt and hip-length jacket with a slim, wrap-around tweed skirt. The outsize suede stole is lined with tweed.

Glamor Fashions

A spectacular fashion parade in technicolor is the highlight of the new film drama "Lucy Gallant" (Paramount), which stars Jane Wyman and is set against the background of the world of dress-designing.

Top Hollywood stylist Edith Head, an Academy Award winner several times over, designed all the gowns for the picture. Some of them are shown in the collection on these pages. Her taste is for rich fabrics and beautiful colors, trim day styles, and glamor gowns for night.



STAR JANE WYMAN models a pink chiffon gown with draped bustline and stuted hem. The skirt is beautifully embroidered with pink straw wistaria at the waistline. Over this is worn a dramatic full-length pink cashmere coat lined with chiffon.



TRIM blue-and-white outfit for career woman Jane Wyman has large pockets on the skirt, and the plaid blouse, cuffed in blue, has a scarf to match.



DINNER SUIT of cocoa satin copies the pea-jacket worn by American sailors. The accessories are a white felt hat and gloves and white carnations.



COCKTAIL DRESS in black satin from Jane Wyman's film wardrobe has a peplum that is detachable.

Marjorie, "a milestone in the education of Sam Rothmore, and the whole Hollywood machine."

"Don't try to change the world, Noel. Paramount's a business. Businesses have to run on a system."

"True, dear, and exceedingly profound, but this is a unique business. It employs creative talent and original insight. Therefore, time and motion studies become slightly absurd. As, for instance, working in the office with me is one Morris Mead, also an assistant story editor, a good fellow, a drudge, been there fifteen years. I've been there a month. I'm reading four stories to his one, and writing four reports to his one, and Sam concedes that my reports are clearer, better, and more useful. Morris arrives at nine and leaves at five. So much for system."

One rainy evening late in March, Noel took her to the opening night of a musical comedy. When they came into the lobby for a smoke after the first act, Marjorie saw familiar signs of depression in Noel; he was avoiding her glance, and repeatedly rubbing one hand over his eyes. His tone remained level and light.

"It's a sure hit. I know the boys who wrote it. They've been doing the summer shows at Camp Paradise for years. Maybe one of these decades I'll write a show."

"You'll have a show on Broadway one of these months, and it'll be a lot better than this one."

He smiled at her. "Keep saying those things."

A woman at his elbow said, "Noel! Of course it's Noel! Isn't it?"

Surprise came over his face, then he smiled. "Why, hello, Muriel. How are you? You look wonderful, as always."

The woman said, "How

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many years is it now?" Her dress was a billowing swathe of rust-colored taffeta and she wore many diamonds. She had a tiny nose, a sharp chin, and pinched cheeks, and her black hair seemed varnished in place. She held a cigarette high in two straight fingers.

"Don't start reckoning them up," Noel said. "You won't enjoy the second act. How are you? And the kids, and the hubby?"

"We're all just wonderful." She peered around at the crowd. "I'll have to tell Marty you're here—he'll get a kick out of it."

Noel said, "Marjorie Morgenstern, Mrs. Hartz."

They nodded at each other. Mrs. Hartz with an eye-blink looked Marjorie over and turned back to Noel. "What is your secret? Are you really Peter Pan? You just don't change."

"Dorian Gray."

"I'll bet. Well! Noel Airman. You keep turning up like a bad penny, don't you?" She laughed. "I'm always looking for your name in the theatre columns, Noel, and I don't see it."

"Well, the truth is I've become a Trappist monk,

Muriel," Noel said. "It happens I'm in the world of vanity tonight, as an extreme penance. I was late for vespers."

"Ha, you a monk, that's a good one." The woman glanced at Marjorie, laughing nervously. "That'll be the day. Say, maybe we can all go out and have a drink afterwards. We're here with a crowd from Rye, but you can join us, they're lots of fun. They'd love to meet you."

"Don't you have to catch a train?"

"We drove in." She laid her hand on his arm. "Please do look for us. It's nice to see you. It's amazing. You just don't change." She smiled at Marjorie, and moved off into the crush, puffing at her cigarette.

Noel said softly to Marjorie, "You gather who that was, no doubt?"

"It can't be the Muriel you told me about. She's over thirty-five."

"She is Muriel, though. Muriel Weissfreid. Muriel Weissfreid of the blue velvet and white arms. And she's thirty-three." He dropped his

cigarette and trod on it. "Let's go in."

Marjorie said when they were in their seats, "She's really not bad-looking, you know—I mean, for thirty-three. It's just that you described her as such a beauty, and, well, she's just another one of those dressed-up mamas from the suburbs."

He stared at her. "Just another one of those dressed-up mamas from the suburbs . . ."

"What's wrong now?"

"Didn't you feel a chill? You've just spoken your own epitaph."

"Oh, shut up. I'll die before I'll live anywhere but in Manhattan."

"Promise?"

"Of course. I can't stand the suburbs."

"You wouldn't change your mind and drag a husband out there after having a baby or two, would you, because all your friends were doing it, and the grass and fresh air were wonderful for kids?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"All right . . . You noticed that glittering boulder on her finger, I suppose?"

"Well, actually, no. I kept looking at her face, trying to see what you saw in her."

"Believe me, it was all there once, Marjorie. She had the face of an angel." The music started and the lights dimmed. He slouched in his seat. "I feel tired."

When the show was over Noel cocked his head, listening to the applause. "Hit, sure hit." He gathered up his overcoat. "Let's duck, shall we, and see if we can avoid Muriel?"

The audience was still applauding as they slipped out through a side door. They walked to the corner of Broadway and stood undecided. "What would you say to some deafening jazz in a small dark cellar?" Noel said.

"Anything you feel like doing."

They sat at a tiny table directly in front of four blasting Negro musicians in a club called, for no visible reason, the Tibet Room. Noel drank off half his Scotch and soda, clinked down the glass, and said, "Would it upset you very much if we made this our farewell night and never saw each other again?"

"Don't be a fool."

"I'm absolutely serious. Listen carefully." He spoke with peculiar clarity over the gales of jazz. "I'm never going to amount to anything. I'm all surface. Everything I have goes up in charm and conver-

sation. I have a fatal lack of central organising energy. Furthermore, I'm past my peak. I was wittier and more energetic four years ago. I'm very tired. At the moment I feel sorry for you, for being in my toils. There's such a horrible gap between you and Muriel! I've spanned a generation. I'm like a vaudeville player playing the same little act for ever. Give it up, Marjorie. The game isn't worth the candle, I assure you. Go find Dr. Max Shapiro, he won't wait for ever—I'm sorry, I wasn't going to mention him again, was I?"

She put her hand on his and said loudly, with a trumpet blaring in her face, "I love you, and you're better than you ever were, and your peak is still to come. The songs you wrote in your last revision of 'Princess Jones' were a terrific improvement over anything you've ever played for me, including 'It's Raining Kisses'."

He said, "Yes, that was a good burst, wasn't it? It really was. Last flare of a dying fire."

"What do you expect Muriel to do, remain looking like your college sweetheart? It's an old story that women age faster than men. A woman at thirty-three is finished, just playing out the hand. A man at thirty-one is lucky if his career is even started. You know these things better than I do. You've said them. Why are you so childish tonight? It isn't like you at all."

He smiled at her and clasped her hand. The music was so tumultuous he couldn't speak for a few seconds. Then he said, "You're really wonderful for me. I'm an ass to suggest parting with you. At least I can wait till you kick me out."

"You'll wait a long time."

"I am low, fearfully low. Another big row with Sam, and

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

"We both had the last say AND CHOSE THE AUSTIN A30"



AUSTIN A30, 4-DOOR SALOON

The number one economy car and the number one quality car of the low-priced field. £659 plus sales tax (slightly higher in some States).



What she saw in the Austin A30

She saw a car with a trim, smart line. And a surprising roominess. A back seat more than large enough for their three children. A boot planned for family luggage. Foam rubber cushioning. Safety glass windows all round. And a wide selection of colours.

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He saw just what he wanted in a car, at a price that was right for his bank balance. A light car with many big-car advantages: independent front suspension; O.H.V. engine; up-to-the-minute refinements. A deep windscreen and down-tapered wings to give him a splendid forward view.

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Why the A30 is a bargain car

They were both more than satisfied with its economy. Their A30 does up to 45 miles to the gallon. And at £659 plus sales tax, it is today's number one economy car, a lot lower in price than any other comparable 4-door saloon.

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OF HOSPITALS,



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PRESS THE "BUTTON"

and kill every fly, every insect pest in the room.

PRESS THE "BUTTON"

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PRESS THE "BUTTON"

for only three to four seconds. Properly used, Mortein Pressure★Pak goes very much further than ordinary insect sprays.

PRESS THE "BUTTON"

with complete confidence. Mortein Pressure★Pak does not contain DDT. It can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home. Mortein Pressure★Pak does not harm or taint foodstuffs.

Regular size, 8'11; Large size, 15'11



Whether you buy a large Mortein Pressure★Pak for 15/11 or an 8-ounce bottle of Mortein Plus for 2/3, you get the world's most powerful and dependable insecticide. The most important thing, therefore, is to INSIST ON MORTEIN and—"When you're on a good thing—stick to it!"



This Xmas

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Gifts of Fragrant Loveliness

Gemey PERFUME

A gift of Gemey Perfume is a graceful compliment. Its subtle, lingering fragrance gently whispers your name day after day. In three sizes: handbag, 4/9; pedestal, 15/-; de-luxe gift size, 63/-.



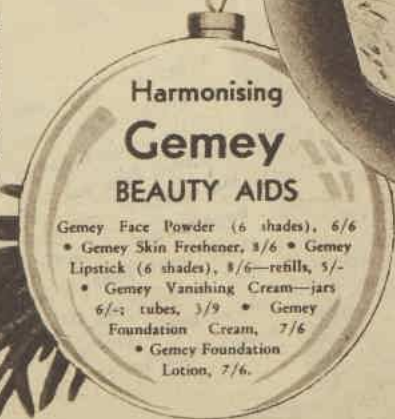
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For all-over freshness. Delicately blended to give a glorious cooling effect and a lovely foundation fragrance that will last longer. In a gracefully distinctive bottle, 14/-; medium size, 8/6.



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Always an acceptable Christmas gift. Its lighter, lovelier, superfine elegance makes it a delightful gala beginning to the daily grooming. Delicately touched with the famous soft, lingering, exquisite Gemey fragrance, 4/3.



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This gentle, finer-textured powder gives luxurious after-bath comfort and freshness, combined with the lovely Gemey fragrance. In big gift box, complete with puff, 13/6.

Creations of Richard Hudnut

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then seeing Muriel — I don't know, the bottom fell out."

After a few drinks they went to his apartment and necked more than they had at any time since the summer. She leaned back in his arms after a while, and said with a low laugh, "Well, you're not quite the washed-up old man after all, are you?"

He released her and looked at her in the dim light with no great friendliness, smoothing his mussed hair. "Why, you calculating little cat. You're doing this to cheer me up."

"Not at all. I liked it."

"You liked it." He lit a cigarette and strode around the room. "You can't imagine, you can't have the faintest idea, of how completely exasperating you are. You're about as passionate as an adding-machine."

"Oh, don't start on that again, Noel—"

He stood over her, and for a moment she thought he might hit her. Then he said, "Well, it's a fitting end for me, indeed. Trapped in a platonic relationship with Marjorie Morgenstern, of 740 West End Avenue. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay.' He stroked her hair. "Come on, let's have some hot dogs."

They roasted frankfurters on long forks over embers in the littered fireplace, and drank beer, and played symphonies on his huge phonograph, the only valuable thing in the shabby room. Gradually he cheered up. It was past three when she left, and he was quite himself again.

Kissing her good night, he said, "You haven't the faintest idea of how much good you do me. You're adrenalin. You saved my life tonight. One of these days I may repay you, darling."

The telephone woke her. She blinked at her clock; it was half-past nine. "Hello?" she said hoarsely.

"Are you dressed? We're going for an airplane ride."

"What, are you crazy, Noel? I'm fast asleep. What are you doing up so early? Airplane? I've never been in an airplane—"

"Well, you're going in one. I have to run an errand for Sam up to Albany, and I'm going in a taxi plane. You, too. We leave at eleven, so get ready."

"Eleven? Noel, I can't possibly make it. Aren't you exhausted? I am—"

"Haven't been to sleep. Wrote a song after you left. Best yet. Wait till you hear it. I feel absolutely marvellous."

She dressed in a rush, and left without telling her mother where she was going. There was no time to argue, and she would have overridden her mother's protests anyway. The gay timbre of his voice had set her tingling despite the weariness weighing down her limbs. She met him at the Paramount building and they rode out to the airport in Sam Rothmore's Cadillac. Noel wore a new loose grey tweed top-coat with the collar turned up, and carried a thick sealed brown envelope.

"What's it all about, Noel?"

"Oh, high intrigue. An assemblyman's making a speech today about the movie admission tax situation. Needs these papers by one o'clock. Sam gave me no details, just asked me if I was afraid to fly, and then handed me the envelope. Can't use a regular messenger, it's all hush-hush, for some reason. I feel like the Scarlet Pimpernel."

It was incredible, Marjorie was thinking, how this man changed with the days and the hours. Today he was the gaunt blond god of South Wind again,

full of force and dash, his eyes sparkling.

"I haven't slept a wink, do you know? Wait till you hear 'Old Moon Face.' It's a real crack-through. I feel it in my bones. We'll be rich. Came to me walking around in the rain last night after you left—"

"I'm dying to hear it."

When the plane soared up, narrowly clearing the telephone wires, she thought she would faint from choking joyous alarm. It was a four-seater, single-motor plane, piloted by a morose man in a worn leather wind-breaker. The windows rattled and whistled, the wings flapped, and the sides and the seat shook as in a very old car. But she didn't care. She was terribly afraid, but even more exhilarated, and it seemed like a good way to die if her time were at hand (which she didn't believe).

The plane thrashed its way up the Hudson River Valley, and Marjorie and Noel held hands and looked down through empty space at towns, fields, hills, and the river, a brilliant story-book picture in glaring sunlight. A car was waiting at the Albany airport, with an emissary from the assemblyman. Ten minutes after they landed they were in the air again, flying south, straight into the white blaze of the sun.

Marjorie was drunk with the speed, the scare, the sunlight, the unexpected giddy novelty of the trip. Noel was in-exhaustible, she thought. He threw off surprises and thrills like a pinwheel; it was his nature, his pattern. She would never find a man like him again. There weren't two in the world. She leaned over and kissed him passionately on the mouth, staring at her safety-belt. He looked at her in astonishment, and roared in her ear, "Well, if that's all it takes, I'll charter a plane and we'll fly to Albany every day."

They glided down over Manhattan in clear afternoon light, making a lazy circle above the towers, the bridges, the Statue of Liberty, the steamships, the glittering harbors. The thud of the landing gear on the turf of the airport was a gloomy sound. He said, unstrapping his belt, "You're coming with me to the office."

"Nothing doing."

"Sam's got a piano in his inner office. Must play you 'Old Moon Face.'"

"Noel, don't mix your social and business life. I shouldn't ever have gone in the plane—"

"You're a hopeless prig. Sam knew I was taking you and told me to bring you to the office. He wants to meet you. Satisfied?"

She was awe-stricken by the Paramount offices. The panelled walls were lined with huge ikon-like portraits of stars; and the Paramount trademark, which she had been seeing on movie screens all her life, was carved, printed, or painted on the glass doors, on the posters, on the portraits, over the archways, filling the offices with the Arabian Nights magic of Hollywood. Noel returned the receptionist's smiling nod, and led Marjorie through a door marked Private. No Entrance, into a little blue-painted library-room lined with leather-bound books, with a movable bar in it, and a spinet piano.

"Cosy, eh?"

"It doesn't look like a business office at all."

"That's right. This is where all the really big deals are made. The outer office is for

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more routine stuff. I'd offer you a drink, but Sam foams at anybody drinking during working hours."

"Well, thanks, I don't want one. Are you sure this is all right, our being in here?"

"All Sam can do is fire me, which I rather wish he would." He tossed his coat on a small sofa and sat at the piano. "It's amazing, song-writing, when you think about it," he said, rippling chords. "The right little combination of notes, the lucky little pattern of words, all of it lasting no more than a minute or two, and the man who writes it suddenly owns, in effect, an office building or an oil well. It's like a contest. Write the magic jingle and win the grand prize. Well, here's the magic jingle of 1936, kid. Noel Airman's 'Old Moon Face.'"

Marjorie felt the goose-flesh rise as he sang it. The song was built on the notion of the moon seen as a wistful old bachelor peering down at the lovers on the street, following them to their apartment, starting in at the bedroom window, envying them their joy. The suggestiveness of the lyric was masked by the last touch, the wedding ring of the girl glittering in the moonlight as she pulled down the shade to shut out lonely Old Moon Face.

She threw her arms around Noel's neck. "Bless you, it is a hit."

"I know it is," Noel said. "I'm dickering for a villa on the Riviera. The melody's really got something, hasn't it?"

He began to play it again. The door to the outer office opened and Sam Rothmore came in, complete as Marjorie had pictured him to the cigar in his teeth. His clothes were dark, correct, elegant, his pink, wrinkled hands were manicured, and there was a touch of majesty in his bearing de-

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spite the stoop, or perhaps because of it. "What's all the music-making?" he said in the throaty voice that Noel had caricatured so well.

Noel jumped up. "Sam, the envelope's been delivered. Assemblyman Morton's secretary was—"

Rothmore nodded. "I talked to Morton on the phone an hour ago. Thanks." He was looking at Marjorie. "Hello, I'm Rothmore. And you're Marjorie Morgenstern, and you're a friend of this low-life."

"I hope I'm not intruding—"

"Not a bit. You're a breath of fresh air in the old factory. Well, how'd you like the plane ride?"

"Marvellous. I just wanted to go on flying for ever."

His glance flickered ironically to Noel, and back to her, and she noticed the terrible blue shadows under his eyes. "Well, go ahead, Noel, finish what you were playing."

"It's a new song he just wrote," Marjorie said. "I think it's superb."

"Oh, you wrote a new song? Interesting. Have you read any movie properties lately?"

Noel said, in a manner curiously mingling fear and arrogance, "Sam, I turned in three reports before I left. Your secretary has them, and I told you—"

"I read your reports."

"Oh. Are they all right?"

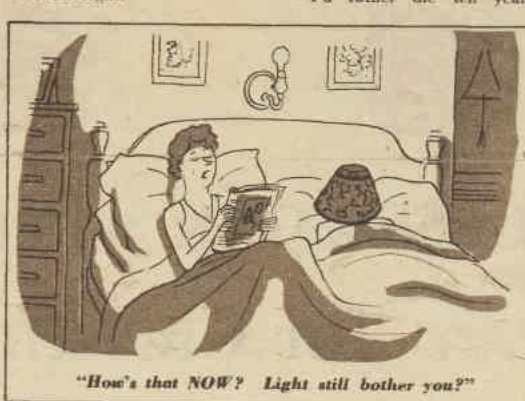
"Let's hear your song." He sat heavily in an armchair and looked at Noel. "Well, play the song."

"Are you really interested?"

Noel stood awkwardly beside the piano stool.

"I like to know all about my staff's talents. Go ahead. What's the title?"

Noel told him. Rothmore nodded slowly, leaning on an elbow in the armchair. Noel played and his employer sat slumped, holding the cigar, his eyes on the wall. Marjorie noticed that he breathed through his mouth in shallow little gulps. When the song was over, he said after a moment, "It's all right."



"How's that NOW? Light still bother you?"

"I think it'll be a hit," Noel said.

"So do I," Marjorie said.

Rothmore sighed. "What got you started writing songs again? Aren't we keeping you busy?"

"Sam, the thing just popped into my head and I wrote it out. At five this morning, if you want to know. On my own time."

Rothmore glanced at his wrist-watch. "I guess I'll have a Scotch and soda. Usually it makes me sleepy in the daytime, but I had too much coffee for lunch." He started to get

up, but Noel sprang to the bar. "I'll get it, Sam." Rothmore sank back in his chair, saying, "Make drinks for everybody." He turned to Marjorie.

"See? That's what we do to ourselves. We keep tightening up our nerves with tobacco and coffee, then loosening them with alcohol. We do it all our lives. Then we blame God when we die young."

"I'd rather die ten years

younger and smoke and drink all I please," Noel said, clinking glass and ice.

"You're talking through your hat. Wait till you're clipping the last few coupons like me."

"I'm glad you like 'Old Moon Face,' Sam."

Rothmore shrugged. "It's a good song. So what?"

"So lots and lots of money," Noel said. "Acres of cash."

"Grow up," Rothmore said. "How much money does a hit song make, five thousand dollars? Ten is a lot."

"Why, some of them make a hundred thousand!"

Rothmore screwed up his face and thrust the cigar in his teeth, and Marjorie could hardly keep herself from laughing, he so exactly resembled Noel's imitation of him. "What are you talking about, the freaks? 'Bananas' and 'Silver Threads'? Are you figuring on writing a freak? Why don't you just buy yourself a sweep-stake ticket? It's less work, and a much surer thing. What did you make on 'It's Raining Kisses'? Eighty-five hundred?"

Noel narrowed his eyes at Rothmore, handing him a drink. "To a hair. Been checking with my publisher?"

"I know the business, a little bit. Once I owned a piece of a publishing house. Song writing's for kids. Set aside your Gershwin, Porters, Berlin's, Rodgers, and there's nothing in it. Get yourself a small producer's job and you can hire and fire song-writers, good ones, all day like messenger boys."

"What does that prove? A creative man doesn't care which chair-warmer is hiring or firing him," Noel said. "It's just the stupid book-keeping of his career, which any fool can do."

"That sounds good," Rothmore said, "except that all the song-writers out there are breaking their necks trying to warm chairs and do some stupid book-keeping. Scribbling isn't all there is to creation. That's lesson number one of this business. Though I can see that you choke over it." Rothmore pushed himself painfully out of his chair. "Well, we're boring Marjorie."

"No, no," the girl said, curled on the couch, watching the two men.

Rothmore's look, resting on her, became kindly. He drank off his highball. "Let me take both of you to dinner tonight."

Noel glanced at Marjorie,

who said, "Don't we have tickets for a show?"

"Never mind tickets," Rothmore said. "If you have any, change them for another night."

Noel said to the girl, "You don't argue with Sam. Thanks, Sam, it'll be grand."

Rothmore walked slowly out, leaving behind a grey haze of rich-smelling cigar smoke.

She knew from the gossip columns that it was the most expensive restaurant in New York. The furnishings were old-fashioned, even dowdy, but the food was unbelievable, and the wines better than any Noel had ever ordered. So numbed was she by the pleasant assault on her senses, that she began following the argument between Noel and Rothmore only when their voices rose. Noel apparently wanted the company to buy an obscure Italian novel twenty years old, which could be had for fifteen hundred dollars. Rothmore said it wasn't worth fifteen cents to the company. "It's for Europeans. What do you want to do, empty the theatres?"

Noel said, "You assume the American people are too dumb to recognise a good thing. It's an anti-democratic notion, did you ever stop to think of that? They're not too dumb to elect the right president. Or so we all believe."

All of a sudden, after the argument had covered a lot of ground, Rothmore turned beligerently to Marjorie, "Marjorie, who's right?"

"Oh, leave me out of it. This rice pudding is sublime, Mr. Rothmore. I've never tasted anything so good."

"Put down the spoon and talk. Let's see what kind of girl he's got."

"Well—" she glanced sidelong at Noel—"I've always

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Amazing reports of recovery from catarrh and bronchitis

UNSOLICITED LETTERS OF TESTIMONY FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD PROVE VALUE OF LANTIGEN 'B' ORAL VACCINE

Read these personal histories from ex-sufferers



"Sinus trouble" . . . "I suffered from Sinus trouble for years and contracted colds or 'flu with the slightest change in the weather . . . I tried a bottle of Lantigen 'B.' That was four years ago and now I would not even fear a bubonic plague."—H.J.L., Bankstown, N.S.W.



"Free from Colds, Catarrh, Bronchitis for 12 years, thanks to Lantigen 'B.'" "From childhood I was a constant sufferer of chest troubles, commonly called colds. My doctor advised me to take a course of Lantigen 'B' before commencement of winter, which I have carried out, and can honestly say I have never had the sign of a cold for 12 years."—E.R., Bondi, N.S.W.

"I've found relief at last," says former sufferer of Bronchitis. "I am a sufferer of Bronchitis. My arms were like pin cushions caused by injections. I took Lantigen 'B'; when on the third bottle I found relief. I had no Bronchitis for over twelve months. The trouble is people take one bottle, perhaps two, think it's not acting. With me it took three bottles before I felt a marked difference. After four bottles I was a different person."—K.P., Perth, W.A.

"Feels new woman" . . . "I have suffered from Bronchitis for over 12 years, every winter, and cough all year round. Tried everything. I am on the second bottle (of Lantigen 'B') and, honestly, I feel a new woman. It works out most economically."—E.G., Staffordshire, England.

"Catarrh gone" . . . "I have been a sufferer of Catarrh for over 30 years . . . decided to give Lantigen a trial . . . I bless the day I did . . . the Catarrh has almost gone right out of my system . . . it is nothing short of marvellous . . . I would have been glad to have paid 20 times the price asked."—A.F.S., Walthamstow, Eng.

"No colds now" . . . "Up to two years ago was having practically continuous colds. Decided to try Lantigen 'B,' as colds seemed to be of a Catarrhal nature. I have not had a cold since taking the first bottle."—R.V., Gisborne, N.Z.

(Original Letters on our Files.)

"Catarrh gone." "No colds now." "Seven years' freedom from colds and catarrh." "Sinus infection cleared." "Bronchitis beaten." "No sinus trouble for over four years." "Sleep comes to me easily." "Nose clear." "Hearing back to normal." "Marvellous treatment for catarrh."



These are just a few extracts from personal written letters that have poured in from all over the world from grateful users of Lantigen 'B' Oral Vaccine. These people have already proved the effectiveness of the wonderful, simple Lantigen 'B' treatment. Lantigen is taken orally, by mouth, just a few drops in water, just like ordinary medicine. No need for injections, rubs or inhalations. Benefits which it has brought to people who have spent a lifetime of suffering from catarrh, bronchitis, sinus infections and recurrent colds are nothing short of marvellous.

What Causes Catarrh and Bronchitis
Many things have changed, but germ infection is still the basic cause of catarrh and bronchitis. The most successful (because the

most natural) way to relieve these conditions is by using a vaccine, and Lantigen 'B' is the simplest vaccine to use.

HOW LANTIGEN WORKS

Lantigen stimulates the natural healing power of the system to produce what are called antibodies. These antibodies are the natural antidotes to the germ poisons which cause the miserable catarrhal congestion. The effect of the antibodies is to neutralise the poisons, reduce inflammation and thus clear up congestion, ease aching catarrhal headaches, clear stuffy nasal passages and thereby help restore general good health.

Lantigen 'B' brings much more than temporary relief from the symptoms of catarrh or bronchial complaints, but gets right down to their cause, which is the germ attack, and aids the system in developing immunity against the germs which are responsible.

Prepared in modern laboratories by qualified bacteriologists under the direction of a registered medical practitioner.

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thought the way Noel does about—I mean, I prefer the foreign movies, to be honest, Mr. Rothmore. But I must say you put things in a little different light. If the people—after all, maybe they've decided that they want heavy stuff in books, and light stuff on movie screens—candy, as you put it. Maybe that means the movie as an art form is really candy-making. That's what never occurred to me before."

Rothmore beamed on her, taking small gulps of air. "Bless your little heart. You at least listen to me." He said to Noel. "She's one in a thousand. Marry her."

Noel said, "Why, because she's taken in by a trivial sophistry that you don't even believe yourself? Do you call that a triumph? She's twenty-one years old."

"She's smarter than you are, my boy," Rothmore chuckled deep in his chest. "If you only knew." With a gloating grin, he lit a cigar.

"Look, why don't you fire me, Sam? I completely disagree with you on practically everything that matters. I'll go on recommending the 'Smoke Over Etna' kind of book, because I believe in it, and nothing you say—"

Rothmore said to Marjorie, "D'you see? This is it. You run into some kind of neurotic stone wall with this boy at a certain point. All his intellect blanks out, and you—"

"Why do you bother with him?" Marjorie said. "I'm in love with him. I'm stuck with him."

Rothmore puffed on his cigar, his lids heavy, staring at Marjorie. "Margie, there's very little talent in the world, and when you see it you want something to come of it, that's all. I've seen a lot of young men come and go. Noel's got something, and he's a charm-

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ing low-life somehow, and if he could be straightened out, why, he'd be an asset to Paramount, and to me. But at the present rate—"

"You see the picture, I trust," Noel said to Marjorie. "Sam's joined the Save-Noel-From-Himself Club."

Rothmore looked at Noel, shook his head, and signalled for the check. "Sometimes I wonder," he muttered.

He tried to persuade them to come into his limousine, saying that they could have the car and chauffeur for the evening after dropping him at his home. But Noel wouldn't hear of it. The old man lumbered into the long, black car. Just as the chauffeur was about to close the door Rothmore jammed his cigar in his teeth, leaned forward, and said to Noel, "Your report on the magazine serial was all right. I phoned it out to the Coast. They've put in a bid. Twelve thousand."

Noel's rather glum look vanished in an eager grin. "Why didn't you say so a little sooner, you old sadist?"

"Your other two reports weren't bad, but those I want to think about a bit more. You're learning slowly."

He glanced from Marjorie to Noel, and the tough downward lines around his mouth softened in a smile of grudging approval. "Maybe you'll be all right. Good-night. Good-night, Margie."

When Mrs. Morgenstern first suggested inviting Noel and his parents to the seder, the family's Passover dinner, Marjorie thought it was an appalling idea. On reflection, however, she decided that there was some hard, good sense in it.

With Noel doing well at Paramount, with their relationship becoming each week more intimate and hopeful, it did seem to her that the time had come for his parents and her own to confront each other. She also thought Noel had better see the family and glimpse her religious background.

At fourteen and fifteen she had hated seders, bar-mitzvas, and all the rest, and she had taken pleasure in shocking her parents with atheistic talk. In recent years, however, she had found the seder oddly appealing, and she wanted to see how he would react. The complex rituals and symbols of the Passover feast—the matzo, the horse-radish, the four cups of wine, the pounded nuts, and apples, the hard-boiled eggs in salt water, the great goblet of wine for Elijah—these things, with the old family songs and the annual jokes at the same points in the Hebrew service, had attractive bitter-sweet nostalgia for her.

It was fun in a way, too, to see the family once a year, and find out which of the cousins had married, and see the new babies, and marvel at the rapid growth of the old babies.

She was rather afraid to bring the subject up with Noel. But to her astonishment he agreed very readily to come. He knew nothing whatever about seders, except that matzo was eaten, but when she described the ceremonials to him he said, "Why, it sounds very colorful and alive. My father will undoubtedly make a fool of himself, as usual, but that might prove amusing, too."

"I should warn you that all the relatives from miles around get together at this thing, and the children, and the grandchildren, and it's a pretty noisy mess."

"Oh," Noel looked thoughtful, then he brightened. "Well, don't you think that may be a good thing? I may well go unnoticed in the crush. Of course, all your relatives will



"Oh, he's very methodical. First he gets his materials in order, then he goes ahead and botches the job."

gossip about us, but if you don't mind I don't."

"Honestly, Noel, you're a chameleon. If there was ever anything I dreaded, it was mentioning this thing to you. And here you are, being just as nice as pie about it."

"Darling, you really do me an injustice. I have a heart of gold. My only faults are that I'm totally selfish and immoral. Tell your mother it's okay—my folks and all."

He arrived late. The seder guests were already crowded in the smoky living-room, with children darting between their

legs and around the furniture, laughing and squealing. Four babies in baskets and portable cribs were howling in Marjorie's bedroom and their young mothers, wild-haired and with blouses coming out of their skirts, were rushing to and fro through the foyer. Noel grinned at Marjorie, cocking his ear to the noise, as he slipped out of his coat. She said, "Well, didn't I warn you?"

"Why, it sounds very exuberant. My father here?"

"Yes, and your mother, and they're both in evening clothes. They go from here to a Democratic banquet."

The door-bell rang, and Marjorie's cousins, Morris and Mildred Sapersteen, came in with their son, Neville. Marjorie was amazed to see how the child had grown. She remembered him as a particularly loud-bawling blond infant, but he was now a large red-headed boy.

"Gosh, how old is Neville, anyway?" she said to the father, who was carrying a black suitcase. Neville's mother began taking off his coat, which was no simple thing to do since he was rearing and tearing to get at the children in the living-room, shouting, "Hi, Suzy Capoozy! Hi, Walter Capalter!"

"He's five, just turned five," Morris Sapersteen said. He was Uncle Shmuka's oldest son, a writer of advertising copy, a sad-faced young man not much bigger than his father. He set down the suitcase with a sigh. "Gosh, you'd never believe how heavy those things can be."

"What have you got there?" Marjorie said.

"Airplanes."

"Airplanes?"

"Forty-seven airplanes. Neville won't go anywhere without them."

Neville, disentangling his arms from the sleeves of his coat, was off into the living-room like a rocket. Marjorie introduced Noel to the Sapersteens. Morris' wife, Mildred, a thin, freckled girl with very large front teeth and black, straight hair cut like an inverted bowl, was a piano teacher of sorts and sometimes played at family gatherings. She looked very tired.

Morris opened the suitcase. It was really crammed to the top with toy airplanes of every shape, color, and size, all tumbled in a tangle of wheels and wings.

"Where can I put this, Margie? Just so he can get at them when he feels the need for them. I don't want it to be in the way—"

Marjorie indicated a corner in the hallway. "It's a nuisance," Mildred Sapersteen said, "but we've tried taking him places without them and it sets up all kinds of traumas. The planes have become a sort of security symbol for him. Morris, leave the lid up, he goes into a frenzy if he sees it down—"

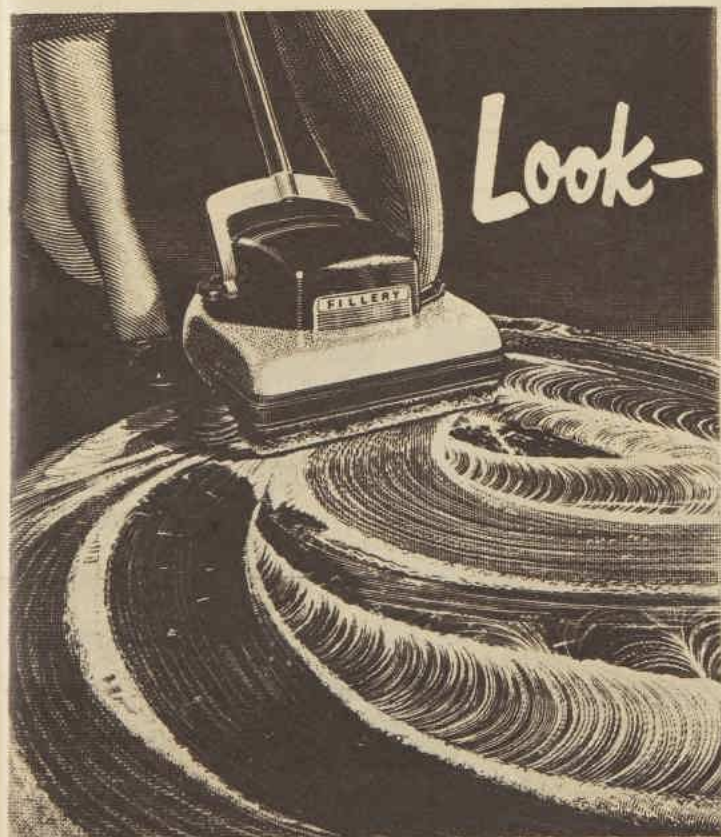
"I'm leaving it up, I'm leaving it up," Morris said. "Whew! There we are." He stood and peered into the clamorous living-room. "Well, I see the panic is on. Let's go, Mildred. Where is he, anyway?"

When they were out of sight Noel collapsed against the closet door, shaking with laughter. "That's right," Marjorie muttered, "laugh at my crazy cousins—"

"Crazy!" Noel gasped. "Honey, nearly every young married couple I know talks that way. Now you know why I won't get married—Forty-seven airplanes—"

Mrs. Morgenstern, flushed,

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and with an apron over a fine new purple dress, poked her head into the foyer. "What are you two billing and cooing about in a corner? We're starting the seder. Come in."

The flower-festooned glittering table, extended with all its leaves and eked out with a card table, stretched from the windows to the far wall of the long, narrow dining-room under a blaze of bright white electric bulbs. An auxiliary table had been improvised in the living-room, visible through the opened french doors, and the children were shepherded out there by Mildred Sapersteen, who volunteered to stay with them so as to keep an eye on Neville.

The children objected raucously to being steered away from the adults' table, and Neville, in the course of his objections, put his foot through a pane in the french doors. But the glass was cleared away, the children pacified with a round of Pepsi-Cola, and against a background of rich, lively noise, mingled with the quarrelsome chattering of the children and the muffled but powerful howls of the babies in the bedrooms, the seder began.

The liveliness did not extend to the table of the adults. Here, as the ceremonies proceeded, there gradually fell a strained queer quiet, unlike the atmosphere of other years. The little people of the family, old grey tailors, candy-store keepers, mechanics, and their wives, were terrorised by the presence of a judge and his lady; and their grown-up sons and daughters, usually a joking and irreverent band of ordinary young Americans, wore awkward company airs. The fact that the Ehrmanns were in evening clothes did not help matters.

Tiny Uncle Shmulka, the laundry sorter, jammed in his cheap frayed brown suit against the resplendent judge, kept trying in vain to shrink away and not contaminate the great man with the rub of poverty. Seth, too, sat clumsy and glum beside Mr. Morgenstern, supporting his father's opening chants over the wine and the

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matzo with his uncertain baritone voice, and shooting occasional suspicious looks at Noel.

Noel, though his behaviour was faultless, seemed to make the family even more uneasy than his parents did. A chill radiated from him, causing much of the lameness of the singing, the stumbling of the Hebrew responses and the embarrassed side-glances among the relatives. The skull-cap perched on his thick blond hair somehow looked as incongruous as it would have on an animal's head. His bearing was sober, his comments courteous; Marjorie could not accuse him of deliberately trying to appear out of place and trapped.

Nor was there anything intentionally offensive in the way he kept looking around. But the effect was to make the family, including Marjorie, feel increasingly like painted Africans performing a voodoo rite. Worst of all, however, was the absence of The Uncle.

Until this year, Marjorie had not realised how central Samson-Aaron had been to the seder. He had warmed the air. Single-handed, he had dispelled the stiffness of a year's separation, and the frost of all the permanent quarrels. Without him, the seder was but a moribund semblance, and it was enacted with less and less heart as the evening went on, under the fixed smiles of Judge and Mrs. Ehrmann, and the cool observant eyes of their son.

If anyone promised to save the seder as an institution, it was Neville Sapersteen. He was giving the occasion what liveliness it had. The children's table was a vortex of noise and motion, all of it churning around Neville. Snatching the other children's Pepsi-Cola, breaking matzos over their heads, drinking off the salt water, throwing plates, forks, pepper, flowers, hard-boiled eggs, Neville was exhibiting enough vivacity for ten children.

His mother stayed one step

behind him, as it were, catching the plates before they broke, putting back the flowers, wiping up the wine, comforting the other children while Neville drank their Pepsi-Cola, and persuading them not to break matzos over Neville's head, on the grounds that revenge was an unworthy motive.

Matters broke out of control very suddenly in the living-room just as Mr. Morgenstern was putting down the three wrapped matzos after reciting "This bread of affliction." There was an explosion of laughter and yammering, with Neville's voice rising in infuriated soprano shrieks over the din. His mother yelled, "Morris, Morris, come quick! The airplanes! They're into the airplanes!"

While Morris struggled frantically to get out of the seat where he was wedged between two fat aunts, half-a-dozen children came giggling and shrieking into the dining-room, swooping toy airplanes in their hands and making noises like airplane motors—"Braah! Braah!" After them charged Neville, his face dark purple, waving his fists and uttering hideous choked sounds.

The children dived under the table and under chairs; they flew between the legs of their pursuing parents, in and out of the clutching arms of Mildred and Morris Sapersteen, into the bedrooms and round and round the living-room, all the time roaring "Braah! Braah!" Neville did a remarkable simulation of running in fourteen directions at once, whimpering, screeching, and snapping his teeth.

The seder stopped dead for ten minutes while all the parents joined the chase. The airplanes were at last rounded up, and the children herded back to their chairs; it was a difficult business, because they kept snatching new airplanes from the suitcase after being

deprived of the ones they had, and galloping around again.

Morris Sapersteen stood at bay in the middle of the living-room, clutching the suitcase, while Mildred attempted to quiet Neville, who was lying on his back, kicking the floor with both heels, and yelling. Morris said, "I'll just have to lock the lid, I guess."

"No, no," Neville screamed. "I want the box open!"

His mother said, "There's only one answer, Morris. These kids are impossible. You'll have to hold the suitcase open on your lap."

"Gosh, Millie, how will I eat?"

"Look, Morris, it wasn't my idea to come to this thing, it was yours. I warned you." She led Neville off, and Morris stumbled back into his chair and sat with the suitcase on his lap.

The next part of the seder was the reciting of the Four Questions. The youngest child who could memorise Hebrew delivered four queries about the table symbols: the horse-radish, the matzo, the salt water, and so forth; and the adults in reply chanted the tale of the Exodus from Egypt, explaining the symbols as the story unfolded. Marjorie had scored great triumphs with the Four Questions from her fourth to her eighth year. The family had all said even then that she was a born actress.

This year the Questions were admirably performed in a sweet piping voice, in flawless parroted Hebrew, by Susan Morgenstern, a chubby six-year-old from the Newark branch of the family. She retired to the children's table after curtsying to the applause.

The family, meantime, had become a little livelier. There was chatter around the table instead of stiff gloom. Harry Morgenstern, Susan's brawny father, sneaked himself a couple of drinks of the Palestinian plum brandy to calm his nerves. He immediately became fiery red in the face,

and began to pound the table with his fists. "Is this a seder or a funeral? Come on, put some life into it! The judge here is going to think he's in an old folks' home!" And he started to bawl a song, and several of the family joined in.

Judge Ehrmann waved at him and laughed. "Don't worry about me. I'm thoroughly enjoying myself, I assure you."

"This is nothing, Your Honor," Harry shouted. "We warm up a little, we'll show you what a seder is all about! Come on, Dora; come on, Leon—sing!"

Mr. Morgenstern said, "That's the spirit, Harry, that's what we need. You sound like The Uncle." He beat time on a glass with a fork, and after a moment broke into the song himself. Everybody sang. Mr. Morgenstern returned to the Hebrew chanting with more zest and heart, and the family's responses became stronger, too.

Noel turned to Marjorie, his eyes lively. "Well, I begin to get the idea."

"Oh, this is nothing," Marjorie said. Her spirits were rising. "This is a ghost of what it used to be. We used to have Samson-Aaron."

"I can imagine," Noel said. "I'm really beginning to understand him a little bit—and you, too, for that matter."

The seder continued to pick up momentum and gaiety, and soon it was more or less in the old swing. Harry showed some promise of leadership, bellowing and pounding with energy equal to The Uncle's if with less charm and flavor.

Marjorie felt the familiar old warmth enveloping her. The sweet grape taste of the wine woke childhood recollections. She began to care less what Noel and his parents were thinking and she joined in the songs with abandon. She noticed that both Noel and his father had taken to reading the English translations in their Hagadas, watching the others to see when pages were turned. Noel looked to her at one point and said, "Do you understand all this Hebrew?"

"Well, fortunately, yes, we've gone over and over it for so many years—otherwise my Hebrew is pretty rusty—"

Noel said, "The English is absolutely atrocious, at least this translation furnished by the matzo company is. But I do get a dim idea of what it's all about. It has terrific charm and pathos, actually, and power, too. I rather envy you."

A crash of crockery from the living-room now indicated that Neville Sapersteen was emerging from his doldrums. Marjorie looked over her shoulder and saw Mildred Sapersteen on her hands and knees picking up the pieces. Mildred caught her look and said angrily, "Well, there's just so much I can do. Susan is impossible. She keeps calling Neville 'Neville the Devil.' No child with any brains would stand for that—"

Harry Morgenstern shouted into the living-room, "Susan, you stop that, do you hear? No more calling Neville 'Neville the Devil.' Understand me?"

"Yes, Daddy," piped Susan, and added, "just one last time, all right, Daddy? 'Neville the Devil!'"

Now that it was officially forbidden, all the children took up the cry and bayed rhythmically, "Ne-ville the De-vil! Ne-ville the De-vil! Ne-ville the De-vil!"

Neville left his chair and catapulted into the dining-room, yelling, "Daddy, I want my airplanes! Give me my airplanes!"

Morris jumped up, forgetting that the suitcase was open on his lap; the suitcase slipped, he clutched at it and upset it, and the forty-seven airplanes went clanking and tinkling all over the floor under the table. There was a moment of silence after the crash; even Neville shut up, staring pop-eyed at his father.

"All right," Mildred Sapersteen said in an icy tone. "Nice going, Morris. Now pick them all up."

"No, no," screeched Neville, "I don't want them picked up. Leave them there." He dived

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Summer Brides in White

White, in softly flowing elegant lines, looks fresh and delicate for summer brides. Note how this year's bridal skirt stops short at ankle level or just sweeps the floor—and the new look and flattery of a long diaphanous bridal veil.



RUFFLED TULLE wedding gown (above) designed for a very young bride. The matching tulle veil is circled with a wreath of pink and white rosebuds. The bride carries a Victorian posy of the same flowers, surrounded with tulle.



TUNIC-LINE wedding dress (above) made in stiff white silk faille. This is a dress which can be worn later for formal evenings. The double veil, a foam of white tulle, is held in place with a cap of orange blossom. The gloves are matched to the dress fabric.



ANKLE-LENGTH lace wedding dress (right) looks beautiful from the back as well as the front. The bodice moulds the torso down to the hips and then spreads into fullness. The mantilla-like lace veil is worn over clouds of tulle falling to the hemline.



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under the table, Morris Sapersteen plunged under the table and pulled him out, thrashing and howling.

The whole table was in an uproar. The judge said to Morris, "Forgive me for being blunt, but what that child needs is the whipping of his life. He needs it desperately."

"Morris!" shrieked Mildred, glaring at the judge, "let's go home."

"Take it easy, Mildred," Morris said.

"We're going home, I say! Pick up the airplanes!"

"I've got him, Millie," Morris panted, still struggling with Neville, as with a large live salmon.

Uncle Shmulka said, "Mildred, dolling, don't go home, it's a seder." He held out his arms to Neville. "Come to grandpa, sweetheart." Neville, with astonishing readiness, stopped writhing, slid from his father's arms into little Shmulka's lap, and nestled. The judge edged slightly away. "There, Mildred, everything's fine," Shmulka said. "He'll sit vit me and be good. For grandpa, he's always good."

"Oh, no, I'm not going to have that again," Mildred's mouth was a black line, her brows were pulled in a scowl. "That lulling is all wrong, and that grandfather fixation business is really sick, and I'm not having it in my family. Get the airplanes, Morris, and let's go." She folded her arms and leaned in the doorway. The children behind her were still.

Morris looked around with a smile, his eyes big and sad. "Sorry, folks, I think it's best, maybe." He dropped on his hands and knees and knocked and shuffled under the table.

Mildred was standing almost directly behind Marjorie. Impulsively getting out of her chair, Marjorie put her arm around Mildred's waist. "Milly, you're right to be upset. But I think you'll be more upset, and Morris certainly will be, if you walk out now. Anyhow, it's only another hour—" she faltered. Mildred Sapersteen's eyes, curiously flat and shiny as they looked into hers, horrified her.

Mildred said, "Marjorie dear, you're very sweet and pretty, and you've got everything in the world, I know, but I've just got a son, and I've got to do what's best for him." Harry said to Marjorie, "Give up. She's just a pill. She's enjoying this."

Mildred whirled, glared at Harry, then looked around at the table. "Well! Thank God we live in a time when you pick and choose your own culture. Nobody can say I haven't tried to co-operate, but this primitive magic and mumbo-jumbo is impossible, and Neville senses it, and I've always said so. If I have anything to say, we'll wind up joining the Unitarian Church. They have all the answers, anyway." There was a horrid silence. "All right, Morris. Get the baby and let's go."

Uncle Shmulka said in a small tired voice, "He fell asleep." Neville indeed, the storm centre of the wrangle, was curled in a ball in his grandfather's lap, eyes closed, breathing peacefully.

The last thing Morris said after fumbling goodbyes, as he

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part of a tradition and culture that go back four thousand years. I've realised that it was we Jews, after all, with the immortal story of the Exodus from Egypt, who gave the world the concept of the holiness of freedom—"

"Oh, lawds a mercy me," Noel muttered.

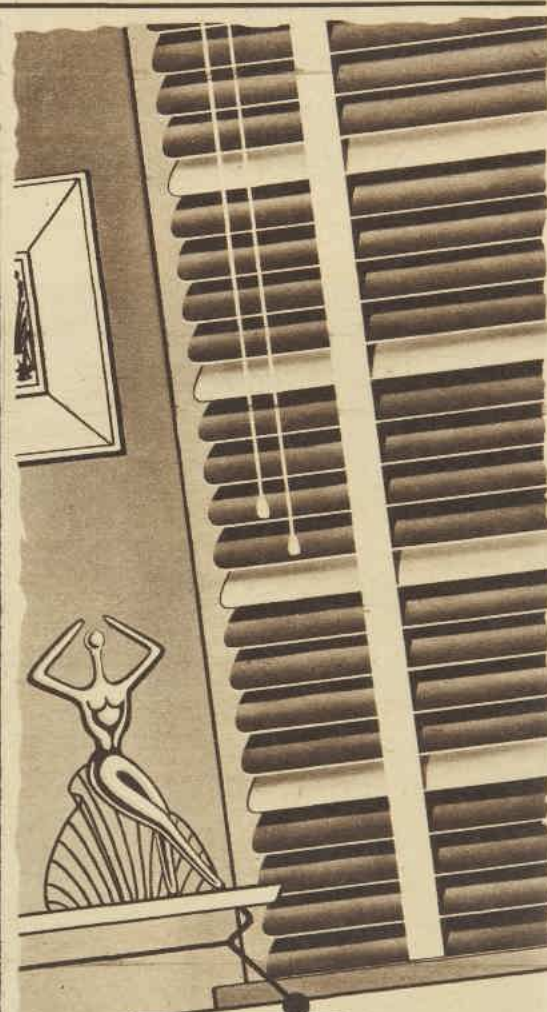
"Shut up," Marjorie whispered angrily.

"But somehow," the judge said, "your seder has done more than even that for me. Somehow I've almost seen the Exodus come alive tonight. While you've chanted the Hebrew, which regrettably I don't understand, I've closed my eyes and seen the great hordes of Israel, with the majestic grey-bearded giant, Moses, at their head, marching forth from the granite gates of Rameses into desert sands by the light of the full moon . . ."

Judge Ehrmann proceeded in this vein for perhaps ten minutes, drawing a vivid picture of the Exodus and then the revelation on Sinai. The relatives sat spellbound. Marjorie, for all of Noel's sarcastic mutterings, was thrilled and amazed. Noel had described his father as a ridiculous windbag; but actually, though his language was flowery and his manner magisterial, the judge had eloquence and humor. The deep-set clever blue eyes were identical in the two men, now that the judge's were roused into vigor. The gap of age, and Noel's smooth handsomeness and mass of blond hair, could not hide the fact that he was, after all, his father's son.

And as Noel sat sunk low in his chair, staring at a wine stain on the tablecloth, and slowly crumbling a hill of matzo crumbs over it while his father talked, Marjorie could see him

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"different" with Black,
happy with Navy,
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perfect with Basque Blue,
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SUN CHARM

twinkles gaily with
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wear with Reds, Coral,
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kindred Beiges!

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a triumph with Greys,
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HONEY BROWN

an apt choice with
Wheat Gold, Yellows,
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Beau Monde

fully fashioned Hosiery

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Your Beau Monde Gift Stockings
will be even more glamorous
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SMALLEST PRESENT—BIGGEST "THANK YOU"!

Look at that girl's face. Are people going to look like that when they open their presents from you?

Isn't that what you'd feel like, if you got a fine Swiss watch as a present? Of course it is. You'd be thrilled to bits. Who wouldn't?

There are no watches like Swiss watches. The moment you look at one, you say to yourself, "That's IT. This really is a watch; the sort that other people will set theirs by. It looks absolutely marvellous. And it'll last."



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

Go to a good jeweller, or watchmaker, who really knows Swiss watches. His advice is skilled and knowledgeable: very well worth having.

It's an exciting present to choose—there are such a lot to choose from: watches that never need winding, watches that act as calendars as well as timekeepers . . . alarm watches, water-resistant watches, stop-watches; watches for day, for sport, for evening . . . watches for every manner of man.

And what watches the Swiss make for women! Gold watches, steel watches, watches set among diamonds; watches on bangles, on bracelets, on straps; wrist-

watches, ring-watches, brooch-watches; self-winding watches; sensible watches, that you

don't know where you'd be without . . . and sumptuous watches, that are pieces of jewellery in their own right and would take you anywhere. The Swiss make all the kinds there are—superbly. They are famous for it.

Time is the art of the Swiss

THE WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

SW/25.4FC.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Virgin Queen

HOLLYWOOD strays rather far from the facts in building this controversial story, but as a romanticised CinemaScope drama of Tudor England "The Virgin Queen" is entertaining.

This is largely due to star Bette Davis, who sweeps the film along with an energetic, acid-etched portrayal of Queen Elizabeth I of England.

Physically Bette looks a fright, what with a garish red wig clapped around a shaven brow, livid features, and eyelids that have been whitened. She also adopts a peculiar, strutting walk for the occasion.

However, the cosmetic mask in no way interferes with her reading of a difficult role.

The Queen's conflicts with Captain (later Sir Walter) Raleigh, who dreams of sailing three vessels of his own

design to the New World, provide the core of the hackneyed plot.

England's Richard Todd cuts a trim Vandyked figure as the peppery buccaneer who falls from royal favor by secretly marrying Beth Throgmorton (Joan Collins), a young lady of Elizabeth's Court.

Joan Collins, an erstwhile grubby siren of the English cinema, owes Fox a real debt of gratitude for transforming her into a lively screen beauty of striking charm.

Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower of London leads to a fadeout in which he is seen sailing the one ship provided by the Queen towards the sea with his wife aboard and the Royal colors flying at the masthead.

Dan O'Herlihy, Robert Douglas, and Herbert Marshall are all lost in the morass of film intrigues.

In Sydney—Regent.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "To Hell and Back," technicolor CinemaScope wartime autobiography, starring Audie Murphy, Marshall Thompson, Susan Kohner. Plus featurettes.

CENTURY.—★★★ "A Man Called Peter," Delux color CinemaScope drama, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Lease of Life," Eastmancolor drama starring Robert Donat, Kay Walsh. Plus ★ "River Beat," mystery, starring Phyllis Kirk, John Bentley.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Love is a Many Splendored Thing," Delux color CinemaScope romantic drama, starring William Holden, Jennifer Jones. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Glass Slipper," MetroScope color musical romance, starring Leslie Caron, Michael Wilding. Plus "Sequoia," animal feature, starring Jean Parker. (Re-release review unavailable.)

LYCEUM.—★ "Foxfire," technicolor drama, starring Jane Russell, Jeff Chandler, Dan Duryea. Plus "Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy," comedy.

LYRIC.—"Golden Boy," boxing drama, starring William Holden, Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou. (Re-release review unavailable.) Plus ★ "The Mob," thriller, starring Broderick Crawford, Betty Buchler. (Re-release.)

PALLADIUM.—★★★ "Red River," Western, starring John Wayne, Montgomery Clift, Joanne Dru. (Re-release.) Plus "The Hoodlum," thriller, starring Lawrence Tierney, Allene Roberts. (Re-release review unavailable.)

PARIS.—★★★ "Aida," Italian opera in color, starring Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell, Luciano della Marra, with singing voices of Renata Tebaldi, Ebe Stignani, Giuseppe Campora. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★ "Escape to Burma," technicolor SuperScope adventure, starring Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Ryan, David Farrar. Plus ★ "Operation Diplomat," thriller, starring Guy Rolfe, Patricia Dainton.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Rear Window," technicolor thriller, starring James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "The Virgin Queen," Delux color CinemaScope period drama, starring Bette Davis, Richard Todd, Joan Collins. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Fire in the Blood" ("La Rage au Corps"), French drama with English sub-titles, starring Francoise Arnoul, Raymond Pellegrin. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Women's Prison," melodrama, starring Ida Lupino, Jan Sterling, Audrey Totter, Howard Duff. Plus ★ "They Rode West," technicolor Western, starring Robert Francis, Donna Reed.

Not yet reviewed

MAYFAIR.—"How to be Very, Very Popular," color CinemaScope comedy with songs, starring Sheree North, Betty Grable, Robert Cummings. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Down Three Dark Streets," thriller, starring Broderick Crawford, Ruth Roman, Martha Hyer. Plus "Overland Pacific," color Western, starring Jack Mahoney, Peggie Castle, Adele Jergins.

STATE.—"Prize of Gold," technicolor thriller, starring Richard Widmark, Mai Zetterling, Nigel Patrick. Plus "Jesse James Versus the Daltons," technicolor Western, starring Brett King, Barbara Lawrence.

ST. JAMES.—"Moonfleet," CinemaScope, Eastmancolor period adventure, starring Stewart Granger, Viveca Linfors, Joan Greenwood, John Whiteley. Plus "Wedding of Lilli Marlene," musical, starring Hugh McDermott, Liza Danilly.



1 IMPRESARIO Danglard, (Jean Gabin), right, decides to star Nini (Françoise Arnoul), centre, a laundress, in a dance called the cancan.

"French Cancan"

● Set in the hurly-burly of Paris show business in 1888, the technicolor musical "French Cancan" (directed by Jean Renoir) is an exuberant theatrical story which tells how the cancan came into favor.

Veteran actor Jean Gabin stars in the role of a fickle impresario who has a flair for finding new stars and for producing spectacular shows.

Guest appearances are made in the picture by Edith Piaf, Patachou, Andre Claveau, and Jean Raymond.

Dialogue is in French with English subtitles.



2 JEALOUS Belle Abesse (Maria Felix), dancing star of Danglard's current show, is not at all happy about the new girl from "The White Queen" in Montmartre.



3 DANCE SCHOOL is the next step for Nini. Danglard, financed by a backer who is in love with the Abesse, plans to launch Nini in "The White Queen," where he found her. He feels the smart set will like the idea.



4 FREE-FOR-ALL develops when Nini and the Abesse meet during alterations to the cafe, now called The Moulin Rouge by Danglard. He presses on with the job.



5 DANCE training satisfies Danglard that Nini is indeed a find. When the Abesse learns that she is not to star in the new show and that Nini is in love with Danglard, she does her utmost to wreck the project by persuading the backer to withdraw his support. But Nini makes newspaper headlines when a young princeling attempts suicide on her account, and preparations for the show go on slowly.



6 HURT and bewildered to see Danglard already engrossed in a new singer who is also in the show, Nini refuses to appear at the opening of The Moulin Rouge. But in the end she goes on.



7 WHIRLING dancers, led by Nini, take the audience by storm in a breathtaking cancan. Nini is acclaimed a sensation. Backstage, Danglard dreams of stars and shows of the future.

QUICK-EZE FOR INDIGESTION!

Acclaimed throughout Australia for swift, sure relief from acidity, flatulence, sour or nervous stomach, heart-burn, dyspepsia.



HERE'S PROOF!

Dear Sirs, (Extract from letter of 13/5/54)

As you know, different countries have their own particular way of preparing meals, which are quite different from what one is used to, resulting, oft times, in acute attacks of indigestion.

I have tried several remedies in the countries I happened to be visiting. These particular remedies didn't give me the relief I desired. On arrival in Australia I tried your product—Quick-Eze—which I can honestly say brought instant relief from pain.

Yours sincerely,

(Original on file) (Sgd.) R. J. GLENN.

NO FUSS, NO MIXING—EAT LIKE SWEETS

"Quick-Eze" antacid tablets are a combination of FIVE active prescriptions for prompt relief from indigestion, flatulence, dyspepsia, heart-burn and acidity.

Thousands throughout Australia can now testify to their amazing efficacy in the treatment of digestive disorders.

Keep a packet with you, always, in pocket or purse—take one or two tablets after every meal and forget, for all time, those knife-thrust chest pains of indigestion and the breath-catching burn of acidity.

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Great Value—9d

Raise your glasses to CROSLEY



— and pour an **ICE COLD DRINK**
right from the door... the *Shelvador*

The toast is to CROSLEY... first again with the most advanced feature of modern home refrigeration... the Water Chiller—a built-in Drink Dispenser which allows you to serve ice-cold drinks without opening the door.

What a boon on hot Summer days, to have a ready supply of ice-cold water always on tap... what an advantage when entertaining...

what a wonderful way to provide the kiddies with cool healthful drinks—economical, too.

CROSLEY was **first** to introduce the "Shelvador"—the door that stores more... **first** with Automatic Defrosting... **first** with Roll-out Shelves... now CROSLEY is **first again** with this exclusive feature... the Water Chiller—an added reason why **now**, more than ever, you will

CROSLEY optional extra * WATER CHILLER

NO OTHER REFRIGERATOR gives you this exciting and exceedingly useful feature. Built-in to the famous "Shelvador," the chilling compartment—with a capacity of almost a gallon—is on the inside; the drink tap is on the outside. Merely raise your glass and Presto!—you pour yourself an ice-cold drink, without opening the door.

Easy to use—a child can operate the simple press-in tap. Efficient in operation—it is engineer designed—easy to fill and readily removable for cleaning.

See the CROSLEY Water Chiller at your CROSLEY Dealer TODAY—an optional extra on all 10 cu. ft. models. *

Set your  on a

CROSLEY

Shelvador

Manufactured by the well-known James N. Kirby Organisation, Sydney, Australia.

SHELVADOR AUTOMATIC '10'

Automatic Defrosting, Roll-out Shelves, Roll-out Crisper, Full-width Freezer—and the famous Shelvador, with Full-width Cheese & Butter Keeper. "Cool-glo" or "Soft-glo" pastel interior. Cream or white exterior. Right or left-hand door, £220/-... with PRES-MATIC Push-button Defrosting, £220/-.



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Conventional defrosting, Roll-out Shelves, Roll-out Crisper, Full-width Freezer—and the famous Shelvador, with Full-width Cheese & Butter Keeper. "Cool-glo" or "Soft-glo" pastel interior. Cream or white exterior. Right or left-hand door, £194/10/-.



SHELVADOR CADET '10'

The full 10 cu. ft. refrigerator, planned for the home, with a CROSLEY Kitchen Freezer. Features the "Shelvador" with deeper-recessed shelves—"Cool-glo" (blue) interior only. Cream or white exterior—right-hand door opening. Price, £182/10/-.



Prices slightly higher in country areas, W.A. and Tas.

sitting so at his father's table from perhaps his thirteenth year onwards, sullenly enduring eclipse. One thing was obvious; at a table where Judge Ehrmann dominated, there were no other attractions.

When he rose to go, after finishing his talk with, "—and now goodbye, God bless you, and happy Pesakh," everybody at the table stood, crowding towards him, offering their hands, chousing compliments. He had a handshake and a word for everybody. He remembered which children belonged to which parents, and mentioned them by name in making his farewells, a feat which stunned all with delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgestern accompanied the Ehrmanns to the foyer, and several of the guests followed, still exchanging jokes with the judge. Noel's mother, a richly dressed small wraith of a woman, with make-up a little too pink, stopped to kiss Noel on the forehead, and then she kissed Marjorie. "You have a lovely family, Marjorie dear, really lovely. You're a girl to be envied. Good night. I wish we could stay."

Marjorie said when she was gone. "I think your mother's a darling. And your father's charming, too. Why did you paint him to me as such an idiot?"

He glanced briefly at her with a dip of the head, and a smile that was not pleasant. "Did you believe any of that speech by some chance?"

"I thought it was moving, I don't care what you say. And sincere."

"Really? Just remember, dear, he's a politician and your house is in his district. When will this thing be over? Can I take this off?" He reached for his skull-cap.

"Well, the ceremony starts up again now, Noel, and some of best songs come—"

"How much longer?"

"Oh, not much, not even an hour. I appreciate that you've been very patient—"

"Well, it's been interesting, but frankly I do have the idea now."

She said at once, "Noel, it's perfectly all right if you want

Continuing Marjorie Morningstar

[from page 50]

to leave now. Everybody will understand."

"I'll settle for some more of that Palestine brandy." He poured a stiff drink—he had been drinking brandy steadily since the dessert—swallowed half of it, and stared at the amber liquid. "Curious taste. Rough, not quite civilised. Primitive, potent, exotic. Well suited to the occasion."

The change in tone was marked when the seder resumed. The glory was departed. The guests were all stuffed with food, and sleepy with wine and brandy, and more interested in talking about the wonderful judge than in following the ceremony. Mr. Morgestern had to rap for quiet several times.

There soon ensued a lot of glancing towards Noel and Marjorie among the family, with winks and nods and whispers. Marjorie began to be uneasy. The rite that came next was the traditional occasion for teasing sweethearts and engaged couples.

Noel, oblivious, was leaning through the Hagada in a bored way, sipping plum brandy. Even Aunt Dvosha became lively and gay, whispering across the two vacant chairs to Uncle Schmuka. The arch faces she made at Marjorie would have frightened an alligator. In the expectant quiet that settled over the table, Uncle Harry said, "Okay, who opens the door this year?"

The relatives giggled, pointing at Marjorie. Noel looked up. "What on earth—?" he said mildly.

"This is it, Noel," Harry said. "The door's got to be opened, you know." There was more laughter.

Noel said, "For whom?"

"Elijah; the prophet Elijah. Don't you know? Elijah comes in now and drinks his cup of wine."

Noel said, "Well, he's no friend of mine, but I'll be glad to open the door." At the howls of mirth that followed, he turned to Marjorie. "Was that funnier than I thought?"

"Margie and Noel open the door," squealed Aunt Dvosha, and collapsed on the table, laughing.

Noel said, "I begin to understand . . . Well, let's go." He took her hand and led her to the door amid ribald guffaws.

Marjorie, completely scarlet-faced, said, "It means nothing at all! nothing." They went out to jocular shouts. "Just some



nonsense about making a wish, but a boy and a girl are supposed to go together."

"Well," Noel said, as she halted in the hallway, "do we open it now?"

"No. One moment." A chant began in the dining-room. "Now. Go ahead; open the door."

With a wry smile, Noel did so. The empty, tiled, outside hall and the rows of doors looked strange. He glanced at her. "I could vow I felt a cool wind on my cheek. The power of suggestion."

"I've felt that wind every year since I was four," Marjorie said.

"How long does Elijah stay?"

"Just for a minute." "Am I supposed to kiss you, really?"

"Not at all. Skip it, by all means."

He kissed her lightly. He had drunk a lot of brandy; he smelled of it. In a swift motion he had his coat out of the closet, draped over his arm.

"Margie, make my excuses to your folks, will you? I'm going out on the town with the prophet Elijah." She stared at him. He said, "Really, it's best. They're sweet people, and I've had a wonderful time, the judge's oration notwithstanding. It's been a revela-

tion to me; really it has. But I think at this point I'd better run along. You won't mind?"

She said faintly, "No. It's probably an excellent idea. Goodbye."

"I'll call you," he said. He looked at the empty air in the hall. "Elijah, wait for baby!" The door closed.

She didn't become uneasy until three days had gone by without a call from him. It wasn't possible this time, somehow, to telephone him in the free-and-easy way she was growing used to; not after his abrupt departure from the seder. She wasn't really angry about it; he had on the whole behaved well during a very trying evening, she thought, and the outcome might have been far worse; still, his man-

ner of leaving had been a rebuff of a sort, and the next move had to come from him.

It was only on the fourth morning that she woke wondering whether she had misjudged him, after all; whether he was actually a shallow snob, capable of thinking less of her because she had poor relatives and a few strange ones like Aunt Dvosha and the Sapersteens.

It was a relief when the phone rang at ten after eleven, the time he almost always, for some reason, chose to call her from the office. "Miss Morgestern? One moment, please." It was the cold correct voice of the Paramount switchboard operator.

"Hello? Marjorie? How are you?"

"Why—why hello, Mr. Rothmore . . . Sam . . . I'm fine, thank you—gosh, what a surprise!"

"Hope I didn't wake you up—"

"Oh, no, what do you think of me? I've been up for hours—"

"Thought you might have acquired the habits of our no-good friend a little bit. Where is he, by the way, do you know?"

"Isn't he at the office?"

"Hasn't been here for three days, and his phone doesn't answer."

Marjorie said with impulsive alarm, "He must be sick."

"Have you seen him or heard from him in the past three days?"

"Monday night was the last I saw him."

"Is that so? Well, Tuesday morning he didn't show up. I don't think he's sick. I sent a messenger down to his apartment yesterday. Place was dark. No answer to the bell. He's off somewhere, nobody knows where."

"Why, Sam, it's—it's very strange that he'd just go off, without telling your office."

"Very strange," Rothmore said sadly. "Margie, what are you doing for lunch? Come down and have lunch with me."

"Why—" she thought franti-

cally for a moment about clothes. "Why, of course. I'd love to, Sam."

She immediately called Noel and let the telephone ring and ring until it got on her nerves, and she slammed down the receiver. She dressed quickly in an old blue suit, making several last-minute changes of hats and costume jewellery.

She had not seen Rothmore before at his desk, in his huge main office. The desk was immense, the wainscoting very dark, the carpeting very thick underfoot, and there were many modern paintings richly framed on the wall. He got up slowly, holding out his hand. The severe look he had darted from under his brows at the opening door faded to a pleasant tired smile. "Hello. Heard from our vanished friend since I talked to you?"

"No."

"Messenger boy just went down and tried to kick the door in. No luck. Come with me. I'd like to show you something."

He led her to a small office facing out on Times Square, with two desks in it.

"Noel shares his office with another man. Here's his desk. He left it open Monday. I had to dig into it this morning for some correspondence that's overdue." One after another he pulled out the drawers. They were overflowing with jumbled papers, books, letters, printers' galleys, copies of the "Hollywood Reporter" and other trade papers, office memoranda, and the rest of the debris of a desk job, all in an unbelievably slovenly chaos. There were some half-eaten stale sandwiches and a few empty bottles. Marjorie stared, speechless.

Rothmore said, "I don't know how he did it. Except maybe by emptying his waste-basket into the desk every day since he's been here—or all the waste-baskets of Paramount, more likely." He shut the drawers with contemptuous backhand thrusts. "Well, I'm glad he's been doing something to earn his keep. The waste-baskets should be

To page 58

If you are the woman in his life watch his hair !

Too many men take their hair for granted and accept the prospect of thinning hair as being inevitable. Fortunately, many women today realise there is no excuse for unhealthy hair and start their menfolk on the Silvikrin treatment before it is too late. Hair health and vigorous growth depend upon a balanced supply of 18 organic foods which normally reach the hair roots from the body through tiny blood vessels. If this supply fails, or is reduced for any reason, the hair roots lose their activity, and die. Pure Silvikrin is your insurance against this happening. This unique biochemical preparation for hair health, alone contains the same 18 vital substances nature uses to grow hair. Massaged into the scalp, Pure Silvikrin reaches and nourishes the hair roots with

their natural food. See that the man in your life knows about Silvikrin—see, before the hair roots die, that he uses Silvikrin regularly!

This drawing, based on a photomicrograph, clearly shows the surface of the scalp and a hair lying within its surrounding "follicle". Silvikrin, massaged into the scalp, flows down this follicle to reach the bulbous hair root which must receive constant nourishment if the hair is to grow.



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THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

THE
Silvikrin Products
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PURE
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—a highly concentrated form of the hair's natural food and the basis of the whole Silvikrin method. A treatment for falling hair and severe dandruff.

SILVIKRIN TONIC
HAIRDRESSING

—a lotion with oil—specially prepared to be the ideal daily dressing. It contains (a) just enough oil to keep the hair handsome and neatly groomed all day, and (b) a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin, so it is truly a tonic hairdressing.



SILVIKRIN HAIR TONIC

—a lotion without oil. Contains Pure Silvikrin and is a natural corrective for greasy hair.



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Dear Sirs, Would you please prepare an individual colour scheme for my home, without fee or obligation.

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Berger

PAINTS — "KEEP ON KEEPING ON"



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

Bring the spirit of Christmas festivity right inside your home this year with novel decorations that can be made for only a few shillings. On this page we give five new ideas for attractive horseshoe table decorations, Christmas trees, a Christmas window, and a welcome-to-the-party treatment for your front door.



BIRDCAGE basket makes an ideal base for a front-door decoration (above). Tie a bright red ribbon on the top, fill the basket with pine cones, plain or painted red, green, or silver, add a few branches of fir leaves. Sparkling Christmas baubles may be used instead of cones. Smaller baskets could hang in the windows as well.



WHITE NET Christmas tree (above) is a novel idea for a flat or small home where a real tree takes too much space. This can be made from pieces of net 2½ to 3 inches wide. Cut long strips of net, place two pieces together and gather to form a ruffle. Wind over a conical lampshade frame or over wire netting, tack in place and decorate with tiny baubles. Width of the frills varies according to the size of tree.



PRETTY window-setting (above) is very simple to make. Cut out stars from silver paper and paste on your living-room window. The rest of the setting can be made from greenery, Christmas baubles, and candles.

CHRISTMAS TREE (left) is made from white brushes wired together and played out. Trim the brushes with Christmas decorations, tinsel, and bonbons. As a novel touch wire real flowers to the ends of the branches.

HORSESHOES, tiny tapers, and holly make a gay table design (right) for Christmas parties. Ordinary horseshoes are painted white, with floral tapers cut to size and fixed on the shoes with holly and modelling clay.



Outdoor Girls

NEED SKIN PROTECTION . . .



Summer sun can mean trouble for your skin, taking out the natural oils, leaving it dry and rough. But don't worry—you really needn't keep

to the shadows if you use NIVEA. Only NIVEA contains Eucerite, the scientific ingredient that replaces natural oils lost to summer sun. So smooth in NIVEA before and after your outdoor fun, and keep your skin soft and youthfully young—always.

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Skin needs

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INSECT POWDER

Mortein Insect Powder does not irritate the dog's skin. Whether he is long-haired or short-haired you can be sure that Mortein Powder will rid him of fleas quickly and completely.



emptied, though not necessarily by story editors."

Marjorie faltered, "I thought he was doing pretty well . . ."

Rothmore looked at her over his thick glasses. "Let's go get some coffee."

Over exquisite cold salmon in a small French restaurant he told her the story of Noel's career at Paramount. She was at once fascinated and repelled by the disclosures, and her nerves were shaken. Rothmore was not bitter, but he was not kind, either. This was the other side of Noel's sarcastic anecdotes. After the glimpse of the desk drawers, Marjorie could hardly hide from herself where the truth probably lay. According to Rothmore, Noel had been lazy and insolent from the first day. He had been rebellious before there was anything to rebel against; and his resentment had been directed not at anything in his own job, but at the entire process of business.

"I mean, Margie, the man would say things like, 'Naturally, we've got to make sure our pictures show a profit.' in a sneering tone, as though it were some guilty secret that a business has to make a profit. Well, what's eating the man? I mean, why? Why the petty lies? Why the inefficiency? He's one of the cleverest fellows I've ever met, but he couldn't hold a job as a twelve-dollars-a-week file clerk, his methods are so disorderly. He'd lie about the most trivial things, get me in silly jams—you know, saying he'd answered a letter, or sent back a set of galleys, when he hadn't. When it caught up with him, he'd say in the airiest way that the thing had slipped his mind, or some stupid answer like that. Totally irresponsible. Why, today I found in his desk letters, important letters, he should have showed me, weeks old. It isn't normal, Marjorie. He had to work at it, to be that bad. Now, why?"

Marjorie said miserably, "Maybe he isn't cut out for business, that's all. He was very efficient at South Wind, staging shows. A lot of creative people just can't stand business."

"Well, my answer to that ought to be, why did he take Paramount's money? But I'll skip that. Margie, he's very valuable when he wants to be. He's got a fine grasp of pictures, and I mean a business grasp. For some perverse reason he kept taking the high artistic tone, I guess because that made it easy to insult me, but I'd put him up against anybody to analyze a story properly—a musical, a novel, farce, anything—for its basic values. Why, he pulled a story out of an obscure magazine that we bought for twelve hundred, and I'm bound to tell you if he didn't do anything else all year he earned his keep with it. We're making a big A pic-

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ture of it. And I told him so, and gave him a bonus."

He gave a sigh.

"Maybe that was my mistake. But I was trying everything, you see. I tried being tough. I tried being nice. I tried giving him his head. I tried riding him. All I was after was to straighten him out. Nothing helped. From the day he came to the day he left he was the same mess. Pouting one minute, charming the next, smart as a whip today, stupider than the most idiotic clerk tomorrow, fast as a snake, slow as molasses, blow hot, blow cold, the most aggravating man I've ever encountered. I'm a pretty stubborn customer, Marjorie, and I don't as a rule start anything I can't finish, but this has beaten me. I'm all through with Noel Airman."

Rothmore sipped his coffee, lit a cigar, and sat staring at her from under his brows, taking little gulps of air. He seemed to be waiting for her to plead Noel's case. She found nothing to say. There was a panicky undercurrent to the speed and hunger with which she went on devouring her food, shaking her head gloomily at Rothmore's story. He said after a while, "Well, what do you think? You must know him better than anybody."

"Sam, he's a total enigma to me, a black mystery. He has been, since the first day I met him."

"It's none of my business, but have you been giving him a bad time? A girl can mess up a man's work, like nothing else."

She faced him. "That's not it. Take my word for it."

"Well, maybe he's just no good, as he keeps saying. I can't say he hasn't pretty well proved his point."

"What do you think of his songs, Sam, really?"

"His songs?"

"That's what he's really interested in, after all."

Rothmore said, "There's no comparison, none at all, between where he could go as an executive and as a song-writer."

"But obviously he doesn't care about being an executive."

Rothmore puffed at his cigar.

"Look, he's past thirty. He's a competent song-writer, pretty competent, but frankly they're a dime a dozen. If you ask me, he writes songs with his fingertips the way he does everything else. I don't know what the trouble is, I'm no psychoanalyst. Maybe he's so afraid of being a failure he won't put his back into anything, so he can always tell himself that he's never really tried. I started him in four different businesses. He was always my mother's darling, but he's never earned an honest dollar. He can whistle all the themes from Beethoven's quartets. My brother Leo. Never married."

Hangs around with the Philharmonic musicians."

Rothmore motioned to the waiter for the check. "More coffee?—I'll tell you, I think he's got a hit in that 'Old Moon Face.' What ruins him, probably, is these occasional hits. If he'd only fail completely at it, he'd concentrate on something with a future. But your friend's curse, Margie, I'm afraid, is that he never fails completely at anything. He's got too much ability for that."

"I've told him over and over he's got to concentrate on one thing." Marjorie could not keep the heart-sickness out of her voice. "Has he showed you his musical comedy, 'Princess Jones'?"

"No." "Well, I think it's brilliant, Sam; I really do. He's had awful luck. I'm not trying to excuse him, but—" She told

Rothmore of the misfortune with the producer Kogel.

He moved a shoulder disparagingly.

"That's the theatre business. You've got to be able to take such knocks. Still, if you say this show's good, maybe it is. He has remarkable ability; I know that." Rothmore's eyes flickered at her. "He talks a lot about you. Pretends to laugh at you, but—he's selfish, but I do think he's in love with you. You're his hope, if he has any."

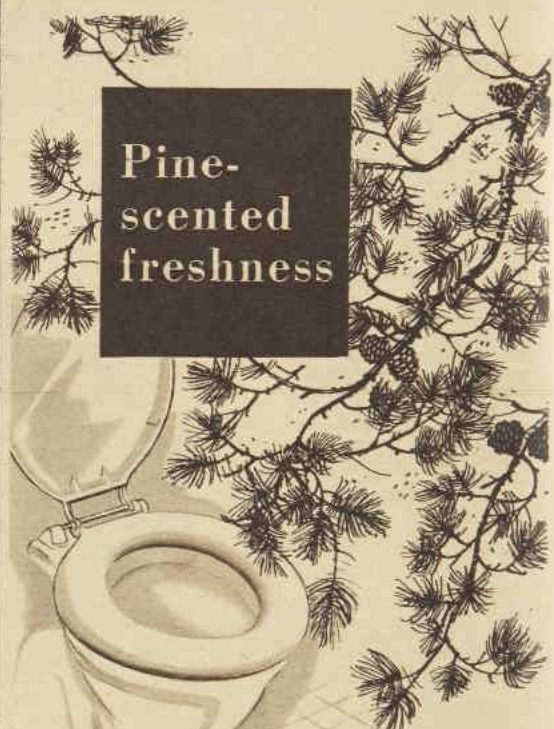
"I can't imagine what's happened to him, Sam. I'm going to find him, one way or another."

Rothmore helped her from her chair.

"Margie, I said I'm stubborn, and I am. If you can get him to promise you that he'll start afresh, and really try, I'll forget about this little

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INGREDIENTS:
1 lb. finely minced rissole steak; ½ cup fine, soft breadcrumbs; ½ cup milk; 1 teaspoon salt; pinch pepper; 1 dessertspoon Bonox; 1 tablespoon grated onion; 1 medium onion, sliced in onion rings; 1 dessertspoon butter.

METHOD:
Combine breadcrumbs, milk, salt, pepper, Bonox and grated onion in mixing bowl.

Add rissole steak and mix lightly, but thoroughly, with a fork. Turn mixture out on to waxed paper. Using a fork, shape meat into form of porterhouse steak 1" thick, pressing mixture firmly together. Place steak under a griller. Grill approximately 8 minutes. Turn steak and grill the second side approximately 6 minutes. Garnish with onion rings fried in 1 dessertspoon butter. Four servings.

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vacation, and take him back. It's got to be a promise to you. Otherwise—" he shrugged. "He's an attractive young man, but there's just so much time you can waste trying to straighten out one bent pin."

When they parted on the street Rothmore said, "He owes me money. Not much, but he was supposed to pay it back this week. If that's what's bothering him, tell him to come back and stop being such a baby. We'll work out an easy way to pay it off, five dollars a week deducted from his cheque, or something."

This upset her more than anything else he had told her.

Noel's window was open slightly at the bottom, and the venetian blind was drawn up. This was as much as Marjorie could see from the street. She rang the outer bell. Surprisingly, there was an immediate answering buzz, and the hallway door yielded to a push. She went up the dimly lit stairs, full of an indefinable fear. She seemed to be seeing the torn blue linoleum on the steps, and smelling incense from the ground-floor apartment, for the first time.

Every detail of the staircase stood out—the old-fashioned moulding along the wall, the dirty Victorian balustrade, the extinct gas jet near the top, below the single dim light bulb. She rounded the top of the stairs with a slight effort, dreading what might confront her, but his door at the end of the hallway was shut. She walked to it and rang the bell.

The girl was taller than Marjorie, and dressed in a blue house-coat. She seemed pretty, but it was hard to tell, because the light of the window was directly behind her. She said, "Oh!" and then, "I was expecting a boy with groceries."

The two girls looked at each other. Marjorie could hear water drumming in the bathroom. She said in a pleasant, calm tone, "Is Noel Airman here?"

The girl said, "Are you Marjorie?"

"Yes. I'm Marjorie."

"Well, come in. He's taking a shower. He'll be right out."

The bed was neatly made, and the room looked as it always did, except for the new calf-skin suitcase open in the corner, overflowing with pretty white and pink lingerie. The girl went to the bathroom, pounded a fist on the door, and shouted, "Hey! Your friend Marjorie's here." She smiled at Marjorie with easy good-humor. She was red-headed and lusciously attractive.

The water stopped running, and Noel's voice called, "What?" The girl said, "Marjorie's here. I tell you."

There was a silence. Then Noel shouted cheerily, "Fine. Give her some coffee. I'll be right out." The water gushed again.

"Sit down, honey, and take your coat off. Coffee's just hotting up. I'm Imogene Normand."

The girl stood with her hands in her house-coat pockets, smiling down at Marjorie, who was tensed in the armchair, her coat flung back from her shoulders.

"Don't start throwing things at Noel when he comes out. I landed in New York without five dollars to my name, and Noel let me park here. He's been staying on the fourth floor with his painter friend, the fellow with the beard, Van something. He comes down to shower because all his things are here."

Imogene said this with such offhand, pleasant sincerity, with such utter absence of embarrassment or guile, that Marjorie's muscles relaxed slightly, and she even smiled. "Well, I'm glad you told me. I was going to stab him with the

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bread-knife. You're awfully pretty."

Imogene threw her head back and laughed. "Thanks, but you're one girl who has nothing to fear." She glanced appreciatively, professionally, at Marjorie. "Well, he has good reason."

"You're terribly sweet." The boiling over of the coffee interrupted Marjorie's answer. Imogene called from behind the screen that hid Noel's tiny pantry and gas-burner. "Cream? Sugar?"

"Black."

"Ah, a coffee-lover, like me."

Marjorie noticed that there were no rings on the girl's bony hands. "Are you—are you the Imogene Noel told me about? The one who married an oil man?"

Imogene's lips twisted cynically. "Oil man, of sorts. We've busted up. I'm back looking for work."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about. One of those things. Fun while it lasted, and all that," Imogene said gaily. She sipped, crouching over the cup. She had slant eyes and a charming slow smile; one of those lucky girls, Marjorie thought, who walked around inside a body like jewellers' work, every detail perfect, and none of it her own doing. It was like being born rich.

Her legs through the slit in the house-coat were dazzlingly long and lovely. She had minimised her one defect, a big jaw, by piling the beautiful red hair full on the head, rouging the cheeks high, and broadening the mouth a bit beyond the natural line. There was a faint coarseness about Imogene. Perhaps it lay in the very excellence of make-up; the shrewdness of hair arrangement.

Marjorie's eyes kept moving to the open suitcase full of underwear. Imogene said, "I'm getting out of here tomorrow, so friend Noel won't be disappointed any more. I didn't want to get involved in hotel bills, you know, before I was sure I had work."

"I suppose you do modelling."

"Well, I'm more of a singer, really, but the modelling pays the bills, you might say. Gosh, things are awful in this town. I thought Roosevelt was supposed to fix the depression. Why, I've never seen it so dead. Will you excuse me, honey, while I finish dressing? I'm late."

"Go right ahead."

Imogene's slip, her shoes, her stockings, were all expensive and smart. Nothing could have been more conservative, yet more designed to set off her voluptuous figure, than the hand-tailored black suit and the mannish black hat. She put on her clothes with little waste motion, chattering about her singing career, the unreliability of coaches, the high price of vocal arrangements, and the miserable state of the nightclub trade. Dressed, she somehow looked coarser than before. She rapped at the bathroom door. "Hey, have you drowned? I'm off."

The door opened and Noel looked out, unshaven and pale, dressed in moccasins, corduroy pants, and his old black sweater. He said, "What are you going to do about breakfast? Hi, Marge."

"Oh, I'll get a bite up town. I'm late. That kid never did come with the butter and eggs. I thought that's who Marjorie was, but it wasn't."

"Had I known, I'd have brought some," Marjorie said. She was watching them like a detective, trying to guess from inflexions, gestures, and looks what had really been happening in this apartment for four days. She was sick with ten-

sion. Her arms tingled; her fingers were cold as a dead man's.

"It's just as well," Noel said, yawning. "I don't feel the least bit like eggs, and I know exactly what I do want. I want some whisky and oysters."

Imogene laughed. "You! I thought you'd gotten over those habits. Whisky and oysters!" She turned to Marjorie. "How about that for a breakfast?—By the way, Noel, I've already explained to Marge that you're sleeping upstairs with Van Renheim, while I use your place. So she won't be breaking the crockery over your head."

Noel grinned, glancing at Marjorie. "Why did you do that? You should have let her stew. Jealousy's good for some girls."

"Well, I've got my reputa-

tion to think about now, you know, being an old married woman with a kid, and all. Though I must say, now that I'm back, it all seems like a dream. Well—" she opened the door. "Nice meeting you, Marge. Bye, Noel, hope you enjoy your whisky and oysters. You might shave, at least, seeing you've got company. See you tonight, maybe. Let's see, have I got the key? Yes. 'Bye.'"

The door closed. Noel and Marjorie confronted each other across the familiar room. The scent of Imogene's hyacinth perfume drifted in the air between them. Noel leaned in the doorway of the bathroom with a yawn and a smile.

"Well, how are you? Can I offer you a matzo?"

"Don't be so clever."

"I mean it. I have them." He brought a box of matzos from behind the screen, and

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1955

rattled it at her. "I've been eating 'em, fried with eggs and sausages, all week. Developed a great yen for them at your house. How about some more coffee and a matzo?"

"No, thanks. I see what you meant about Imogene. She's really beautiful."

"You should have seen her when she was eighteen. Three years in Oklahoma have made her pretty leathery, to my taste, and duller than ever. But she's a good kid." He yawned again and slumped on the bed. "I'm really falling apart. Even a cold shower does nothing to me, just makes my lips blue and leaves me sleepy."

"Haven't you had enough sleep?"

"Very little, past four days. Been on a reading and writing jag. These things happen to me."

"Is that why you haven't been at Paramount? I thought you must be sick."

He looked amused. "Has Sam been after you?"

"I've just come from lunch with him."

"Gad! The Save-Noel-From-Himself Club in emergency session. Well, what's the diagnosis? Rigor mortis of the conscience? I'm very hungry. Come on; let's go out and eat. Oh, you just had lunch. Well, watch me eat, then." He got up, put on the threadbare brown overcoat, and regarded himself wryly in the mirror. "Are you sure you want to be seen with such a tramp?"

"You've looked better, I'll say that."

The telephone buzzed at that moment, a faint, frustrated noise. It was muffled, the way Noel often had it when he was working. Marjorie, putting on her coat, said, "Aren't you going to answer it?"

"There's nobody I want to hear from—now that you're with me, my love. Who can it be? Sam or my folks. Let it ring."

"Funny!" she said, staring at the buzzing phone.

"What now?"

"If Imogene's using the apartment, what's the point of muffling the bell?"

His wide-eyed blank look

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lasted only a second. He burst out laughing. "Skip it, will you? She's out all day and half the night on her rounds, or whatever queer thing she does. I still work down here. I've been working like a dog, eighteen hours a day."

"Doing what?"

"Writing something that will shake the world. Come along; I'll tell you about it."

Marjorie felt absurdly like a movie character, snooping for clues at a murder scene. There were ashtrays on the night tables at either side of the bed. They had not recently been emptied. In the ashtray on the side near the window the butts were all red with lipstick. In the other ashtray the butts were white. Both trays were equally full.

"Do you know you're standing there like a sleep-walker?" Noel said. "Come on; I'm starving."

It was impossible to ask him about the ashtrays. It was too low, too humiliating; it was comical. She could grin, thinking about it. And yet she was in such pain she could hardly breathe. She followed him out and down the stairs.

"Smell this air!" Noel stood at the top of the street steps, breathing deeply. "Who's growing jonquils on Eleventh Street? Why didn't you tell me it was so warm? I don't need a coat."

"I don't think it's warm," Marjorie said. "I'm cold."

"Another April," Noel said. He took her arm and they walked down the steps. "You know, there's nothing to do in New York, really, when the year turns like this. People just let it happen, and go about their business in and out of the turnstiles. In Paris, or even in Mexico City, it would be a kind of holiday. Everybody'd be out strolling, young couples kissing on street corners, pushcarts with flowers everywhere."

"I think I prefer the New York style," Marjorie said. "I like to do my kissing in private."

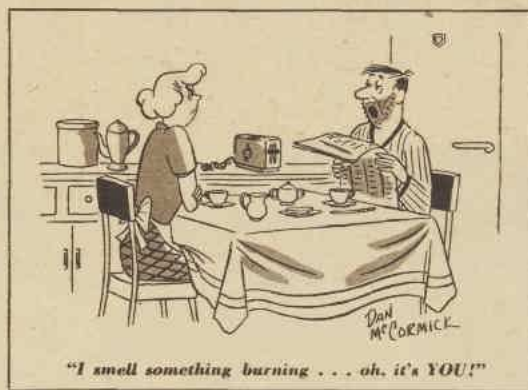
"You don't much like the whole process, public or private," Noel said.

"I'm not eager for any arguments, Noel. In fact, why don't you just have breakfast somewhere by yourself? I'll go home. I came down here because I thought you might be sick."

"Okay, you go on home. That's a good idea. I've got a lot of thinking to do."

"About us?"

"No, indeed. About my work."



"What are you working on, more songs?"

"No, something else."

"Look, whatever it is, if it's so important that you have to take time off from work, don't you think out of common courtesy you ought to let Sam Rothmore know?"

"I'm uncommonly uncourteous, sweetie. That's an old story." He paused in front of a little French restaurant in the cellar of a brownstone house. "They make fine onion omelettes, and the bread is real bread. . . . But I want those oysters. Come on."

She said after walking in silence, "You're being very strange."

"Am I? I wasn't aware of it. This breeze, this April breeze . . . it has the edge of a scythe in it. Time's passing, baby, did you know that? You're a big girl. Little Marjorie's all gone. Dr. Shapiro, where art thou? Here's where I'm having breakfast. Are you going home?"

"Why—it's just a saloon. What can you eat in a saloon?"

"They have very good oysters." The wan sunlight on his face showed a few grey bristles in the blond stubble on his cheek. She had never noticed them before. He needed

a haircut. He grinned at her scrutiny, stoop-shouldered, his thick long hair stirring in the breeze. "Debating whether to sit down in public with me, hey?"

"Maybe I'll come in for a little while."

"Well, what a pleasant surprise." He led her through the saloon, where a couple of morose men in overalls were drinking beer, to a back room, and sat on a bench under the window at a little table covered by a soiled red-and-white-checked cloth. "Couldn't ask for more privacy, could you, for giving me a going-over?"

"What is this place?" Marjorie looked around with distaste at the bare brown-painted

walls, the disorderly tables and chairs, the naked lamps, and the cardboard beer advertisements in the window. The sour smell of beer was very strong. "I thought I knew all your haunts."

An old fat woman came from the bar room, wiping her hands on her apron. Noel ordered oysters and a double Canadian whisky, and the woman waddled out.

"I thought you were fooling. You can't have that for breakfast," Marjorie said.

"Best breakfast in the world," Noel said.

The woman returned and set the whisky and oysters in front of him. "Ah, these look fine. Mrs. Kleinschmidt. Well, Margie, that's how it happened that Imogene Normand opened my door this morning, instead of me. I feel you're entitled to this explanation."

"What's the matter with you?" Marjorie said Noel was drinking the rye neat. "I'm beginning to think that isn't your first drink today."

"No, indeed," Noel said, "but I trust I'm coherent."

"Well, yes, very much so; only a little too gay, or something, all things considered."

Noel dipped two oysters at once in horse-radish and tomato sauce, and ate them. "Exquisite. I was dying for these."

"I don't know what you mean about Imogene when you've given me no explanation."

"Don't you?"

"No. Not that it matters. I think it's nice of you to give her the room and put yourself out like that, but I'm not surprised. You're always painting yourself blacker than you are."

He stopped wolfing the oysters and looked narrowly at her.

"You know, you're always saying I'm a mystery, but you're twice as mysterious to me. You absolutely baffle me. I've known you intimately for a year, and I'm still not sure whether you're incredibly naive or as smart as a snake."

"What have you been working on, Noel? Or don't you want to talk about it?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"I'm dying to know."

He put his hand on the back of her neck and caressed her briefly. His eyes were very bright. "I wish—well, no use wishing, is there?" He picked up the whisky. "You're responsible for the whole thing, you know, this tangent I'm off on. Next time you talk to Sam Rothmore, admit your guilt, at least. You touched it all off by dragging me to that seder." He drank off the contents of the glass. Marjorie had never seen him drink this way. It appalled her to watch raw spirits disappear into him like water. He did not cough or even blink. His speech was quite precise, if anything, slightly more so than when he was sober, and he was holding himself very erect.

"If you laugh I'll sock you. I came away from that evening at your home—you know, the seder—with the perfectly sober idea that I might become a rabbi." He grinned at her amazed look. "It's true. That is, I didn't have the idea when I left your house. I walked the streets all night, going from one bar to another, drinking and walking on. Kid, it was a nerve crisis the like of which I've never known. Something exploded in my subconscious. It'll be a long time before I hoot down the idea of ancestral memory again, and all that—you're looking at me like a fish. Does all this strike you as insane?"

"I guess I look like a fish when I'm enthralled," Marjorie said.

"It all started, Margie, with that charming Sapersteen woman, and her precious little Neville the Devil. What she said about your Passover, when she blew up, was pretty much what I'd been thinking—folk legends, primitive totemism, and so forth. It occurred to me that anything that woman said must be wrong. That's when I started to pay attention to the seder. I started to read your prayer book and listen to the melodies. My mind began to

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10 BRIGHT IDEAS from KRAFT

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HERE ARE THE 10 BRIGHT KRAFT IDEAS

"All easy to prepare—look so tempting",



says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

Guide to recipes on party table on opposite page



1. APRICOT CREAM CHEESE PIE. 1 1/4 cups sweet biscuit crumbs; 1/2 cup melted butter; 1-16 oz. tin apricot halves; 1 dessertspoon gelatine; 1/4 cup apricot juice; 1 jar Kraft Cream Cheese Spread; 1/2 cup castor sugar; 1-6 oz. tin evaporated milk, chilled; 2 dessertspoons lemon-juice; a few mint leaves.

Mix together biscuit crumbs and butter. Press into greased 9" pie plate and chill. Drain apricot halves and put aside three for garnish. Save juice. Cut remaining halves into small pieces. Soften gelatine in 1/4 cup apricot juice and dissolve over hot water. Place cream cheese in bowl and cream it until soft. Slowly blend sugar into it. Add dissolved gelatine. Whip chilled milk until fluffy. Add lemon-juice and whip until stiff. Add cheese mixture slowly and continue mixing until thoroughly blended. Fold in apricot pieces. Pour into chilled crust. Decorate top with apricot halves and mint leaves. Chill in refrigerator until firm. 6 servings.

2. CHEESEY NUGGETS. 1-5 oz. jar Kraft Cheese Spread; 2 oz. butter; 6 oz. plain flour; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 1/4 teaspoon cayenne.

Beat Cheese Spread and blend with butter or substitute. Work in flour, salt and cayenne. Don't add water, mixture should be crumbly. Roll to 1/2" thickness and chill. Cut into small squares and bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 20 minutes. Makes 24.

3. CREAMED FISH. 1 lb. puff pastry. **Filling.** 1 tablespoon butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 1/2 pint of milk; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; squeeze lemon-juice; 1 tin Red Feather Fish Supreme; salt and pepper.

Crust. Roll pastry 1/2" thick and cut into 7" circle. With the point of a sharp knife cut a circle almost through, 1" from the edge to form the lid of the pastry case. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) for approx. 15 mins. Remove cover and fill with Red Feather Fish Supreme filling. Replace top if liked, or leave as illustration, to show filling. Serve very hot.

Filling. Melt butter and blend in flour. Gradually add milk and stir until boiling. Add fish, parsley, and lemon-juice. Season with salt and pepper. Serves 6-8.

4. KRAFT DINNER with STEAK and ONION SAUCE. 1-12 oz. tin Red Feather Braised Steak and Onions; 1 packet Kraft Dinner; a small knob of butter.

Cook the macaroni in 3 pints of boiling salted water. Drain; add a little butter and toss until blended. Meanwhile, open the tin of Braised Steak and Onions and

heat thoroughly. Place the macaroni in a hot dish, cover with a layer of cheese from the packet, and pour over meat sauce. Sprinkle with the rest of the cheese and keep hot in a casserole or serve at once. Five generous serves. Garnish with tomato wedges.

5. APPETISER CAKE. 1 round loaf white or brown bread; 1 jar Kraft Cheese Spread; 4 stuffed olives, sliced; 3 lettuce leaves; 1 small tin sardines; 1 egg, hard-cooked; 1 dessertspoon of chopped parsley; salt and pepper; 1-1 oz. tin Red Feather Fish Paste, any flavour.

Cut top off loaf of bread to make an even surface. Cut bread into three. Spread bottom slice of bread with Kraft Cheese Spread, top with another slice. Cover with Red Feather Fish Paste and lettuce leaves. Season with salt and pepper. Place remaining slice of bread on top. With a 2 1/2-3" scone cutter, cut a circle out of top slice of bread. Arrange sardines on top. Replace. Pipe Cheese Spread around sardines. Surround with rows of stuffed olives, sieved egg-yolk, parsley and sieved egg-white. Serves 6-8.

6. SALAD WITH KRAFT MAYONNAISE Arrange crisp lettuce, tempting tomatoes, radish and celery, with cheese sticks (slice up an 8-oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar). Simply jumble on a platter so your guests can choose as they wish.

7. CRACKER PIZZAS. 1 teaspoon onion-juice; 14 dry biscuits; 1/4 cup tomato sauce; salt and cayenne pepper; 4 oz. Kraft Velveeta.

Combine the sauce and onion-juice. Spread the mixture on the biscuits. Slice Velveeta into 7 pieces and cut each in half. Place on the biscuits. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Grill under a medium grill until the cheese melts. Makes 14 Pizzas.

8. PRETZELS. 3 dessertspoons butter; 2 dessertspoons Vegemite; 2 oz. shredded Kraft Cheddar; 6 slices stale bread; cayenne.

Spread the bread slices with the butter, then with Vegemite, and then sprinkle the cheese on top, together with a little cayenne, if liked. Now cut into thin slices (about 1/4" wide) and bake in a moderate oven (350°) for 15-20 minutes, or until bread is crisp and golden brown.

9. DANISH BLUE DIP. 4 dessertspoons Kraft Danish Blue or Kraft Gorgonzola Cheese Spread; 1 dessertspoon top milk or cream; 1/2 teaspoon lemon-juice; 1 teaspoon of onion-juice; pinch of salt; 1/2 teaspoon paprika.

Combine the Kraft Danish Blue or Kraft Gorgonzola Cheese Spread, onion-juice, top milk, lemon-juice, salt and paprika. Chill. Place in serving bowl and surround with potato chips or crackers.

10. KRAFT ONION TURNS. 2 cups self-raising flour; 1/4 teaspoon salt; 1/2 teaspoon cayenne; 1 tablespoon shortening; 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar, shredded; 1 small onion, grated; 1 egg; 1/2 cup milk; a little extra milk for glazing. Sift flour, salt and pepper. Rub in shortening lightly, add cheese and onion and the beaten egg and milk. Mix with a knife to form a soft dough. Turn on to well floured board and knead lightly. Roll dough out until it is about 1/4" thick, and cut into rounds with large scone cutter. Brush with water and fold in two, pressing edges together. Glaze tops with milk and bake in hot oven (about 475° F.) for 10-15 minutes. Makes one dozen.

Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

[from page 61]

catch fire. You know what offended me most about my father's after-dinner speech? The fact that I actually was beginning to feel what he said he was feeling—the power of the whole Exodus yarn, the terrific harm of an observance practised by Jews who crumbled to powder a thousand years before Shakespeare was born, and observed in exactly the same way by your father in 1936 on West End Avenue. It's electrifying, when you think about it—

"Maybe your father really felt it, too, Noel. Why not?" She was very excited.

"Darling, take my word for it, the man's a phonograph. Now, please understand me, Marjorie, I don't believe your Exodus story or anything else about your religion. But what I suddenly realised that night was, what does that matter? Suppose it isn't literally true? Suppose it's emotionally true, poetically true? Does that count for nothing? Is Macbeth true? It's a childish ghost story, but nothing truer has ever been written. And I thought to myself, why must this thing dry up and die? How much literal truth is there in this world? How much truth of any kind is there? This religion is full of fire and comfort, it's beautiful, it's a way of life far wiser and better than random scrambling for dough . . .

"And then it hit me: I'd go to some theological seminary, study day and night, master Hebrew, give myself two years of the most fanatic work, or at most three. And I thought, why, glory be, I'd be a national sensation. I'd start a whole trend of talented intellectuals back into this field—oh, I tell you, by the time dawn came I was the biggest thing since Moses, and better, because I was going to cross that old Jordan myself, and be the first man into the Promised Land. I was also somewhat fried. But not feeling it, believe me."

Marjorie said, "Is this what you've been working on for the last four days? I think Sam Rothmore's likely to forgive you—"

"When I got home I took down the Bible and got into bed and started to read. You'd think I'd have fallen asleep. Not at all. I was so stimulated, my nerves were strung so tight, that I read the Old Testament straight through in about eighteen hours not skipping anything. I didn't eat. All I did was drink coffee. But as soon as I finished the last page, I did fall asleep. I don't know to this hour how long I slept. It was blazing day when I woke up. I staggered out and went to Fourth Avenue, and hunted up a history of the Jews, and a book on the customs and ceremonies. Then I took those home and read them straight through. That only took a few hours. Now maybe I should have stopped at some point and called Sam Rothmore, and explained that I'd suddenly gotten religion and he'd have to excuse me for a few days. But I tell you, Margie, Sam Rothmore might have been on Mars for all I knew or cared.

"So there I was, still reading, it must have been late afternoon four or five. I hadn't talked to anybody or eaten for two days—when the bell rang, and in walked Imogene with a suitcase." Noel chuckled at Marjorie's groan.

"She was dog-tired, famished, thirsty, covered with grime. She'd just come on a bus from Tulsa, Oklahoma, to New York—walked out on her husband after a fight, and hocked nearly all her clothes for the bus fare. This so-called oil man she married turned out

to be just a shady hick promoter. But she was really in love with the guy, so she stuck it out for three years, and then quit. All this she told me sort of weeping into a few Scotch and sodas. Which rather surprised me, as I never figured Imogene to have any more feelings than a buffalo. Why she picked my place to come to, I'm not sure. Probably because out of all that dizzy crowd we ran with, I'm the only one whose name's still in the phone book.

"Well, so I told her to take a shower and change her underwear and so forth, and I took her out and bought her a steak, and she perked up amazingly. We got to talking of old times, and the crazy things we'd done in that crowd, and we laughed and got pretty drunk and all that, and then her fatigue caught up with her, and she went to sleep in my bed. And I was out walking the streets again, trying to pick up the threads where I'd left off. Margie, this may strike you as the strangest part yet. It had all vanished—



"I'm going out. Be sure to take the clothes in if it starts to rain."

vanished, faded, like a dream. I didn't have anything left. Well, no, I had something. Sorry, cigarette?" He was lighting one.

She took it, hardly aware of what she was doing, her gaze fixed on his drawn stubbly face and gleaming eyes. "What did you have left?"

"Revelation," Noel said, "fearful depressed revelation, luckily relieved with amusement at myself, the most colossal jackass in the whole village of jackasses. I was back in the twentieth century. I was Noel Airman, and there were autos and neon signs all along the street, and a plane going by overhead in the night sky, with its red and green lights blinking. And the notion that I might become a rabbi was about as silly as the thought of my climbing Mount Everest some summer afternoon in sneakers. My mind had exploded in a crazy fantasy, that's all. The whole incident would make me fear for my mental health, if I didn't have a good idea of what caused it. Imogene pulled me back from the brink. I'll always be grateful to the dull cow."

Marjorie shook her head slowly, sadly. "I sometimes wonder if you are quite sane. What living man ever tried to absorb a religion in a couple of days, starting from total ignorance? It was lunacy. The marvel is that you actually went through all that reading. No wonder you had such a violent reaction, it was absolutely inevitable—but it proves nothing. Heaven knows I don't want you to become a rabbi, that part was wild, but some of the things you've just said make sense, Noel—"

He laid his hand on her arm and patted it. "Marjorie, my dear, please give it up, you're wasting breath. This

fantasy was the last gasp of my resolve to try to become respectable, which really went glimmering after I'd been at your seder an hour. I saw what you were, and what I was. I shut the realisation out of my mind with the whole burst of sickly enthusiasm because I'm in love with you, and because I know in your case love means marriage."

Something in his tone frightened Marjorie. She said hurriedly, "Well, but you say you're working on something—"

"Yes." He drummed on the table with the fingers of both hands. "Margie, out of all this turmoil, this queer and rather shattering crisis I've been through, I think I've gotten a tremendous idea. One advantage of such a shaking-up is that you see things new and clear again for a while.

"You see, I had to ask myself this question: granted that religion is a pathetic dream. What isn't? What do you really believe? What do you want? What's good? Well, I believe I've hit on a fresh answer, a serious and original idea, that is going to make a bit of a noise. I'm still struggling to reduce it to words. Whether I'll ever be able to get it right, I don't know. It could be a book—rather short, but rather difficult—or a long Socratic dialogue, or a series of connected essays. I'm just writing it out raw, now. Maybe it'll never be anything but this white-hot fragment as it stands, but I don't think so, I'm certain the form is going to hit me all at once, like a revelation, the way the idea itself did."

"Well, come on. It's almost like a murder mystery by now. Tell me what it's all about."

Noel nodded, his eyes wide and gleaming, his fingers drumming on the table. "Can't wait to find out who's The Bat, hey? Well, I think I can put it clearly and simply, and still be fair to it. I'm developing the concept, briefly, that the force that moves the world is a desire for hits. Hits."

"Hits?" Marjorie said, vaguely disappointed.

"Now wait, don't get that dumb stunned look. All important ideas sound trivial or wild the first time you hear them. Let me spell it out a bit. And don't go blank on me. This takes some telling and some listening.

"All this evolved, obviously, from a process of self-searching. I was asking myself, All right, let's get down to it, just once in this life. What do you honestly and truly want? Do you want to marry Marjorie Morgenstern, for instance? You're in love with her—"

(Marjorie's breath caught, and she listened to what followed with a throbbing ache in her breast.) "She may not be the most beautiful girl in the world, but she is in your silly eyes, and that's all that counts. . . . Well, after some hard thinking the answer was no, I don't want to marry Marjorie Morgenstern—certainly not with my whole heart. Okay, next question, do you want to sleep with her? Answer, yes and no—the chains and the mess would be the same if I married her. Maybe more so."

"Well, thanks for that, anyway." Marjorie's gay tone broke to hoarseness in the middle of the sentence.

Noel went on, "Is there some

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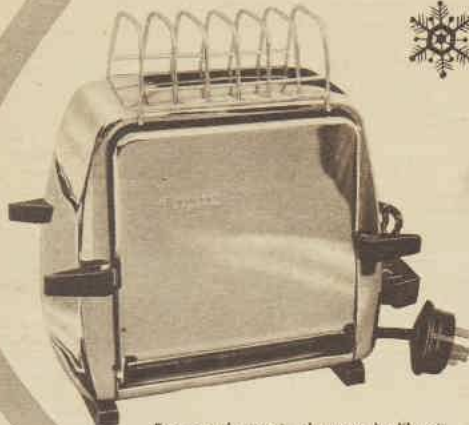
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other woman you really want, then? Miss America? Hedy Lamarr, maybe? No, professional beauties are dull people, and actresses are hard-boiled guys inside lovely bodies. Do you want money? Cash?

"Well, then, I asked myself, is that the ultimate answer, really? And after a few minutes I burst out laughing to realise how completely I myself refuted that idea. Margie, you know that the path to money, all the money I can ever use, is open to me in Sam Rothmore's office. Sam wants a son. I can have the job by simply showing up on time and answering the mail. In time I can be a millionaire like him, own paintings and black Cadillacs. But I hate the whole prospect, so I've been fighting it by being a sloven and a wash-out."

"So that—" she tried to break in, but he went on, ignoring the interruption:

"I didn't start working in his office because I wanted money, but because I thought maybe you wanted it. And not even because you want it so much. But because your mother estimates men by their earning power, and I was just piqued enough by this whole thing to want to show her I could beat old steady Dr. Shapiro at raking in the shekels, as well as in all the more important ways—"

"I thought we were going to forget Dr. Shapiro—"

"And the real motive under it all probably was that I suspected, as I still suspect, that you have the same ideas as your mother deep down. And that they'll emerge like rocks at low tide, when the dream of being Marjorie Morningstar ebbs."

"You're drawing a lovely picture of me, I must say."

"Please don't be idiotic enough to take this personally, Margie, will you? I'm following the thread of an idea."

"Oh, I see. Following the thread of an idea."

"Yea. Shut up, please. I've thought of all the cliches. It's not money, but what you can buy with it. Money is power. Money is security. Money is freedom, and so forth. Well, then, I don't particularly want money—or, rather yes, sure, I want it, the way I want a dinner tonight, so that I can go on being Noel Airman, comfortably and pleasantly. But what does Noel Airman really want? In common with everybody else? That is the question."

"When the answer suddenly broke over me, Margie, I got up and danced. I swear I danced around on the steps of the Forty-second Street Library, where I'd gotten to with all my walking, hours and hours. I'd been sitting there on a stone bench by the lions, all alone in a black mist—you could barely see the street lamps, just little yellow blurs, it was so foggy—it must have been four in the morning. Well, I got up, and danced and capered between those two lions, Marjorie, like the devil on Bald Mountain."

"You see, by great good luck I had the crucial clue that same afternoon. Imogene brought me down to earth, you know, out of that religious seizure I was having, and I remembered that my publishers had had 'Old Moon Face' for a couple of weeks, and I hadn't heard anything. I phoned them. They said they'd been trying to get in touch with me for days. Well, baby, the song's a dead-sure hit. Crosby is going to record it. Benny Goodman, too. It'll be played everywhere. My publisher says it's bigger than 'Raining Kisses'—"

"Noel! How marvellous!"

He squeezed briefly the hand she put on his.

"I can't make less than ten thousand, Margie, it isn't the money, I swear. I know that

Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

[from page 63]

by being a good boy I can make more in the Paramount hierarchy than I ever will writing songs and shows. But at the thought of having a hit again after four years, I tell you I'm filled with a happiness that's sweet and pure and total. That's the inspiration that came to me, Marjorie. What makes Noel Airman purely and wholly happy? Answer: A Hit. Nothing else. A Hit is beauty bare. And if you ask me what I really want out of life after this, I have to tell you I want nothing, really, but another Hit. And after that, another Hit. And for the rest of my life, Hits.

"I'm being honest. This is the filthy bottom truth that people will never say about themselves, and half of them won't even believe. But that's the fire that will never burn out, Margie, it's the worm that never dies."

"Don't you see that that's all money means to the old numbling billionaires? Why do they keep working and scheming? Why do they lie awake nights figuring out new mergers? They can't measure their own security and power, it's so colossal. They could roll in golden excess for fifty years—champagne baths, diamond dog collars, harems of blondes, they could paper their walls with Rembrandts—it wouldn't begin to dent their pile. Yet they go on making more, and more, and more. Why?"

"Because every time the total of their net worth jumps up, it's a Hit. And THAT is the prime mover, the uncashed cause, the centre of human nature and conduct, Margie."

"I tell you with this piece once in your hand, the whole puzzle of life falls apart. It's like calculus, or the theory of evolution, this one idea—it absolutely opens up the secrets of the universe. Freud's sex drive is foolishness compared to it. This thing only grows stronger and stronger and stronger with the years. It's strongest in old age. Look at a politician, eighty years old, making a speech to a crowd in the rain. What's driving him? Not ambition. He's been a senator for forty years. He can never be anything more. But by winning this election he can have one more Hit. He'd rather die of pneumonia than risk missing the Hit."

"Take a minister with a white head, preaching humility and selflessness and meekness—why is he rolling his voice so beautifully? Why is the sermon typed up in extra large type, so he won't have to squint, while he preaches forgetfulness of self? He wants his sermon to be a Hit. Don't you suppose the selfless mother, scrimping and starving to send her pretty daughter through college, regards this girl as the great Hit of her life? Don't you suppose a Communist is making himself part of the great Hit of history? Turn wherever you will on the human scene, this thing governs. It's as universal as gravitation . . ."

He fell silent, staring wildly at her, and she felt terribly nervous. "Well? I could go on and on, but why should I? That's it. Rough, hurried, told all wrong. Does it mean anything to you? Does it convey one thousandth of the light to you that it does to me?"

"Noel, it's absolutely brilliant—"

His face shone. "It really does get over to you? It really does? It does sound like something?"

"Oh, yes, yes indeed."

"Thank God." He called to the woman to bring him a double drink of rye. He drank half of it. "Tell me more about how good my idea is, Marge. You can't imagine how I need

to hear it. I feel like Galileo the first time he saw Jupiter's moons. The man must have run around like a scared rat, to find someone else to look through his telescope and tell him he wasn't crazy."

"Noel, what you're saying isn't crazy in the least. It's absolutely true. You're proving that what really drives people is nothing but egotism. Everybody knows that's so, actually. And the way you put it, it's even—"

Some of the gladness went out of Noel's expression. "Egotism? Who said anything about egotism? I never mentioned the word egotism, not once."

"Well, no, but this hunger for hits, what is it but just plain egotism? You're completely right, Noel. The more I study people, the more I

realise—" She broke off. He was covering his face with his hands, groaning. "Now what's wrong, for heaven's sake, darling?"

He took his hands away and looked at her for a long time, his face dead grey.

"Margie—Margie, my dear good girl—to say that people are driven by egotism is probably the dullest and most obvious banality that the human mind can ever achieve. Don't tell me that what I've been working on for four hysterical days and telling you for a solid half-hour amounts to no more than that. Don't . . ."

"Noel, I don't think it's a banal idea at all. It's a very shrewd observation."

His staring sunken black-shadowed eyes were making her more and more uneasy.

He said, "I dare say I skimmed over it, left out all the

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everything points to a...

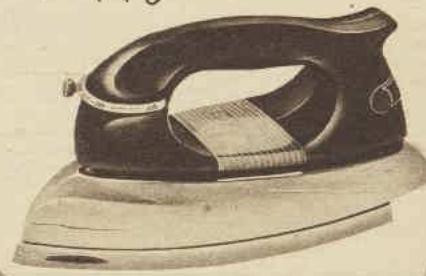
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PLANNING FOR THE WEEKENDER

BRILLIANT colored flowers are growing on this open patio, where the rain can easily reach the plants. Hardy alyssums, dianthus, ranunculi, and anemones thrive, provided the soil is good.

● When planning a weekend garden that is visited only once in a while, the gardener should examine the site thoroughly, test the soil for depth and quality, make sure of the water supply, and select the hardiest plants.

WEEKENDERS that are visited frequently, or are placed in the care of someone who will water the plants and spray them regularly, do not need nearly so much foresight and forethought as those seen infrequently by the owners.

Drought and neglect are two of the greatest enemies of the weekend garden, and, next to vandalism and attacks by insects and pest, cause the most damage to all plants.

Holidays are usually taken during the summer months—a time when one rarely feels like spending three weeks or a month at work laying out a garden. Yet a month or less spent on such a job is really necessary unless the owner is prepared to engage a landscape gardener or local handy man to do the work.

Before making a plan, examine the site thoroughly, decide which of the growing native shrubs and trees have beauty and value, and get the rest removed. A clear view of what the place will look like eventually is then possible.

This done, the owner can then plan the garden, select shrubs and trees, choose sites where flowers are to be grown in beds, erect a toolshed, which should be securely built and padlocked, and get ready for the task ahead.

The gardens infrequently seen can be dismissed easily, for they require only the hardiest, most drought-resistant, toughest, and self-helping shrubs, trees, and plants.

Few flowers other than the natives of the most arid country areas will stand up for long under constant neglect. That is why so many weekend gardens are shabby and devoid of all but weeds and rubbish.

Wattles, grevilleas, native heaths, eucenias, hakeas, proteas, emu bush, casias, native brooms, bottlebrushes, banksias, conesticks, crotalaras, smokebush, mallee gums, and hardenbergas are among the hardiest of Australian shrubs, and will weather almost unbelievable neglect and dryness.

Most eucalypts will do well in weekend gardens, but where water is plentiful and labor engaged there is scarcely an end to the list of shrubs and trees that may be planted out and grown to perfection.

Most weekend cottages are in districts where there is no city water supply, and this makes gardening difficult. The gardener then has to rely upon tanks, dams, water-holes, or nearby streams. A survey of what-ever water is available is very necessary be-

fore spending money on a garden in such a district.

In many sandy seaside areas, water usually can be obtained by sinking spearpoint tubing into the sand to no great depth. The water is often brackish, but, provided it does not contain a dangerous quantity of alkali, it is usually suitable for most plant life.

Such water can be pumped through to tanks or direct into a hose by a semi-rotary or rotary pump. Any handy man can put down a spearpoint and length of 2in. pipe, or firms engaged in such work will do it for a reasonable charge.

Hardy annuals, biennials, and perennials that self-seed and sow themselves can be used for bedding purposes, because they usually grow well, flower, and go to seed under natural rainfall conditions. They include gaillardia, phlox, verbascum, snapdragons, balsams, ageratums, alyssum, anchusa, calliopsis, celosia, cosmos, cynoglossum, foxglove, eschscholtzia, dimorphotheca, linaria, hennemannia, kochia, tithonia, nasturtium, nigella, bedding petunias, statice, and a few others.

At weekend cottages, plants should not be set out under the eaves too close to the house, because these sites are usually the driest and most drought-stricken. If a gardener is employed to water and tend the place during the owner's absence, this advice can be disregarded.

Perennial sunflowers, rudbeckias, golden glows, golden rod, hollyhocks, and dianthus are extremely hardy and can usually be relied upon to last for many weeks at the infrequently visited weekend.

Lawns at most weekend cottages are a problem, and, unless someone is there to mow, water, and weed them regularly, soon become infested with rubbish or die out except for the rough, hardy, native grasses. Couch is probably the best, because it stands up to the drought longer.

Climbing plants to hide outhouses and fences and provide privacy include hardy types such as bignonias, which have deep penetrating roots; dolichos or lab lab, which self-seeds itself year by year; honeysuckle, which rarely requires more than natural rainfall; jasminum, wistaria, and Virginia creeper, which are also drought-resistant.

For cool mountain districts, the owner of the weekend cottage should choose hardy shrubs such as kerria japonica, weigela, olea europea, crataegus, berberis thunbergii, photinia, lavender, abelia, cupressus arizonica, viburnum tinus, cerasus lauro-cerasus, and many of the cotoneasters.

Lilacs, rhododendrons, guelder roses, arbutus, snowberry bush, veronicas, elderberry, oaks, beeches, elms, scarlet ash, liquidambar, flowering crab apples, flowering cherries, osmanthus, magnolias, and leptospermums are also fine shrubs and trees suitable for the weekend garden in higher altitudes.

Mulching with dead leaves, rotted manure, compost, sawdust, or well-washed seaweed will help to keep gardens in condition at weekends. When planning such a garden it would be advisable to include a compost pit into which all domestic rubbish and garden litter is thrown regularly.

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1 large tin Carnation Milk; 3 tablespoons castor sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 teaspoon gelatine; 1 tablespoon boiling water. Set refrigerator at coldest point one hour before mixing ice cream. Pour Carnation Milk, castor sugar and vanilla into ice cream tray. Thoroughly dissolve gelatine in boiling water and, while still hot, stir into milk mixture. Place ice cream tray in refrigerator and chill for fifteen minutes. Pour into mixing bowl and beat until stiff. Freeze rapidly at low temperature.

FRUIT SALAD ICE CREAM

1 large tin Carnation Milk; 1 cup sugar; 1 small lemon; 1 small orange; 1 banana; 1 passionfruit. Set refrigerator at coldest point before mixing ice cream. Pour undiluted Carnation into ice cream tray and chill until ice crystals form. Transfer to chilled bowl and whip until it begins to thicken. Add sugar. Whip until dissolved and then add juice of the orange and lemon. Continue beating until thick. Stir in mashed banana and passionfruit pulp. Freeze rapidly at low temperature.

ICE CREAM VARIATIONS

1. Add 1 cup tinned pineapple, apricots or peaches, well-drained and finely-chopped.
2. For delicious Chocolate Ice Cream, add 4 heaped teaspoons of drinking chocolate.
3. Banana Ice Cream: Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 3 ripe mashed bananas.
4. Passionfruit: Fold in the pulp of 6 passionfruit just before freezing.

RICH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

3 rounded tablespoons sugar; 1 rounded tablespoon cocoa; ¼ cup water; ½ cup Carnation Milk, undiluted; ½ teaspoon vanilla. Place all ingredients, except vanilla, in a saucepan, and heat gently until sugar is dissolved. Bring to boil and simmer for ten minutes or until mixture is thick and syrupy, stirring frequently. Flavour with vanilla and serve hot or cold over ice cream, puddings, etc.



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fine points, ruined it in the telling, but still—Margie, you should have gotten more out of it than that. This idea has absolutely nothing to do with egotism, nothing at all, I swear. Why, the difference between passion for Hits and egotism. Hits are externalised, that's the whole point—maybe I should have made that a lot clearer—I'm sure I have in my writing—His voice was fading. He seemed to be talking to himself.

"But you're right, the thing actually does skirt the most ghastly and empty banality, doesn't it? If I don't make that one difference crystal clear the whole thing is nothing but the vapidest college-boy philosophising."

He glared and hit the table with both fists. "It's my punishment for being so eager, that's all, for talking technical philosophy to a girl. Margie, it's not your fault. I don't mean to scare you. Maybe you've let all the air out with your hat-pin, but I don't think so. I'll still get this thing down on paper and show it to somebody who knows—"

"Noel, I didn't mean to discourage you. On the contrary, I really think you've hit on something extraordinary, I really do, dear—"

He smiled at her and drank off the rye. He coughed a little and slumped back on the bench. "Whew."

"I think you should go home and get some sleep, a whole lot of sleep, Noel, before you do any more work. It'll come out better, you know it will, in the end. You're just burning up your last resources of nervous energy, and living on alcohol, and that's no way to write anything really good."

"I have been in quite a state," he said, and his voice was low, weary, and relaxed. "That must be fairly obvious. I couldn't have slept these past few days if I'd wanted to—Marjorie, have you ever thought of a joke in your dreams that seemed the funniest and smartest joke in the world? And then awakened and realised that it was absolutely silly, made no sense at all?"

"Lots of times, but—"

"It's barely possible that this whole idea, this rigmorale about Hits, is just another manic fantasy, after all."

"It isn't, Noel, don't believe that—"

"I won't, don't worry, not yet. But if it turns out that way, well, I wouldn't be surprised if the earth goes on turning. On the whole, I'm glad I got to tell it to you, before I left. The feminine reaction always has it cold-water validity, tempering if nothing else—"

"Before you left? Where are you going?"

He sat up and took her hand, looking at her with a sad smile. She said after a terrible moment or two, "Noel, what is it? Where are you going?"

"Marjorie Morgenstern, love of my life, we're through. Isn't that obvious to you? We're not going to see each other after today. We wouldn't have seen each other today, if you hadn't come barging down to my apartment, and if Imogene hadn't thought you were a grocery boy. I'm going to Mexico, probably Sunday morning, driving down with a sculptor friend of mine, Phil Yates. Just as soon as I finish a draft of what I'm writing, and get an advance from my publisher to buy us a jalopy. Bye-bye Rothmore, bye-bye Marjorie, bye-bye the whole bourgeois dream. It was great fun, as the fellow says, but it was just one of those things."

His glance was kind, melancholy. "Are you desolate?"

She felt very little pain and, strangely, not much surprise. "No. In fact, it's quite all right, Noel. It's probably for the best."

"You do think so?"

Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

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"I suppose so. I hope so. It's a little sudden, but that's all right, too."

"Kill or cure, Marjorie. Clean break. It's the only way."

"I'm sure you know all about how to do these things."

"You're going to be bitter?"

"No. Really not."

"Don't. Some of it's been harrowing, I know, but we've had a marvellous time, on the whole, and we haven't maimed each other for life—and we're at an absolute impasse, really, there's nothing else to do—"

"Noel, it's all right. I'll live. It's far from unexpected." She was astonished to find herself putting a handkerchief to her eyes, and she stopped it. "I've thought of making this break myself often, believe me. I sort of wish I'd done it first, that's all. No girl likes to be kicked out. You can understand that."

"Marjorie, you're kicking me out. You know you are."

"Am I? I guess I've got this conversation turned around in my mind."

"I've never been through a battle like this in my life. You've beaten me." He looked haggard, almost forty, she thought, slumped with his hands jammed in the pockets of his shabby overcoat, his long hair disorderly, thick blond bristles all along his jaw.

"You never gave an inch. It had to be on your terms or none at all. Well, no, that isn't quite so. At South Wind you started out like any other girl. But ever since your uncle died, it's been this way. No girl ever thrust terms on me before. You've made me try to conform, you've actually done that. But it's hopeless, Marjorie. It's been driving me slowly out of my head. I'm still a little panicky at the narrowness of my escape. I've been in a panic ever since that seder at your house. Going through black depressions and golden exaltations like a real nut. It's got to end, it's got to." His voice trembled.

"That seder. My mother's bright idea—"

"Brighter than you think, maybe. Ask your mother what her real motive was, some day. Some day when this is all long in the past, Margie, and she's dandling her third grandson on her knee, on your lawn in Great Neck—little Ronald Shapiro—you ask her—"

"All right, shut up!" Marjorie said. "One blessing at least is that I'll hear no more now of Dr. Shapiro."

Noel said, "You're right. I keep harping like a stupid boor on one old dull joke. I beg your pardon."

"Just remember this, Noel, I never told you to go to work for Sam Rothmore. You did it all by yourself. All I said was that while you worked for him, it was only fair that you do a decent job. I think going to work at Paramount may have been a terrible mistake. That's what's been depressing you. You should have stuck to your composing, and not lost faith in yourself. I never lost faith in you. I still haven't. I told you that song was going to be a big hit. And I'll tell you something else. 'Princess Jones' is going to be glorious. You're going to be tremendously successful on Broadway, probably in a year or two, if only you work at it. You're on the verge."

His face was coming to life again. He sat up and his eyes brightened.

She began to put on her coat. "Only you'd better stick to your writing, and not go off on any more wild-goose chases like being a rabbi, or inventing new philosophies about Hits, and so on. I wish you the best of luck. I swear I do. I'll never regret knowing you. It's been an educa-

tion. I've got to get home. Goodbye."

"Wait." He stopped her as she moved to get up.

"Really, I've got to go, Noel. Mom's in bed with a cold—"

"You sit."

She did not fight hard against the push. "What is it? I can only stay another minute. It's all over—"

"There's a few more things we'd better get straight. So long as we're being frank with each other, and you're regarding this as part of your education. Which is an astonishingly sensible way to look at it. But you're a sensible girl, unusually sensible. Your advice to me is very acute. Thanks for it, and here's some in return." He drew a deep breath.

"If I were you, I'd forget Marjorie Morningstar. I've been rough and mean with you about that, purposely. The fact

is you do have some talent. You really do. You make a sweet exciting figure on the stage. Your voice is weak and thin, but that can be corrected. For someone without any training, you have a surprising flair for projecting a character. Only—"

Her eyes were moistening. "Dog, you might have said this long ago—"

"Marjorie, my sweet, you're not an actress. You're not built to take the strain and smut and general rattiness of a stage life. You're a good little Jewish beauty, with a gift for amateur theatricals. Take my advice, direct all the temple plays in Great Neck, and be the star in them, and let it go at that—"

"You supercilious hound,

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I'm not going to live in Great Neck."

He looked comically astounded. "Now, now, Marjorie—"

"Any other advice for me, Father Time?"

"You're angry."

"Oh, not in the least. I'm just swimming in pleasure at being fêted and patronised and called a stupid bourgeois Jew—seven different ways all in a few breaths—"

She stopped because he caught her wrists in a bony, cold, very painful grasp.

He said gruffly, "I love you. Don't you understand, you little torturer? You've executed the vengeance of your non-existent God on me. I've never loved or wanted any girl in my life as I do you. But I'm not going to commit suicide to have you, nor put myself in a booby hatch, nor turn myself into a nice tame stepson of Sam Rothmore. You're an absolute infant. You don't know what you've done to me. You've almost destroyed me. I ache with pleasure right now,

Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

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just touching your skin. What does it mean to you? Nothing. You're ten years away from understanding passion."

She was crying, and she could see Mrs. Kleinschmidt watching them from the bar-room, but she didn't care.

"Why did you ever come back to me? It was all over after South Wind. Why are you whining? You know you started it all up again. You did it."

"Sure I did. And I made the one frightful blunder that's all but driven me insane. I resolved to play the game by your asinine rules—to be faithful to you, can you imagine that? Not to touch a girl. That's been at the root of this whole series of aberrations. I've been in a state of unnatural tension for months. It's served to halo you with a ridiculous glamor, and it's made all kinds of idiotic behaviour seem normal and even spectacularly clever, like going

to work for Rothmore. I doubt I'd have had the courage to this moment to call it quits with you, if Imogene hadn't come along and broken that spell. Now at least I can think and analyse without a rosy haze of sex yearning to discolor all the values—what's the matter? What are you staring at?"

He pushed her down as she started to rise stiffly, like a machine. "Don't tell me you believed Imogene? Don't tell me you really thought for five seconds that I've been sleeping upstairs!"

"I did—I did—"

He made a despairing sound. "I thought you were being really subtle, pretending to ignore it, letting me sweat. Marjorie, how childish and unrealistic can you be? Imogene and I have been on a binge for days —"

His teeth felt hard and sharp against her palm as she slapped him with all her strength. She stood.

"I'm in love with you, you rotten tramp," she said. "That's why I believed her. Get your feet out of my way. I'm going home."

He was looking at her with a lop-sided grin as she slipped past him. "Fair enough. Good-bye, my love."

She turned on him. "You're a disgrace. To your father, to yourself, to the Jews, to anybody who has any part in you. I'll never stop thanking God for being free of you. Even if you become the most famous man in the world. Goodbye, Noel."

He slumped grinning on the bench, dishevelled, dinky, looking as desirable as ever. Her hands wanted to touch his hair. She ran out of the saloon. It had begun to snow, in a queer bluish twilight.

Noel's first letter, lying at the door in the morning mail a couple of weeks later, gave her a frightening throb of gladness.

She had been dragging through the days, waking to mental misery, walking with it, and lying down with it; seeing him in crowds and in magazine illustrations, picturing him as the hero in the novels from the lending library; telling herself she was well out of it, and believing it, and yet no less miserable for this belief. She hurried with the letter into her room, and stood staring at the envelope, passing her fingers over the thin airmail paper and the gaudy green and yellow Mexican stamp. Then she read it. It was a long breezy typewritten account of his automobile trip, with enthusiastic descriptions of Mexican scenery and food. She skipped through the paragraphs, searching for a line about herself and himself. But there was nothing. It was headed "Hi, darling," and signed "Love, Noel." She flung the letter on the bed.

Later she read it over and over. She tore it up after a few days without having answered it or noted his address in Mexico City; nevertheless, she knew the address.

For weeks thereafter she kept watching the mail. She knew it was irrational to hope for mail from him without answering his letter, but her conduct had little to do with logic.

During this time Marjorie's evenings filled with dates, once the "kids" (as the young unemployed actors and actresses at the drugstore called each other) found out that she was free. She tried necking once or twice, to get her mind off Noel, but it was disheartening flat foolishness, and she gave it up. She went docilely to temple dances, crowding her

date calendar still further with young lawyers, business men and doctors. The contrast between her temple friends and the "kids" made for what slight amusement she could find in the days.

Oddly enough, the one person among all her new dates who woke a stir of interest in her was a man named Dr. Morris Shapiro. She met him at a Zionist lecture to which she was more or less dragged by her parents. When he was introduced to her, she inadvertently burst out laughing on hearing the name. Then to cover her embarrassment at this startling rudeness, she went out of her way to be pleasant to him; and he soon was taking her out every week or so.

He turned out to be not a bad fellow, about thirty-two, with an excellent sense of humor and a sharp mind. After a while she began to enjoy his company, in a fashion, and to overlook his scanty hair, black-ringed eyes, and puffy pallor. He was obviously and frankly smitten with her. Eventually she told him why she had laughed at him at their first meeting; he pleased her by being genuinely amused. He said that he was grateful to Noel for his clairvoyance, and stood ready to fulfil Marjorie's destiny any time she said the word.

"I might believe you were my destiny if your name were Max," Marjorie answered. "That's the big discrepancy." "The importance of being Max," he said. "Why didn't you tell me? I'll get it changed if that's all you want."

She laughed at him.

Noel's second letter came when she had almost given up looking at the mail. There it was at last, the bright Mexican stamp poking through the usual trash of bills, charity requests and circulars. It was another brisk typewritten travelogue. There was one faint personal touch in the last line: "Be civilised and write a guy a postcard, won't you? Don't be melodramatic. Nobody loves me, Noel."

She didn't tear up this one.

Noel's song had been published, and it was a great success; she was hearing it at nightclubs and restaurants and on the radio.

She fought off the temptation to write him for two weeks. Late one night, coming home from an evening of dancing with Morris Shapiro, in a lively mood (she had landed a summer stock job that day) with the strains of "Old Moon Face" running in her head, she sat at her desk and dashed off this note:

Dear Noel:

Nobody loves you indeed. I pity you. I suppose the two senioritas sitting on your lap as you read this don't count. Give them my best.

Your Mexican trip sounds fascinating, and I wish I could figure out some respectable way to join you, but I can't. So you'll have to be satisfied with your sculptor and the senioritas. And, of course, your memories. By the way, they're playing "Moon Face" all over town, and it sounds just as good as it did that day in Sam Rothmore's office. Congratulations. I guess you're rolling in royalties.

I'm going to the Rip Van Winkle Theatre for the summer. I've moved up a bit in the world too.

All the pavement-pounding has at last paid off, after a fashion. I guess you know all about the place. Katharine Hepburn graduated from there, so why not Marjorie Morningstar?

All the kids say it's the best of the summer theatres. I'm the new heroine of the drugstore. Seems I practically broke

into Cliff Rymer's office, took him by the throat, and made him listen to me read "Pygmalion." I really did. Desperation makes me do strange things. I'm only an apprentice actress, so I won't get paid, but at least I'll get my room and board, so I'll be off my parents' backs. Most important, I'll be acting at last.

Yes, I'm still chasing that dream, and I still say you'll live to apologise to me back-stage on my opening night.

However, it may amuse you to know that my love life now includes a Dr. Shapiro. There would be something eerie about it, except that his name isn't Max, it's Morris. I told him about your standard joke, and he offered to change his name to Max, the fool. But don't worry, your predictions aren't coming true. Dr. S. is great fun (we've just been dancing), but it's still Marjorie Morningstar for me, I'm afraid, unless our medical friend acquires a white horse somewhere and carries me off. Which he may be capable of, at that.

Well, you rascal, have yourself a time. Don't drink too much tequila, or you might wake up one bright morning married to a tubby little seniorita with thick ankles. And wouldn't that be a sad end to the Masked Marvel!

In signing it, she paused a long time. At last she wrote Sincerely; but once on paper, it looked too stiff and had a hint of hurt pride in it. She recopied the second sheet of the letter, just to be able to sign it Best.

She left the letter on the desk and went to bed. In the

morning she hesitated over mailing it. She knew that the only sensible course was to throw away Noel's letters, and never write to him. But the digs about Dr. Shapiro seemed pretty neat, even by daylight. She sent the letter.

About the middle of June, she received a mimeographed instruction pamphlet from the Rip Van Winkle Theatre which contained some unpleasant surprises. There was a page and a half of cloudy verbiage on the subject of money, but what it boiled down to was that Marjorie had to pay fifteen dollars a week for room and board.

At the end of the summer, if box-office receipts were normal, all this subsistence money would be paid back to her, with a bonus the size of which would depend on work performed. Katharine Hepburn, the pamphlet pointed out, had earned a bonus of seven hundred dollars, when she was utterly unknown.

Marjorie was appalled at having to ask her parents for fifteen dollars a week. But somehow she choked it out at dinner that night. The father and mother looked grave; then Mr. Morgenstern, with one of his infrequent wistful smiles, reached over and patted Marjorie's hand. "Don't look so guilty. It won't kill us."

"Oh, I feel so useless, Pop, such an overgrown parasite—"

"You'll probably bring back seven hundred dollars, like Katharine Hepburn."

"If she lasts out the summer," said Mrs. Morgenstern.

To be continued

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simply a question of time before Gwen figures it out.

"Oh," said Wills. "Yes. One begins to see the implications. In your subconscious mind this morning's gifts were not for your wife at all. Poor. Very poor. That's the trouble with all this talk these days about psychiatry. A man can't get away with a thing. Have you been seeing this Rhoda?"

"Of course not," Steve said, outraged. "She married a guy and moved to California." He shook his head and added piteously, "I love my wife."

"In that case, we will have to think of something," Wills stood up from his desk and began to pace. "You've only been married a few months, Robbins, so you may not have grasped the basic truth about marriage. You're now engaged in a cold war, my boy. Your life from now on will be made up of just such bloodless struggles. The trick is to turn each seeming setback to your own advantage."

"My marriage isn't like that," Steve protested. "Gwen and I have always been perfectly honest and natural with each other. That's why it's so good."

"Nonsense," Harry snapped. "No good marriage can be honest and natural. A good marriage, like war, must be waged by professionals. First let's consider your wife's reaction to this development. With Rhoda married and beyond your reach she's no longer a threat. It's the overt act that all wives fear—what goes on in our heads doesn't really bother them. They'd all go crazy if it did. Gwen's pride has been slightly hurt, nothing more. Therefore, when she thinks about it, she'll dismiss your slip as unimportant and greet you tonight with open arms."

"Do you really think so, Harry?" Steve asked hopefully. "Then that makes everything okay."

"Okay, nothing," said Wills shortly, dropping his arms. "Don't you realise the position this puts you in? Every time the word 'birthday' is even mentioned from now on, you'll both recall how wonderful she was about this business and

Continuing . . . String On My Finger

from page 3

you'll feel like a heel. No. No man can allow this to happen to him. Think merely of the money it will cost you over the years in extra presents on her birthday."

"I don't care about the money," Steve said. "Just as long as Gwen understands I don't still care about Rhoda."

"Ha!" said Wills. "There you have it. You do still care about Rhoda."

"I don't! I don't think I ever really was in love with



"Now, let's not spoil it by figuring out what the same thing would cost at home."

her. She was just so beautiful . . ."

"One year ago today," Wills reminded him coldly, "you were showering this beauty with perfume and parakeets. Of course, for our purpose, it doesn't matter if you still care or you don't. The point is to convince Gwen that you do."

"I don't get it, Harry," said Steve. "I thought . . ."

"The idea is to save your skin. Gwen married you. You have no money and it can't be your looks, so she must love

you. So she'll fight to the death to hold you. Make her believe you still dream dreams of being married to Rhoda and you'll be the one who gets his breakfast in bed."

"I couldn't do it. Gwen and I . . ."

"Certainly you can do it. It's simplicity itself, man. Just don't allow her to dismiss this business as unimportant. Talk seriously about the significance of subconscious acts. Let her catch you every now and again gazing into space."

"It's not honest, Harry, Gwen would worry."

"All wives should worry. It keeps them young," Wills put his hand on Steve's shoulder and spoke like a father. "I've been married three times, son, and I've learned there are only two kinds of husbands—honest husbands or happy ones. Take your choice."

During the rest of the day Steve fought his conscience. On the one hand there was the diabolical wisdom of Wills' scheme and on the other hand his own ideal of the perfect marriage. In these first few months it had been perfect, but perhaps nothing like that could last. He thought of Gwen's wonderful acceptance of his error that morning. Was it, he now sadly mused, wholly spontaneous and honest? Shouldn't a bride expect her husband to remember the correct date of her birthday? Shouldn't she at least be momentarily hurt and annoyed if he did not? There was, after all, such a thing as being too understanding about such matters.

In the end he decided to leave the decision up to Gwen. If, as Wills had predicted, she greeted him with open arms and lightly dismissed any thought of Rhoda, he would know she was putting on an act and he would then go into his own dramatic bit. That was fair enough. Two could play at this war of nerves, but he wouldn't be the one to start it.

Her kiss of greeting told him nothing. There were candles on the table and cocktails, but this was, after all, supposed to be her birthday. She looked as combed and neat and pretty as she always did when she got home from her job ahead of him and had time for such matters.

"Darling," she said, "you look funny. What is it?"

"I've been thinking about November 6," he said.

"So have I," she admitted. "It's Rhoda's birthday," he said, getting to the point.

"Of course it is. And that's what threw you off, dear."

"You're not upset about it?" he asked hopefully.

She sat down beside him. His heart sank.

"How could I be upset, darling," she said happily. "It was just a trick of your subconscious mind."

So there it was, the end of the honeymoon and the beginning of the grab for high ground. He felt sick.

"Rhoda's birthday is the most important date of all," she went on. "It was the beginning for us. Of course, you were too nice to break off with her all at once, but when we looked at each other that night across the cake I had made, everything was decided."

He started. It was an involuntary twitch much like the spasm that had nearly caused him to drop the tray. He had no recollection of looking at her across a cake or anything else that night. That night he had looked only at Rhoda. It had been weeks before he had thought of Gwen as anything more than a small, pleasant-faced blonde.

"You remember how it was don't you, honey?" she asked.

It was a moment of decision. It was a moment in which a lesser man could easily have failed.

"Would I ever forget a moment like that, darling?" he asked, with every last ounce of honesty a perfectly married man could command.

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the eyes

show it..*

YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system. When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills. They remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take Beecham's Pills at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

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Quick sweet for to-night...

Jam'n Cream Stack-ups



TO MAKE this luscious dessert, you whip jam with cream and sandwich this sweet-treat between stacks of biscuits.

Choose your favourite jam, pineapple for the Hawaiian touch, strawberry or raspberry for gay colour.

There's no cooking, just set in refrigerator and served well chilled.

RECIPE

1 lb. thin round biscuits, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream
2 brimming tablespoons Strawberry jam

Whip cream with a pinch of salt until it commences to thicken. Add strawberry jam and continue to beat until cream thickens enough to hold its shape. Spread a little cream over a biscuit top with second biscuit, con-

tinue with layers of cream and biscuit until you have a neat stack-up. Usually 4 biscuits make a good individual serve. Continue until all cream is used. Stand stack-ups in refrigerator for 2 hours before serving.

* $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream is sufficient for 4 to 5 servings. If you haven't any cream use well chilled unsweetened condensed milk (it whips!). Also, any biscuits that will stack will do, chocolate coated oatmeal, ginger crisps or your own good home-mades.

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Sanitarium
WEET-BIX
The Wonder Breakfast Biscuit

Continuing . . . The Choice from page 9

June 20, 1921.

People say one changes every seven years. I wonder if that is true? Certainly I feel that something must happen soon to change my life, and I have been married to Nicholas seven years today.

Has my marriage been a failure? I don't think it has. That seems strange to write down now, particularly when I remember how I once felt about it. But then, while Nicholas hasn't changed, I think I have.

I suppose the fault of it all has been that I married when I was too young to see what sort of a person he really was. I was so ready to be fascinated by Robert.

Three or four years ago I thought I could not go on living if living meant being without Robert. And then, as time passed, I discovered that he did not mean all that much to me.

Instead, it was Nicholas that I discovered—dull, kind, steady Nicholas who never demanded anything of me, but who was always there when I wanted him. In other words, I fell in love with my husband.

Happening that way, it could all have turned out so well. Had Robert been anything but the kind of man he is, these last few years could have been very wonderful. As things are they have been a long-drawn-out nightmare. Putting it down crudely, I have been blackmailed by Robert for the past four years.

There isn't anything very friendly about blackmail, but naturally Robert has been very discreet about the whole thing. It has been just "the occasional loan"—the loan that somehow never gets paid back.

At first it was for ten pounds. Then twenty-five. Then fifty—a hundred. And with it all the polite inference that it would be a pity if Nicholas knew about that weekend when Robert and I ran away.

That I came back from that weekend means nothing, of course—Robert took the rooms at the hotel and has, I believe, the bills to prove it. And for four years I have been buying his silence.

I suppose I'm lucky because so far—so far!—Robert's demands have not been more than I can meet. When my father died during the war he left enough money to make me comfortably established, even without the generous settlement Nicholas made on me.

No—the money is the least

To page 71

20th June, 1918.

I suppose I should write today in red, because it's rather an important one. Today I've been married four years. And Robert has come back from a business trip in America—and has brought a wife back with him. Is this the way a great love story ends?

Well, Allen was safely brought into the world. And I stayed. A baby needs a mother and a father, and for the moment that matters more than anything else, and if I've suffered in giving my son that, I suppose I have had only myself to blame. But it never even occurred to me that Robert might marry somebody else.

I don't suppose Robert has ever loved anyone in his life except himself. It was amusing as an interlude for him, that was all. And if I really had gone away with him that night the ultimate result would have been just the same. He would have got tired of me and moved off to someone else—so on that score I should count myself lucky.

Undated.

Robert's wife is a beautiful, but otherwise unremarkable girl. Her name is Frances, and, though I have no feelings for her one way or the other, I find myself going out of my way to be pleasant to her.

November, 1918.

The war is ended. Now that it is really over one realises that it had been with us so long that people had rather given up thinking about the world at peace. Everyone is getting ready for celebrations of all kinds. Robert seems to be getting ready to add his contribution to the general merriment, for he has just borrowed ten pounds.

I see that I have said that Robert wanted my money to spend on victory celebrations—actually, of course, nothing could be farther from the truth.

I have little doubt in my own mind that the money will be put to immediate use in paying off some particularly pressing debt or other. It is quite amazing the way Robert is always short of money. I've often wondered why.

Although he is only the junior partner, I know Nicholas has made sure that he has quite a generous income. But then I think Robert is the kind of person who would consider himself entitled to more money however much he had.

the corner by the magnolias when, without warning, he took me in his arms. When he let me go he said, "I'm in love with you, Caroline."

If I had said, "I love you, too," what would have happened? What despicable people we are—Robert and I. Robert owes Nicholas everything, and he repays him by making love to his wife.

10th February, 1917.

Well, this weekend is over—and it has ended in a very different way to what I had expected. Nicholas is in Paris on business. And Robert and I have run away together.

It's not a nice thing to say, but I wish it were still actually true. At least it would have been uncomplicated.

I've got no excuse for myself. I'm in love with Robert and that's all there is to it. Nicholas is the kindest, most considerate husband to me and always has been, and I'm sure in my own mind that he's a far better man than his brother.

Robert asked me to go away with him and I agreed.

It's strange how fate works. I suppose it is fate. We stopped for the night at a hotel about fifty miles away from Bramley. I had given up thinking or caring about anything that might happen except for the one fact that I was going to be with Robert. But before dinner I felt terribly ill—

The doctor was charming about the whole thing. I suppose, one day, I may be able to smile at the memory of that doctor congratulating Robert on the fact that his wife was going to have a baby. After all, how was he to know that it wasn't Robert's baby—or even Robert's wife?

And so I've come back. I've come back to the Towers and torn up the letter I left for Nicholas. Robert has gone back to his rooms. Everything is exactly as it was before Nicholas went away. And I keep on asking myself what else I could have done.

I could hardly expect Robert to look after me while I had Nicholas' child—and I'm not sure that I should want him to. Nicholas will be a good father—a far better father than Robert. And I want my child to grow up with the right things around him.

I wonder if Robert understands any of this or even wants to understand it? God knows it's not been an easy decision to take. I love Robert—but it's not just myself that I have to consider any more.

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Also available is the pattern for the delightful little boy's sunsuit illustrated at left. The sunsuit comes in sizes to fit boys of 2, 3, and 4 years, and costs 2/-. Transfer and pattern cost 4/6.

Order your pattern and transfer from our Needlework Department. See address page 77.



of it, though I'm not blind to the fact that a day will certainly come when the demands will increase. What has made a misery of these last years is the constant, never ending shadow hanging over me. The knowledge that never, for one minute, can my life with Nicholas now be secure.

How could I tell him that both his wife and his brother have deceived him.

And to think that Robert is a man I once loved. Now I know that it is quite true, love and hate are very close to each other. Because as surely as I once loved Robert, so I hate him now.

2nd October, 1922.

Nicholas made me a partner of the firm today. Well, in fairness to myself I suppose I deserve it. Of late I've been taking a lot of work on my own shoulders—I feel surprised, sometimes, when I realise that I'm really quite a capable woman of affairs!

Nicholas, of course, is still the same. His hair is getting greyer—I was noticing that to-

day. But on the whole I think he is looking even more distinguished as time goes by.

His heart and soul are in the business—apart from Allen, whom he adores—I sometimes doubt if he has a thought outside Bramley. And certainly he has shown results for his work. He's a very wealthy man.

1st April, 1923.

If I'm going to write it I suppose I may as well make up my mind to do so. Time may or may not improve things, but certainly there's no point in waiting and wondering. I have to get used to the idea that Nicholas is dead.

It happened just a week ago today. I thought Nicholas was at the mill, and so, evidently, did Robert, because he came up to the house and said he wanted two hundred and fifty pounds immediately. I told him that I would not pay him.

I had really come to the end of my tether. Nicholas could

know the truth about both of us—whatever happened it was becoming increasingly plain that sooner or later the truth would come out.

Robert threatened me and I told him he could do what he liked. We had a terrible argument and in the middle of it all we heard a door slam.

I think at that moment we both of us knew what had happened. Nicholas' study was only a few yards from where we were standing. Unknown to us he must have been working there instead of being at the mill as we thought—and he must have heard every word.

I said: "Nicholas!" and started to run down the corridor after him. As I entered the hall I saw him. He had his back to me and he was walking quickly, erectly, towards the front door. As I called again he opened it and went down the steps into the garden. He could not have helped hearing my voice, but he never looked round. How could I have expected him to?

From the conversation he had overheard he could only have deduced that Robert and I had been lovers for years—that the people he loved and trusted most had been consistently betraying him. Probably his only thoughts as he walked blindly on to the pavement were that at all costs he must get away from us.

Anyway, I started to run after him—and as I came through the front door I saw him step off the kerb like a man in a dream, straight beneath the wheels of a passing lorry. He was quite dead when I reached him.

1st December, 1923.

It seems strange to think that now the mill is mine. Mostly mine, at any rate. I think perhaps the fact that Nicholas' will left me as the senior partner shows that, towards the end at any rate, he was beginning to have doubts about Robert. Robert is a partner, too, of course, but all the real power is in my hands.

Robert has taken it all very calmly. He was furious that I was given the greater power so far as the business went, but that only lasted a short while. I know Robert far too well to doubt that this is because he has already made up his mind to get me carefully set aside.

Robert is within sight of the real big money now for the first time in his life. He has no ability—no business sense. Without me at the helm he would ruin this business within a year and what money he salvaged would soon go on gambling and drink. For the present I imagine he is quite content.

And this is the man who forced me to live a lie with the man I loved. This is the man who was the direct cause of Nicholas' death. And he actually expects that I shall sit back and work with him and watch the money come in and silently let bygones be bygones.



"Congratulations, sir. You are our millionth bottle of cream."

Continuing . . . The Choice

from page 70

What sort of a woman does he think I am?

1st January, 1924.

Today I had the opportunity for which I have been waiting quite a long time. Our greatest business rivals have always been the two Jenkins brothers. Personally, I have always rather liked them—because they detest Robert.

They've always been interested in the Cheney mill, but up till now they've never managed to get quite enough money together to give any really dangerous competition.

Well, they won't have to worry any more. Because today I have sold them my share in the business at a price I happened to know they could afford. Yes, I'm getting out. Lock, stock, and barrel. And I'm leaving Robert to fight the Jenkins boys on his own.

It should make little difference what course he takes. If he stays he'll be ruined. If he sells out his share of the business he'll get through it in a year and in all probability starve.

Robert has always wanted money. It's been the one thing he's always had to have. Well, now he's got it—and before he's had a chance to enjoy it he's going to lose the lot, and that's the way I've always felt it would hurt him most.

I hope he goes through hell. Christmas Day, 1950.

My dear Prudence, By the time you read this letter two things will have happened: The first event will, of course, be my death—and as we have never met and I have made no secret of my dislike for you, there seems no reason to suppose that you will be distressed. The second, and far more important, will be that you will have read certain parts of my diary.

Now as I have said, I have always disliked you on principle, because you are Robert's daughter. And as I ruined your father and was the direct cause of his dying penniless, I may suppose that you have no very kindly feelings towards me. And yet I have left you almost everything I have. Why? I will tell you.

Your father, Prudence, was not a particularly bad man. He was weak, and he loved money. And at one time I think he quite genuinely loved me.

But when my husband was killed I had to blame somebody for what had happened, and so I blamed your father. I told myself that I hated him so much that I would even hate his children as well. So when you were born I hated you, too.

I see now, of course, that in much of what happened I was as much to blame as he. He had no right to fall in love with his brother's wife. But then can I truly say that I discouraged him? When Nicholas Cheney died I lost the man I loved wholeheartedly.

And so I do my best to make amends. But my requests to you are not just conscience money. I give you wealth because I believe sincerely that children inherit much of their parents' character. All that

your father did—all his weakness—sprang from the fact that he was a nature that needed money.

You may be the same. Here, then, is money that I give you freely. You will never have to flatter and lie and blackmail in order to get it. It is yours by right.

Caroline Cheney.

P.S.—You may be wondering what I leave to Allen, my son, I will tell you. I leave him what strength of character I have, an undoubted business ability, and a first-class education. Robert's child may well need my money to get through life honorably. My child and Nicholas' needs no such help.

Prudence finished reading the letter out loud and let the heavy, hand-cut paper drop to the floor. Then she looked up at the dark-haired man standing watching her.

Allen Cheney said: "Poor Mother."

"Darling," Prudence said, "do you think she ever suspected—about us?"

The man she was going to marry shook his head. "I don't think so. She lived by herself—she never really saw anyone. It's odd, you know. If I'd told her I wanted to marry Uncle Robert's daughter I think it would have made her desperately unhappy and resentful. And yet all the time she was trying to find some way of putting right a wrong she knew she'd done."

"I'm glad it's happened this way," Prudence said slowly. "If we weren't—the way we are—I don't suppose you'd have taken the money back. And I certainly wouldn't have felt like using it. As it is it's yours—ours."

She shivered suddenly. "Poor Aunt Caroline. She must have been so muddled. Allen, do you think she'd be happy if she knew about us—now?"

Caroline's son bent and kissed Robert's daughter. "I think so," he said. "I think she'd have felt that things had come right at last."

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CHRISTMAS TABLE colorfully set with candles, bonbons, and flowers makes festive fare tempting even before the first mouthful. Two delicious Christmas dinner menus are given on this page.

Design for Christmas

THIS is the season for holly and tinsel, for pretty china, colorful table decorations, candles, and bon-bons, brightly wrapped gift parcels, and food.

Appetites know no holidays and the Christmas season brings an increased interest in good food.

The two menus suggested here combine traditional Christmas dishes with new and interesting delights.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

- * Prawns in grapefruit
- * Sliced boiled ham with roast chicken
- Baked potatoes. Baked pumpkin
- Green peas
- * Jellied Christmas pudding

PRAWNS IN GRAPEFRUIT

Three grapefruit, ½ lb. prawns, 3 dessertspoons olive oil, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, paprika, parsley.

Chill grapefruit, cut in halves. Loosen the pulp with a grapefruit knife or any small sharp knife. Remove seeds and tough fibrous centre. Shell prawns and marinate ½ hour in olive oil and lemon juice well shaken together. Just before serving, dust each grapefruit half with

salt, pepper, and paprika, and place 5 or 6 prawns in the centre. Garnish with parsley.

BOILED HAM

One ham (12 to 14 lb.), bunch of herbs (parsley, thyme, marjoram), browned breadcrumbs, cloves.

Soak ham 6 hours. If strongly cured soak for 12 hours. Scrub rind, rinse well. Place in large vessel of warm water, deep enough to cover the ham. Add herbs, bring slowly to the boil. Cook gently until tender when tested with a fine skewer or thin steel knitting needle. Allow 20 to 30 minutes per pound cooking time according to size of ham. When cool enough to handle loosen skin around the edges and pull towards the knuckle—the skin should pull off cleanly. Cover with fine brown breadcrumbs, stick with cloves.

JELLIED CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One tablespoon cocoa, 2 cups milk, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, ¼ cup minced peel, ¼ cup chopped raisins, ¼ cup chopped sultanas, 6 tablespoons sugar, 1½ tablespoons gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup boiling water, ¼ cup evaporated milk, 2oz. crystallised or glace cherries, 2 tablespoons brandy or sherry, trinkets or threepences, holly sprigs,

whipped cream sweetened and flavored with brandy.

Blend cocoa with milk, bring to boiling point. Add coffee essence, peel, raisins, sultanas, and sugar. Simmer 5 minutes, allow to become cold. Fold in dissolved gelatine, evaporated milk, cherries, brandy, and trinkets or threepences. Stir occasionally until mixture begins to thicken, then spoon into individual moulds or recess-tins. Chill until set. Unmould and serve topped with a spoonful of brandy-flavored whipped cream, decorate with holly.

by **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
our food and cookery expert

MENU 2

- * Tuna canapes
- * Milanaise rice broth
- * Roast pork with apple sauce
- Baked potatoes. * Glazed carrots
- French beans with onion
- Plum pudding

TUNA CANAPES

One small tin tuna, mayonnaise, rounds or triangles of thin, crisp toast or savory biscuits, grated cheese.

Mash tuna with a fork and add sufficient mayonnaise to make a spreadable paste. Spread on toast or biscuits, sprinkle with cheese, place under hot grill until very lightly browned. Serve hot.

MILANAISE RICE BROTH

One onion, 3 dessertspoons butter, 6 cups chicken stock (or use packaged chicken soup made according to directions, strained, and extended to 6 cups with water), 1 cup rice, ¼ cup grated cheese, good pinch nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste, extra nut of butter.

Peel and slice onion, fry in melted butter until soft and yellow but not brown. Add chicken stock, bring to the boil. Stir in well-washed rice, simmer ½ hour, adding a little extra stock or water if necessary. Remove from heat, stir in cheese, nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste, extra nut of butter. Serve very hot.

ROAST PORK

Wipe joint with a clean, damp cloth — do not wash. Score the rind with a sharp knife and place the joint fat side up in an uncovered baking-dish. Add melted fat to dish to a depth of ½ in. Bake in moderate oven 2½ to 3 hours, according to

weight of joint, and allowing 30 to 40 minutes' cooking time per pound. For crisp, moist crackling, be sure surface is dry before placing in fat and brush with oil or fat at intervals during cooking. Basting should be avoided; light brushing is sufficient. Do not turn joint during cooking. Serve with apple sauce and brown gravy.

APPLE SAUCE

Two green apples, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, nut of butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons water.

Peel and core apples, slice thinly. Place in saucepan with lemon rind, butter, sugar, and water. Simmer over low heat, stirring occasionally, until reduced to pulp. Beat until smooth with a wooden spoon. Serve hot with roast pork.

GLAZED CARROTS

One and a half pounds cooked, drained carrots (cut into thick slices), 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, squeeze lemon juice.

Melt butter with honey, add carrots and parsley, and toss over low heat 3 or 4 minutes until carrots are well coated. Add lemon juice. Serve piping hot.

★ Notes From The Cellar-Book of
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**Tony's luxury
dish**

Prize recipe

• A delicious and economical home-made candy recipe wins this week's cash award of £5.

BREAKFAST cereal and marshmallow make a delightful sweet.

Spoon measurements are level in all our recipes.

**MARSHMALLOW
CRUNCH**

Twelve ounces marshmallows, 3 teacups breakfast cereal, 3 teaspoons butter, plain or toasted coconut.

Cut the marshmallows in halves and place in the top half of a double boiler with the butter. Leave over gently boiling water until the mixture is melted to a thick syrup. Allow to cool, then beat until smooth. Pour over the cereal in a greased basin. Mix well with a greased spoon. Pour into a shallow greased pan, pat down, and smooth the mixture flat with the back of a spoon. Allow to become cold and set, then turn out on to board dusted with icing-sugar or covered with a thin

layer of coconut. Cut into squares, roll in sifted icing-sugar or coconut.

Note: If using commercially prepared marshmallows it may be necessary to add 1 or 2 tablespoons water when melting them. The following home-made marshmallow recipe is easy and economical.

MARSHMALLOWS

Into a saucepan place 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar. Boil steadily 10 minutes. Use a large saucepan, as mixture boils over readily. Allow to become cold, add 1 dessertspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until thick, pour into greased or wetted tin, and chill until set. Cut into squares when cold.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Williams, 9 Louise Ave., Mont Albert E10, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is savory macaroni with a meat sauce, which makes an inexpensive, satisfying meal. It costs 4/3 and serves four.

PARMESAN MACARONI SAVORY

One pound sausage meat, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute or good clarified fat, 1 or 2 lamb's kidneys, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups chopped tomatoes or tinned tomato pulp, salt, pepper, 1 cup macaroni, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, thin piece lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese or other tasty cheese.

Peel and chop onion, cook until lightly browned in butter or substitute or fat. Add sausage meat and soaked, skinned, and chopped kidneys. Cook gently, stirring occasionally, 20 to 25 minutes. Add tomato pulp, stir until combined, season to taste, cook 5 minutes. Drop macaroni into boiling salted water, add garlic and lemon rind, and cook 15 to 20 minutes. Drain thoroughly, remove garlic and lemon rind. Serve on heated dish, pour meat and tomato mixture over centre. Top with grated cheese and place in moderate oven or under very moderate griller to thoroughly heat.

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"Selltape"**



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BALSA MODEL PLANES**

Fit broken edges together, place a strip of "Selltape" on both sides of break, trim ends for neatness. Model is ready for flight again.

• "Selltape" sticks to any surface with greater gripping power.

Refills NOW!

only 9d.

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Dispenser with tape

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"Selltape" IT!



JUST TELL THE WIFE

to buy FORD PILLS

in the larger economy

Family size, and

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EVERYWHERE

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HOUSEWORK



HANDS

USE THE ONE

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SAFE

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**ASTHMA COUGHERS
GIVE THANKS FOR
LUCKY DISCOVERY**

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis give thanks for MENDACO, the famous new American scientific medicine. It starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get MENDACO from your chemist or slot to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.



For a "Happy Christmas" dinner
serve delicious
TOM PIPER
Rich **PLUM PUDDING**

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING MAKES TOM PIPER THE FINEST CANNED FOOD IN THE WORLD

Clever Cooks use **SPANISH**

olive oil

for frying

Specially for deep frying, use olive oil for loads more heat without that dreadful thought . . . burning fat!

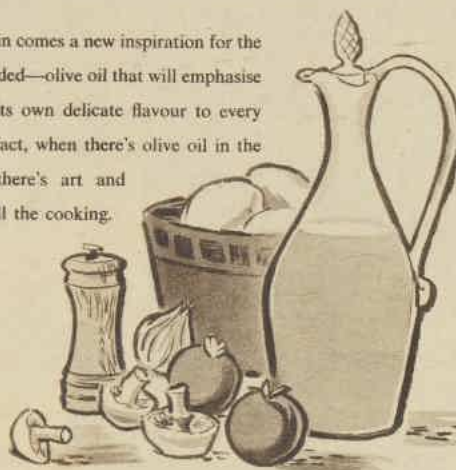
for lighter batter

When frying fish, fritters, etc., use a dessertspoon of olive oil to 2 to 3 ozs. flour, adding the egg in the usual way.

for poultry

Here's a chef's tip for that appetising crisp golden brown: brush olive oil over the turkey or chicken before you pop it in the oven.

From Spain comes a new inspiration for the menu-minded—olive oil that will emphasise and add its own delicate flavour to every dish. In fact, when there's olive oil in the kitchen, there's art and craft in all the cooking.



The best olive oil comes from SPAIN

To know more about olive oil and how to use it, write to the Spanish Olive Oil Institute, Box 674, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

W17

Flowers love Florvita and thrive on it!

Florvita keeps cut flowers fresher days longer. No more old-fashioned burning, splitting or crushing stems, changing water daily, or plunging stems into hot water. Florvita is the ideal pick-me-up for house-tired flowers because it nourishes them and prevents them wilting and fading. Cut flowers retain their "fresh from the garden" fragrance longer, too.

Easy to use!

Simply add Florvita to the water—it does the job in one easy action. And with Florvita there's no need to change flower water daily. Florvita keeps water fresh and sweet-smelling while stems remain clean and firm. Nasty smelling residue and slime cannot form.

FLORVITA

is obtainable from your chemist, store, seedman or florist.



Florvita, truly, is a flower's best friend

ARCHITECT'S DIARY

• John Mason (that's not his real name) was very pleased with himself, because his ambition to own a weekender was about to be realised.

"I've managed to get a block of land near the beach," he said, "and I want to put up a garage-type of structure where we can rough it at weekends."

"No need to rough it too much," I answered. "Even a small cabin properly planned for dual-purpose sleeping and living can be surprisingly comfortable."

"Well, I can't afford to spend more than about £300, and I'll have to build it myself. There is no water or electricity on the site."

"You have a good workshop at home," I said. "It would be much easier to prefabricate the wall, floor, and roof units at home, take the lot up in one or two truckloads, and assemble it at weekends."

"Yes, that's what I had in mind," he agreed. "Otherwise we'd spend so much time travelling that there would be little time to do much construction work on the site."

The Masons have two boys, 13 and 10, and a girl of 7.

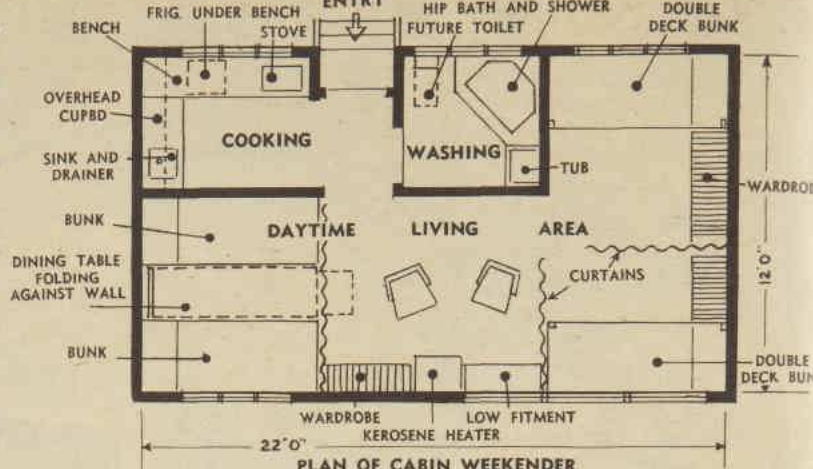
The problem is to provide a neat arrangement for five people with some degree of privacy for sleeping, while still being able to convert the whole area into living space for daytime use. It makes it more complicated when this must be done in an area approximately 22ft. by 12ft.

"That sounds just about impossible to me," said Mr. Mason. "Anyway, see what you can do."

I made experimental sketches, and finally arrived at a solution that Mr. Mason thought was the complete answer. The plan resolved itself into three permanent subdivisions—cooking, washing, and combined living-dining-sleeping areas.

"The cooking area would be 6ft. 6in. by 5ft.," I explained. "It would have a bench and cupboard fitment on one side, and a small sink and drainer on the other."

"An under-bench kerosene-operated refrigerator gives extra working space in this limited area, and the stove could be a portable methy-lated-spirit type with multiple burners. An additional overhead cupboard gives plenty of space for cooking needs."



WEEKENDER PLAN illustrates how six people can be accommodated with a maximum amount of privacy and comfort in a cabin measuring 22ft. x 12ft. Careful planning and division of space make a compact weekender with a roomy living area.

"The dining area is 7ft. by 6ft. 6in., fitted out with two fixed bunks, and in between a 6ft. 6in. long table that hinges against the wall. This will accommodate seven people comfortably, with the bunks serving as seating for six."

"At night the table is folded up against the wall, a curtain is pulled across the recess, and the area serves as a bedroom for you and Mrs. Mason."

"The bathroom is 5ft. by 5ft., with a specially designed hip-bath made of waterproof plywood lined with aluminium. A shower over the bath converts it into a shower recess."

"One plastic tub serves both as a handbasin and a tub for rinsing out clothes. A chip heater gives hot water for both."

"At the opposite end of the living-room from the dining recess two double-decker bunks separated by curtains will provide sleeping for the three children as well as a spare bed for a guest. This space opened up in daytime provides plenty of seating."

"I suggest that walls, floors, and roof be constructed in small sections that can be easily handled and bolted together on the site. The floor would be supported on hardwood stumps, and the bathroom floor would be lino tiles on timber."

"Remember, water will not be available until your roof-tank is installed."

"Wall and roof panels would be sheeted with waterproof plywood, and the roof sealed after erection with a layer of bituminous felt."

Bill McMuray

Holding the breath

YOUNG mothers are often worried when their children indulge in spells of breath-holding.

This sometimes happens in babies or toddlers who get so angry that they hold their breath until they become blue in the face. The symptoms are alarming, but a sudden shock such as a dash of cold water will restore breathing.

Never let a child see that the habit causes concern or he may use it as a weapon.

However, it is a good idea to let your doctor know, so he can give the child a physical check-up.

A chapter on this and other nervous habits is contained in "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, price 8/6, plus 9d postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

everything points to a...

Hotpoint

*Regd. Trade Mark

SWIVEL-TOP VACUUM CLEANER



Cleans all round the room without moving the cleaner.
* Price 36 gns.

Guaranteed by



Hotpoint
the gift
that means

Happy Christmas

N/B *Slightly higher in W.A. and country areas

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4089, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

Beginners' Pattern

F3926.—Beginners' pattern for a smart, easy-to-make torso skirt. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F3979.—A portrait neckline is the feature of this slim one-piece. The dress is designed for printed silk. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F3979

F3980

F3950.—Flattering lines for a matron's one-piece dress. The dress has chic white accents. Sizes 40 to 46in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F3950

F3932

F3932.—Slender-line one-piece designed with smart contrast on the bodice-top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F3937.—Attractively designed summer coat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 138.—CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS.
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty butterfly motif. The material is British headcloth. Color choice includes blue, green, lemon, pink, and white. The contrasting trim is white cotton. **SIZES:** Lengths 18in. for 3 years 29/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 20in. for 4 years 30/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 22in. for 5 years 31/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 24in. for 6 years 31/11, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 142.—ONE-PIECE DRESS.
Smart one-piece dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in striped cotton. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white. **SIZES:** 32 and 34in. bust 31/6; 36 and 38in. bust 32/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

No. 139.—CHILD'S BONNET.
The bonnet is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in British headcloth. The color choice includes white, pink, green, and lemon. Price 4/11, postage 6d. extra.

No. 140.—CHILD'S BONNET.
The bonnet is obtainable cut out ready to make in good quality check gingham. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, mauve and white, pink and white, and green and white. Price 4/11. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 141.—THROWOVER.
Organic throwover finished with a lace trim is obtainable cut out ready to make. The color choice includes white, blue, lemon, and green. Size 38 x 38in. Price 19/6. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

* Needlework notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.



F3926



F3937



138



139



140



141



142

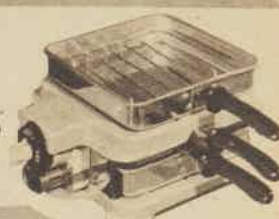
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Hotpoint

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HOLIDAY COOKER

The TABLE GRILLER boils, fries, grills, toasts. Models from £8'10'0



The JUNIOR RANGE does everything a full-size stove will do. Price from £30'17'6

Guaranteed by



GIVE HER QUICK AND EASY HOLIDAY COOKING

the gift

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Happy Christmas



*Slightly higher in W.A. and country areas.

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mark foy's
SYDNEY



It's easy to keep up with fashion

You'll know just what the newest fashions are when you follow Mary Hordern's fashion notes in The Australian Women's Weekly.

You'll thoroughly enjoy
these **BIG · PLUMP**
DELICIOUS FISH!



MORTON
HERRINGS

FRESH OR IN TOMATO SAUCE



QUICK, TASTY MEAL — IDEAL
FOR XMAS CAMPS & PICNICS

Delicious, choicest-of-all MORTON Herrings — don't be without them over Christmas. Such a quick meal — such an easy way to please. But make sure you get, INSIST on getting, MORTON Herrings, because they have a zestful, WONDERFUL flavour no other herring or fish can match. It's natural... MORTON Herrings are all PERFECT specimens — big, plump, flavoursome fish fastidiously selected from the best North Sea catches and prepared in spotless British canneries. Ask for MORTON Herrings — there are other brands, but oh! what a difference.

Choice fish...
BRITISH...
and so
inexpensive

**SERVE HOT
OR COLD...**

AVAILABLE AT ALL GROCERS AND DELICATESSENS

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian
servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are captured
by natives when they
fall asleep in the "Sleeping
Woods," drugged by heavily
scented lilies. The natives

carry them to their village,
where Mandrake learns that
only water-soaked masks give
protection against the lilies.
Placed on the altar of the
Flower God, they are about
to be sacrificed when Man-
drake gestures hypnotically.
NOW READ ON:



"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX 3'9 2' 1'6 9"



ACTRESS COMES CLEAN
FASTEST REMOVER OF ALL MAKE-UP—FROM "BLACK-FACE" TO KISS-PROOF LIP STICK—IS KLEENEX. NO MORE MESSY COTTON WOOL.

NO BLIND GRIND
USED TO HATE GETTING THE DUST OFF OUR VENETIAN BLINDS. NOW I'M WISE TO A NEW TRICK—SOFT ABSORBENT KLEENEX TISSUES.

Max M. Dickson, 61 Pine Avenue, GOLDFIELDS, South Australia

LET'S SPOON REVEAL THE MOON REMEMBER I'M A TARNISHED LADY

SEASIDE SILVER
SILVER IN SEASIDE HOUSES CORRODES QUICKLY. BEST WAY TO BEAT PROBLEM: KEEP ALL PIECES WRAPPED IN SOFT KLEENEX—ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU GO AWAY. ALSO USE KLEENEX TO WIPE POLISHING LIQUID OFF SILVER, COPPER AND BRASS.

Max D. Allen, 309 Mitchell St., STOCKTON, New Castle



WHAT EVERY NURSE KNOWS
GERM LADEN HANDKERCHIEFS ARE HORRIBLY UNHEALTHY THINGS TO HANDLE. USE HYGIENIC KLEENEX TISSUES AND SAVE NASTY LAUNDRY AS WELL.

KL5/4/16

TEENA by Linda Terry



—AND SHE DOESN'T KNOW FOR SURE HOW SHE FEELS, AND THAT'S AWFULLY IMPORTANT TO HER, BECAUSE SHE HAS TERRIBLY HIGH PRINCIPLES—



SO? HOW IS THAT LIKE YOU?



—SO SHE TURNS HIM DOWN BECAUSE SHE THINKS IT'S HIS MONEY THAT SHE'S IN LOVE WITH—



WELL, THE DRESS SHE'S WEARING WHEN SHE ACCEPTS HIM—I HAVE A DRESS JUST LIKE IT!



£10 a week for medicine!

Many of the so-called new wonder drugs are too costly for most sufferers. A Sydney man, Mr. Stanley East, of Victoria Road, Rozelle, a martyr to rheumatism, tells how it cost him £10 a week for one of these. It was very good—but each time he left it off the rheumatic pains returned as bad as ever. "I could not afford to keep it up," he said. "Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. I was amazed at the relief Menthoids gave me. They cost me only the price of a packet of cigarettes each week and now I never have a twinge of pain." If you or yours suffer rheumatic aches and pains, backache, tender, aching joints and muscles, kidney troubles or weaknesses, constant headaches, dizziness, hot flushes, certain types of blood trouble, start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids treatment TO-DAY and start to feel years younger in mind and body. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, with helpful diet chart, are 7/6 and 4/- everywhere.

BABY LOVES

the delightful, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. The gentle cleansing and pure, soothing touch of this mildly medicated Soap is ideal for your baby's precious skin. Use emollient Cuticura Ointment after the bath and at every change to soothe baby's soreness and deal sweetly with nappy rash. Buy your Cuticura today.

Cuticura SOAP



CURLYPET
Makes baby's hair GROW CURLY—4 weeks' treatment. 3/6 Everywhere.



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If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 3 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

Fashion Ready to wear or cut out ready to make FROCKS

"JOCELYN."—Cool, button-through one-piece designed with a low, square-cut neckline and tiny sleeves. The material is printed disciplined cotton; the color choice includes grey, orange, and green; fawn, green, and orange; green, blue, and cyclamen; lemon, green, and cyclamen, all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 68/6, 36 to 38in. bust 69/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 48/6, 36 to 38in. bust 49/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra.



Note: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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Since the Emperor Napoleon chose it for his Empress, Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne has been regarded as the gift "par excellence." Often imitated—never equalled.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 14, 1955

Page 79

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Whatever the food
Jatz have the tang
which brings out
the full flavour.



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delicious
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